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THE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

AND

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

WITH

Copious Notes and Additions,

AND

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE.

NO AUTHOR IN THE BRITISH LANGUAGE HAS ENJOYED THE EXTENSIVE POPULARITY OF THE CELEBRATED DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S. THE VIVID AND ORIGINAL POWER OF HIS GENIUS HAS SUPPORTED HIM IN THE GENERAL OPINION, TO AN EXTENT ONLY EQUALLED BY HIS FRIEND POPE, AND FAR SURPASSING ANY OTHER OF THOSE GENIUSES WHO FLOURISHED IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF QUEEN ANNE. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

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JOURNAL TO STELLA.

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JOURNAL TO STELLA.

LETTER THE FIRST.[1]

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE[2] will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord-lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.[3] He and Mrs. Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of Clogher.[4] I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of Clogher remind the bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the bishop of Litchfield.[5] Let all who write to me

[1] These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were all written in a series from the time of Dr. Swift's landing at Chester, in September, 1710, until his return to Ireland in June, 1713, upon being made dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The letters were all very carefully preserved by Stella; and at her death, if not before, taken back by Dr. Swift; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that history of the queen which he writ at Windsor in the year 1713: they were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson. Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together. — D. S.

[2] Mr. Joseph Beaumont, merchant, of Trim, had the honor to be among Swift's friends. He invented a set of tables for the improvement of the linen trade, and received from government a reward, a circumstance frequently alluded to in the course of these letters. Intense application to investigate the longitude at length deranged his faculties, and he committed suicide in a fit of lunacy.

[3] Vicar of Trim, Swift's particular friend.

[4] Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards bishop of Derry.

[5] Dr. John Hough.

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enclose to Richard Steele, esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.[1] My lord Mountjoy is now in the humor that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley,[2] and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifty pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it to her enclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and for God's sake be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings I will quit them, and pay her from July 9; and Mrs. Brent must write to Parvisol with orders accordingly. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless poor little MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER THE SECOND.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday, after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.[3] But my lord treasurer[4] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day, so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother[5] some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin.

---

[1] At this time gazetteer, and commissioner of the stamp-office.

[2] Lady of Garret Wesley, esq., a daughter of sir Dudley Colley.

[3] For having disappointed his preferment, through the remonstrance of Sharpe, archbishop of York.

[4] The earl of Godolphin.

[5] Lady Giffard, the beloved sister of sir William Temple, is said to have had a large portion of his genius.

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Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so; and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's[1] lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas, in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full I will send it whether MD writes or not; and so that will be pretty; and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol[2] pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervis is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple[3] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach, but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family.[4] Tell the provost I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh[5] just now at the coffee-house, who asked after you with great kindness; he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,[6] and Mrs. Walls, and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when

[1] In these letters, Pdfr stands for Dr. Swift; Ppt for Stella; D for Dingley; DD generally for Dingley, but sometimes for both Stella and Dingley; and MD generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for Stella. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more advisable to use the word Presto for Swift, which is borrowed from the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who whimsically called him Dr. Presto, which is the Italian for Swift.

[2] The doctor's agent at Laracor, a Frenchman. [3] Nephew to sir William.

[4] This coldness between the Temple family and Dr. Swift has been variously accounted for, but never satisfactorily cleared up.

[5] An Irish gentleman of fortune.

[6] Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

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Joe gets his money.[1] It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

LETTER THE THIRD.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at James's coffee-house, I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's[2] friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father[3] was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice everything to save himself, and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffee-house, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke[4] was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervis, to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow, MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervis, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we

---

[1] The government premium for his mathematical sleaing tables.

[2] Isaac Manley, esq., postmaster-general for Ireland.

[3] Sir Thomas Frankland, postmaster-general for England.

[4] Who printed the Tale of a Tub and other works for the doctor.

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must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton[1] expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt[2] refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord-president;[3] with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said he knew I never expected anything from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest, upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford, the Hamburgh merchant, my old schoolfellow; but calling at Bull's on Ludgate-hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner, among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadly,[4] the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad however to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree

[1] Afterwards marquis, lord-lieutenant of Ireland.
[2] Vice-treasurer of Ireland. [3] The celebrated lord Somers.
[4] Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards bishop of Winchester.

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I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him. I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind, and I, went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffee-house; we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper; so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning.—Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's[1] misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers, without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper.[2] Mr. Stratford went with me: six miles

[1] A celebrated beauty and toast of the Kit-cat Club, who retired in her misfortune to Lynn, Norfolk, under an assumed name.

[2] Will Pate was a tradesman of such a turn for letters as to be called the learned woollen-draper.

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here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers. Here is Mr. Brydges, the paymaster-general, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.; and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste by the duke of Devonshire; they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the earl of Anglesea, the great support of the Tories; so that employment of vice-treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of St. David's (Dr. George Bull) died the same day. The duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-

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morrow. I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall-mall for one in Bury-street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens to-morrow, I will add it.

Robin's Coffeehouse.—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; king Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night, but not send it this week. Pray, tell me whether you like this journal way of writing. I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray and be hanged.

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LETTER THE FOURTH.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy,[1] Stratford,[2] and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c., and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one enclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom [the first fruits]; and does he think anybody will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day with Will Frankland and his fortune; she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and lady Betty Germain to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter

[1] John Molesworth, envoy extraordinary to the king of Sardinia, and afterwards to the states of Venice and Switzerland.

[2] A merchant in the city often mentioned.

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to Bickerstaff: let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can. Well, I will write to the bishop of Killala: but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor; I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that, pray, pray, Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter-house?—Get a ——— into the Charter-house.[1]—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day, to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent[2] what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town, at Will Pate's, with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,[3] and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favor as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710,

[1] In these broken ejaculations he answers the paragraphs of the lady's letter.
[2] Housekeeper to the doctor. [3] No doubt at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

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was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,[1] which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me, and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute,) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or anybody that will tell him—that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,[2] give them to him—a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I wrote this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly is

[1] The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. A satire on Godolphin.
[2] The doctor's curate at his living of Laracor.

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out,[1] and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton; so has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervis the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and wrote more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came; guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopence; however, I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls [archdeacon] will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for.—No, no, I will eat no grapes; I eat about six the other day at sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth; what then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes; pray do not carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why small hopes from the duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of anything further than the business I am upon: you see I wrote to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out.

[1] A commissioner of the revenue, afterwards speaker.

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Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury-street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet, after all, it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly! The dean be pox'd: a great piece of friendship, indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that is enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but perhaps little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,[1] who is a great favorite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig

[1] Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth.

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enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories drily tell me I may make my fortune if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I *do* understand them.

October 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy to dine with lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment, and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother; and to-day I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father (postmaster here), and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person [the earl of Godolphin]. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley to desire him to engage lady Hyde as my mistress, to engage lord Hyde in favor of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen[1] and Delaval and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody, but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

[1] Sir Paul Methuen, ambassador at the court of Portugal.

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3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen, but will soon be in town, and will call to see me; she gave me a bottle of palsy-water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth and favorite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyot, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyot will be hanged;[1] for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp-paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,[2] and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had to-night a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord-lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed I will solicit whoever is lord-lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell[3] and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room with a servant of lord Halifax to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has

[1] He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, January 13, 1710–11, and acquitted.
[2] Owing to her shortness of sight.
[3] A privy counsellor, and secretary of state for Ireland.

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appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2nd letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2nd, 3rd? is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3, &c.? I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the givers bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,[1] who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.[2] I dined again at Delaval's, and in the evening at the coffeehouse heard sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? Then, in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence halfpenny toward your loss.

[1] Sir Godfrey Kneller's the painter.

[2] The Westminster election was closely contested.

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6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him, and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards and your claret and orange at the dean's,[1] and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you; and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. At night.—Jack Howe told Harley "that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely and with so civil a manner." This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me "his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence," which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law lord Doblane[2] (or some such name), and his own son, and among others Will Penn the Quaker:

[1] Dr. Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's.

[2] George Henry Hay, viscount Dupplin, eldest son to the earl of Kinnoul.

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we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business, entered into it with all kindness, asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen, told me the measures he would take, and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr. St. John, secretary of state [the celebrated lord Bolingbroke], and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!) — I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday, and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you: you must know it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day; for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke to give him a ballad and dine with him, but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be, and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know what;*[1] but, gad, if it had not been for that I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle-faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble

[1] These words plainly refer to the "Tale of a Tub," for which he had been censured by many of his own profession; but the ministers were dreadfully afraid of Swift's satire and powers when launched at them.

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him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said: "That was not a place for friends to come to." It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough; but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half-sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds: and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries; but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet faith I long for MD's third too; and yet I would have it to say that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffee-house as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there; he is of Ireland: the bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit; his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith it is true; for I am

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going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley: and faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done, but I must say no more; and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my 6th to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.[1]

LETTER THE SIXTH.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general, sir Simon Harcourt, with much complimement on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done all but the forms by that time, for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and besides, I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a Shower in London, and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in

[1] Seventy-three lines in folio, small hand, upon one side.

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health, and whether she stays in town? I writ to her from Chester to know what I should do with her note, and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me; so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half-crowns; and sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Coote: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing ombre?[1] But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election [for Malmesbury] has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin, coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's counterfeiting the stamp-paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him

[1] See Journal, October 5th.

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about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle-prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway[1] one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good: but I do not care two-pence whether it be or no. At night.—To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy; this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me: unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,[2] a little, pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea* about the Sprig of an Orange is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humor of using all people without any consideration of their for-

[1] A French protestant refugee; the same who lost the battle of Almanza.

[2] By Swift's interest promoted to a secretaryship, under lord Raby, ambassador at Utrecht.

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tunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have I hope done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir Richard Onslow we hear has lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses, and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler [vol. x.], and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler [No. 258] I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows:—["Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710."] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper, or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamed of Stella, &c., so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two persons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is an ugly gloomy morning. At night.—Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the park; and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over:[1] what shall I do? my fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I

[1] That is, to the next page.

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have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it come too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though — Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton;[1] she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's[2] office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, No. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny — Well; but stay. I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my No. 2 and No. 3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a task: but write when you have a mind. — No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. — Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your — chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I anything to do with them! — Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised

[1] Niece to sir Isaac Newton, and widow of colonel Barton. A favorite among the toasts of the Kit-cat Club.

[2] Joshua Dawson, esq., secretary to the lord justices of Ireland.

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an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? [lord Godolphin] that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge: I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler [No. 230] about shortening of words, &c. But, God so! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord-president of Scotland,[1] and Mr. Benson, a lord of the treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused

[1] Dalrymple, lord-president of the court of session.

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himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipped his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison, and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy-water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it.[1] The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine [claret]; but before we parted there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgworth; so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it [No. 238]. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my miscellany. I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of Killaloe was in it: it would do him honor. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together, and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but do not say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your 3rd to me, when you had but my 2nd, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my night-gown. I have a

[1] The miscarriage of this box is matter of subsequent speculation.

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mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord-lieutenant at Hampton Court, in council [in room of the earl of Wharton]. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr. Curry at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my 6th, sent when I had but three of MD's; now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE SEVENTH.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day passed; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by-and-bye comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers [daughters of the duke of Ormond], but the porter answered they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid. Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an

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hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's 4th to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: what shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdall.[1] I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice.—

[1] The Rev. Mr. Tisdall, an admirer of Stella.

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Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very drily; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavored to act in the most exact points of honor and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behavior to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you that last night I went to Mr. Harley's hoping — faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much

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out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,[1] who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I,[2] and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. . I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, "that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all," &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how many livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which I suppose was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton[3]

[1] The celebrated dramatic writer, a friend of the dean's.

[2] Congreve was born in the year 1672.

[3] This gentleman, as well as Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when lord-lieutenant; and promoted to the deanery of Derry, upon Swift declining, with the utmost contempt and scorn, to give a large bribe demanded by Bushe, lord Berkeley's secretary.

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paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage. No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Anglesea's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervis. I will make sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John! is he gone? and Madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some sallad-dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. Stella?]: that was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three—galls, stop your receipt in your —— I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister

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of state; to descend lower — a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman [a Tory newspaper]; oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us; and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman, and says, "he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea." But I was modest, and said, "may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance;" and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelvepenny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy bank stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you, and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danaë's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern where Congreve, sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt, and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we stayed till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a

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spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke, who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did like a fool chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen, and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humor. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will become of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary; it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother, a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter till that ugly D is

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dry in the last line but one. . Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith — but it must be so till next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER THE EIGHTH.

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my 7th to your 4th, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning sitting in my bed I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

November 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honor and do nothing. I came home at six and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this be cause I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the

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bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs. Walls win constantly, as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it, but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.[1] We have scurvy Tatlers of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ——. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content. At night in bed.—Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen). I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first fruits; but they are to take no notice of it till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c., and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the primate and archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all.

[1] Alluding to the language in their own familiar conversation.

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The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was No. 5, which I shall not answer to-night I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle-cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds, my life, what am I doing? I must go write, and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c.; came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffee-house, for I stayed at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel Proud was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again: and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr. Davenant [son of the celebrated sir William] would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on by sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve, and left them. Davenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish, but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called "The Third Part of Tom Double," to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

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6. I was to-day gambling in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir Richard Temple's with Congreve, Vanbrugh, lieutenant-general Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he was a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c., and I have seen her without one Tory. The queen made me a curtsy, and said in a sort of familiar way to Presto, "How does MD?"[1] I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court, but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's 5th; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bed-chamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing.

[1] This was, in Swift's language, a "pure bite." He was *not* introduced at court.

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I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which wiggs, and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and lord-keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment! In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—, and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, "That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I

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writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds, but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my 4th, madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my 5th, Goody Blunder? you frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister — Kate is it, or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your 6th letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto;" and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary St. John,

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and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Montrath's with lord Mountjoy, &c., but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c., and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for altogether, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often: but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for "night, good night:" but when I am taking leave I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did [MD, you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am; but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because — what, because of the archbishop; because

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I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candle-light. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER THE NINTH.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came into us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind [a celebrated physician and philosopher], that writ lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I stayed with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my 8th to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's coffeehouse, and the chocolate-houses,[1] and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was

[1] Sir Henry St. John, father of the statesman.

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their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon; for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humor. You know I cannot in honor see lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this —

> If paper be thin, ink will slip in;
> But if it be thick, you may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I stayed till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred

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pounds in bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things, and they said "money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me." However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half — that is ten shillings, — so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother to desire that lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and, when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security. And if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever ate bread; but the duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St. John, sir Thomas Hanmer, sir Chancellor Coxcomb, &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's-hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner.

Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge[1] and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley, who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-colored fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised in a few days to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I stayed late, drinking claret and Burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where

[1] Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief justice of the queen's bench in Ireland.

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we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall-mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c.: and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would fain have given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended, for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child;[1] where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home; a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined, and secretary St. John, &c.; and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in

[1] Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffeehouse.

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case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me; she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St. John; and lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery, and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from my own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my 7th, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith. Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he speaks of for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your 6th I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town?

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and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahah, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton [Swift's sister] know that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr. Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare to call upon me for the papers, &c., and I had last post one from the archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favored by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So, while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c., for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your

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mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c., but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take the pills every night. Never fear; I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favor; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and perhaps I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER THE TENTH.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23rd in my last where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, pshah, and let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente:* do you understand those two words? and Pompey, colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

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26. I have got a cruel cold, and stayed within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him without consequence, "How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?" So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my 8th is with you now, young women, and your 7th to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c., &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I stayed till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of Clogher, but I writ to him lately that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers. I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance [political controversies], else I have little to do to be acquainted

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with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffee-house till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle is almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles. Why, I say, I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within: that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday that Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and, in short, spoke so that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb toward the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cumdumble," or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is in any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret); as soon as ever I can clear my hands I will stay no longer; for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others; but, according to the best judgment I have, they are

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pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. Your chancellor? why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.[1] Ploughing? A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives. Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town [Trim], who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, "That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe should be done." Pray, when you happen to see Joe tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs. Wesley—why these poligyes [apologies] for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all until Stella is quite well? So, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the bishop of Clogher says he has seen something of mine of the same sort better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all?* &c. I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends? No, indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so venturesomely, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it. "Madam Stella, your humble servant." O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and

[1] The words "this fortnight" had been written in what he calls their *little language*, then scratched out, and written plain.

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so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep; I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight. Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls that in case there be occasion I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day [St. Andrew's day], and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

December 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night. Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order. At night.—I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I stayed like a booby till eight, looking over them at ombre; and then came home. Lord Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation; as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S., M.-P., and N. R., the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I, and sir Charles Wager, dined to-day at Delaval's,

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the Portugal envoy; and I stayed there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him: — I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two. Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come, now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble. What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one, —

> Be you lords, or be you earls,
> You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

> Two sides in a sheet,
> And one in a street.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

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4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner, and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Brag at a tavern; cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffeehouse, where lord Salisbury seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favor, that dog Henley asked me aloud whether I would go to see lord Somers as I had promised? (which was a lie), and all to vex poor lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple in the court of requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidentially said here. The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit. It is such monstrous rainy weather that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbor Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fie, O fie.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it

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comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, where were lord Anglesea, sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised; he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.[1] It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your 6th letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my 11th to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER THE ELEVENTH.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my 10th to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your 7th (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your 6th, and then we shall be all in confusion this

[1] This was his own writing, but unsuspected at the time.

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month). Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that is enough till by and by; for I must go write idle things, and twittle-twattle. What is here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy rogue; and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and general Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right, but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning. So now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauce-boxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell-metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money, and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor; he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c., as usual and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well; they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to-day; I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond yesterday at court again, but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed, and it has rained all this evening like wildfire. Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright as I expected upon the news of this ship-

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wreck, but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor-general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness by being recommended to your new lord chancellor. I had a letter from Mrs. Long that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country-town [Lynn, Norfolk] with vile conversation. I will not answer your letter till I have leisure, so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him, and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c.; so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage[1] and his Irish club at their boarding-place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets. Was not it an odd event? But what care you? but then I knew the butler. Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortlies I will consider, so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were Harley himself, and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers and foreign ministers against the late changes at court. Cadogan has had a little paring; his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy;[2] but I hope they will go no further with him,

[1] Chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland.

[2] Lieutenant-general, after earl of Cadogan, the friend of Marlborough, envoy to the United Provinces and the government of Spanish Flanders.

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for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How nowww? so very well; stay till I come home, and then perhaps you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy, ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio. O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs. At night.—Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I in one coach; lady Kerry's son and his governor and two gentlemen in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburn's children), in a third, all hackneys; set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord Shelburn's house in Picadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home), and concluded the night at the puppet-show, whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. *Re*diculous, madam? I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atlantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella

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read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella. It is well enough what you observe, that if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so. I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.[1] I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this; I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher, nautinautinauti-dear girls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours; prithee, sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women. I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve! I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care

[1] He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

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of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But, what now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs; I will rise. At night.—I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home: so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite [a quiz]. Lord Rivers told me two days ago that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me that his father (sir Harry St. John) and lord Rivers were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite [quiz]; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "you shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it: for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff.[1] I stayed with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have stayed till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter. Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon

[1] They did not succeed, for the doctor never *would* preach before the queen.

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Presto, madam? Sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can: this is his common phrase, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe; pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I will bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocation and your Lamberts;[1] they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it), but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself. What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did you not tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favorite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancor of party,

[1] Dr. Lambert, chaplain to lord Wharton.

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I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings; forget it? well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear? but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs, and candles, and mopsticks, will not spoil it, sirrahs. No, truly, I will not be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,[1] and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock: go on, did I say? why, I have written enough: but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith, I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I will rise, for this morning. At night.—I dined with my opposite neighbor, Darteneuf [a great epicure], and I was soliciting this day to present the bishop of Clogher [Dr. St. George Ashe] vice-chancellor: but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I knew not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's church, and abundance went,

[1] Of king William, erected after the battle of the Boyne, in the College-green, Dublin.

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among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton-garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remarked it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of Buckingham, but came too late; then I visited Mrs. Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor lady Shelburn dowager: he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol: however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice-chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam,[1] and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week), and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? Poor lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

[1] Dr. John Vesey, bishop of Limerick, June 11th, 1672; translated to Tuam, March 18th, 1678. He died in 1716.

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20. Morning.—I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him: he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write,
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.

At night.—Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refuse Henley and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, lord Berkeley's steward formerly: I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect [sex]. Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley: it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris (I mean colonel Caufield), and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, or so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning.—I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him: I will say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says it is a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyle is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says there is a good

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fire. I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's. At night.—I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case. I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray, have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me. I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honor to recommend him to everybody. At night.—I went to Mr. Harley's levee: he came and asked me what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter. At five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning.—This letter goes to-night without fail. I hope there is none from you yet at the coffeehouse; I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no? No, I say; done, for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me?—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you! farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study: our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather, till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get 12*l.* for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessing; yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too! &c.

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Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER THE TWELFTH.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present: guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-fruits. I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while; so there, sit there. — Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there

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being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson: very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray, when came you from thence, sir? He said, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau with a pox.[1] I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea, &c., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favor to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain,[2] which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I stayed not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MD's in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red, Write to MD when abed;
Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, Write to MD when you are down;
Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay — I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten: then

[1] A shopkeeper, and left his counter and trade for the army.
[2] The loss of the battle of Villa Viciosa.

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went to court at two. It was a collar-day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the queen stayed so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbor Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that is very well. — I tell you a good pun: a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes;* a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that fellow pretend to cure agues? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell.* That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on. I fancy he was broke (*as a trader*), and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 12*l.* by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there: he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and give us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And it is an old saying.

> Once I guesse'd right, and I got credit by it;
> Thrice I guess'd wrong, and I kept my credit on.

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the Lord Harry I shall be done here with Christmas-boxes. The rogues at the coffeehouse have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns, to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer.[1] There is an enmity between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelvepenny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the

[1] Mr. John Barber, afterwards lord mayor.

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coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, and Mr. Bernage: the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning.—I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another. I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it. Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbors, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls; an old saying and true,

> Letters from MD's
> Must not be answered in ten days:

It is but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir Thomas Hammer to dine with him: the famous Dr. Smallridge [afterwards bishop of Bristol] was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban Street, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlor to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week, and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live, for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom

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fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago;) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away about six, but we stayed till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promised me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning.—The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed. Night.—Now sir Adrew Fountaine is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the mornining to read prayers, but he has given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbor Ford, (do you know what *quondam* is, though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you; I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like. —I made a pun the other day to Ben Portlack about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that is mine a— all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

Would you answer MD's letter,
On New-year's day you will do it better —
For when the yea with MD 'gins,
It without MD never lins.

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(These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.)

But if on New-year you write nones,
MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise. Night.—I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavors for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she whould have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin.[1] So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning.—I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr. Patrick wishes me a happy new-year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the last change,

[1] Swift read very badly.

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and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

> I wish you both a merry new-year,
> Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
> And me a share of your good cheer;
> That I was there, or you were here,
> And you are a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play. At night.—I went this morning to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, madam Stella? You write your 8th when you receive mine: now I write my 12th when I receive your 8th. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives.————————I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your 4th and 5th in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

> I hate all winds before and behind,
> From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford would have been ashamed of such

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a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over, but *quando?* I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my 9th, now you are come up with me; marry, come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants. The bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is, must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet: thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto! You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it?—Well, madam Dingley, I sent your inclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young woman, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a-week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already? Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? the d—— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day, Sterne[1] told me he had sent it a fortnight ago: Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella tease Presto? that palsy-water was in the box: it was too big for a

[1] Enoch Sterne, esq., clerk to the house of lords in Ireland.

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packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me: how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. * * * * * * * * * * * * * See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion, nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know tomorrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he stayed, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in lady Giffard's hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is

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granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice since I knew him to any appointment. I stayed till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon: but he was so lazy and weak of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after to-morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand: he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang-dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home an't please you at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning.—Morrow, little dears. O faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humor they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you to come up to me with your 8th, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I

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will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury [who succeeded], we think is to be the dean of Christ-church in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.—What is all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord —— came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my Lord —— never did, and never can *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly [Dillon Ashe]. I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast.—I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, litte MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: it is a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bedchamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle when I am up to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what

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you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th with my own fair hands into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I write to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake; and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was

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christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry; she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning.—I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley; it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird; where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea; but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so. At night.—I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as anybody. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's. Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, buzzing about the cakeshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was going to our end of the town; so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland, at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out, but secretary St. John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning.—Your new lord-chancellor sets out to-morrow for

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Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp, a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week; and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good-morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so there —now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side — So — Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry; and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kind-

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ness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavor to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw! what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to anybody alive? But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning.—Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, anything that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid, but what care I? Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs. South half a pistole for a new year's gift; so good morrow, dears, both, till anon. At night. —Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot. Lady Stanley came to visit Mr. St. John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do. So at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MD's, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and passed an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a

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letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith: I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall-mall, and he sells great hugeous batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morniug to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night, to poor dear MD. At night.—O faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburn, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks; for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers,

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if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good-while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues: but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors. I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country; there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:—

> From business and the noisy world retired,
> Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired,
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and —— like a goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is spring with us already, I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at

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home, and I am content to dine with him: and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison: all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talked words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrell's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny: I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler tomorrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith — No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning.—Faith I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray, now? Yes, I warrant you: yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing, girls.—O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get some small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you

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may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do, extravagant sluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last (ministry); however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.

London, Jan. 16, 1710–11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter No. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as anybody in the world, although in full favor with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet, to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I stayed there

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till seven, then I called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin; his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko; he is in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter. I found another hand had superscribed it: when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, "That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one: if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction: however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women? write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I stayed with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely

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against myself, not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you! fie, Stella, are not you ashamed? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep. I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsaucyinsolent-rogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith, have not you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten: I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

> Would you have a settled head, You must early go to bed:
> I tell you, and I tell it again, You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; ay marry this is something, this is our MD; so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one.. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh? tell me that, huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning.—It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance

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cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes sir. Then I will rise: come, take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle. At night.—We are now here in high frost and snow; the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

Walk fast in snow, And still as you go,
In frost walk slow, Tread on your toe:
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning.—Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy-water, which I brought home in my pocket, and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city by appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning.—They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter. At night. —O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and stayed an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out

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till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louisa Lennox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy-water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning.—Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, "surely we shall have your 10th;" and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my 11th. And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful r***l.[1] My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own. Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy-water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water, (I mean decently, don't be rogues,) and so vexed with

[1] Swift had a great dislike to Somers.

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Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance. Leave a good deal of my 10th unanswered — Impudent slut! when did you ever answer my 10th, or 9th, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the d— to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score. I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. Mrs. Wells at Donnybrook with you; why, is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had stayed, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavor to have had him removed, although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? Whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if

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I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. Morning.—I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him, a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry;[1] so he came out of his closet, and after a few words desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis stayed till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless. I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a-day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats, as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday to Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten,

[1] It was said that the duke would have taken office under queen Anne's new ministry.

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and I will go to-bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night, my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrahs? and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportuuity; and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my 14th to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub-street, and I am endeavoring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person: that was two of my businesses with the secretary — were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

February 1. I was this morning with poor lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife [Mrs. Beaumont], and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; and I am very busy.

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2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her. I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time: they are plaguy whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry. I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge. I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers; and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go), one from the archbishop of Dublin, and the other from ——. Who do you think the other was from? —— I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, No. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, noooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheets and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet

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what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favor, though they hated him before. — Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favor these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. — I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold. I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire? — So — up adazy. At night. — Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of those odd-come-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day: but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

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7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something,[1] which he intended for a favor, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refuse to submit to his intended favor, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dine with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning.—"I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs." Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs?[2] I met Mr. Harley in the court of requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case, at the coffeehouse, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master. But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your

[1] This alludes to an offer of fifty pounds from Harley, which he indignantly rejected.

[2] The *bite* is here.

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letter to-night, perhaps I will not; that is, as saucy little Presto takes the humor. At night.—I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning.—After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this, and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel-street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man everywhere, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so; I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of Goodman Peasley and Isaac, I answer as I did before. Fie, child! you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing; and afterward, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it; fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I am glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your in-

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telligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell is admirable. You may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him again. No — indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you give of that weekly paper [the Examiner] agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a-day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister, in Chester; and that colonel Edgworth's sister goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it to you safe; so there is some hopes now. Well, let us go on to your letter. The warrant is passed for the first-fruits. The queen does not send a letter, but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen: I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you.[1] What! is not Mrs. Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that, when I say so, Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman [MD's landlady] will be grumbling again in a little time; and, if you are invited anywhere to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country

[1] The queen's objections to Swift, as the author of the TALE OF A TUB, were found invincible.

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may be necessary for poor Stella's health; but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. O, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyle, his general, when I see the duke next; but the officers tell me it would be dishonorable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and, upon occasions extraordinary, I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for the candle-ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me. And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon, of all conscience; but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed; and so good morrow, little sirrahs, that is for the rhyme. You want politics: faith, I cannot think of any, but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you? At night.—I dined to-day with my neighbor Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle, in

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behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? I now send away this letter that you may not stay. I dined with Ford upon his opera-day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you pretend to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to-*night*.

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I sent a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's, in St. Michael's lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

LETTER THE SIXTEENTH.

London, Feb. 10, 1710–11.

I HAVE just dispatched my 15th to the post: I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in a furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning.—I must rise and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens.[1] At night.—It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's[2] lodgings; the other two were

[1] A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

[2] Robert Cope, esq., a gentleman of learning, and correspondent of Swift's.

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one Morris, an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business. Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for twopence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders toward it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favor again, and called to see him, but he was not within: I will use to visit him after din-

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ner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch: it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago: he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago: he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H—, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us; so I stepped out and whispered them, "that I would not dine with that fellow." They made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl, is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith, this letter goes on but slow: it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but

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the person I designed to dine with was not at home: so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,[1] and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I stayed till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St. John dine with him privately; and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper, the secretary, and I, were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to anybody; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw; two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that lived at St. Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; a'nt I a reasonable creature?

[1] Mr. Richard Estcourt, a player and dramatic writer, celebrated in THE SPECTATOR, and other works of the time.

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We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavor to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letter. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbor Vanhomrigh, where sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome, genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favorite, colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; and secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant; but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning.—It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and, if it

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clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him! what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I will rise; so, do you hear? let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs. At night.—It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera-day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. Edgeworth was to set out but last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since that it is safer at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning.—Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking. I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must. At night.—Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she had in their house. I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat,[1] and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the secre-

[1] Prior, as Swift elsewhere mentions, was a slight thin figure.

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tary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut in pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, "God bless your honor, will not you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy-drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgeworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs. Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning.—This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is No. 16, and I have had your No. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister of state hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather. I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green: it is as good as our Park, but not so large. Faith, this summer we will take a coach for sixpence to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's. My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconsistent I am! I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now.* I do not design to write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your due; so I will write *large* or small as I please. O faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must

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rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele — There, there, there.

O Lord, I am saying there, there, to myself, in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my 16th this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera-day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes: my head continues as it was; no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too? We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at

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cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr. Whittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son—a pox on him! And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a manilio. Was not that hard, Presto? hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and he tells me that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant,—that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male: I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of either, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why do not you walk in the Green of St. Stephen; the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervis the painter, dined to-day with James—I know not his other name, but it is one of Dartineuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write; we were afraid the poor woman would have died, and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and have not guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women

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together, though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it; it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse."[1] Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning.—I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac for the day of the month: I did not know but it might be leap-year. The almanac says it is the third after leap-year, and I always thought till now that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do, by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of Clogher: good morrow, sirrahs.—Night.—I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler, knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *traipsing* to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folks' affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business: however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

[1] London, printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1711. Octavo.

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3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first-fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday lord-keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, No. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right. O, but I will not answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? Faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly; but it must be a little dog. I stayed with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley that he was much out of order: pray God preserve his health, everything depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavor to steal away; by which time I hope the first-fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavor to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much

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against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they made me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks: all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the protestant religion.

7. Morning.—Faith a little would make me,—I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side—I am not come to that yet, young women. Well, then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my 15th in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuse enough. I find I was mistaken in the sex—it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cipher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He (Mr. Harley) gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr

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ufainfbtoy dpionufnad,[1] which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'nnight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely, as you judge.[2] I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half-year. And must I go on at four shillings a-week, and neither eat nor drink for it?—Who the d—— said Atterbury and your dean were alike?—I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain [Mr. Trapp]. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing. Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You, with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS.[3] Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls' eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say if she recovers she may

[1] A bank bill for fifty pounds.

[2] Even to his beloved Stella he had not acknowledged himself at this time to be the author of the Examiner.

[3] Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the awkward shape of the letters.

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lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober as I please. I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language[1] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health and no spleen. In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the first of November was twelve-month? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and *zoo*[2] *must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.* At night.—Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's cards where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley.[3] Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before

[1] Many portions of these letters are spelled according to the *little language*.

[2] "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Goodmorrow."

[3] The count or abbé de Guiscard, a malcontent Frenchman of quality.

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the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night. Night.—Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particulars of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things; First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his christian name be Harley, in honor to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What

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can I do? I engaged colonel Disney,[1] who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and I am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

An't you sauceboxes to write *lele* [i. e. *there*], like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

LETTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

London, March 10, 1710–11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This mornlng Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

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[1] Commonly called duke Disney.

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12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters' skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humor fell when the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things, but I wish I had Mrs. Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbor Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow, and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. Secretary St. John's, for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe, — secretary to lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the small-pox. I called this morning to

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see lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it;[1] for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret, and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead; it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. Secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying, for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven; so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John ten days ago, before my lord-keeper and lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favor of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger,

[1] Swift never had the small-pox.

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so to clear the cabinet councillors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice: however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, and stayed till seven, but would not drink his champaign and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, tossed up my leg on the seat; and, as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Bernard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial I know not, till I see Dr. Arburthnot, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quick to bud. My dream is out: I was a dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not

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Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy, and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well; and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money; do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on same business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal; but what care I? what cares saucy Presto! Darteneuf [a great punster] invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That is the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last; and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get toward it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-books, &c., but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two

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packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with sir John Perceval,[1] and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came: but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

LETTER THE NINETEENTH.

London, March 24, 1710–11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffee-house to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, No. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD takes to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This

[1] Created baron Perceval, April 21, 1715; viscount Perceval, Feb. 25, 1722; and earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733.

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illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning.—I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord-keeper: it is not shaving-day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. Secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church;[1] and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you. At night.—So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence apiece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond;" and "this is the wound," &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs; and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people

[1] Mrs. de Caudres, their landlady, lived opposite St. Mary's church.

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that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon, and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbor Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning.—O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttikins for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I: yes, says I, "whose hand is this?" then there was wax between the folds: then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls' hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my 18th went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum [tally]. What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it. At night.—Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau, ay, Vedeau, now I have it: let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast-day for the public; so I dined late with sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favor to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig and friend to the lord-treasurer[1] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller [sir John Holland] told me that there are eight

[1] The earl of Godolphin, late lord-treasurer.

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people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the park.—What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue and go to your dean's.

29. Morning.—If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city and see Charles Bernard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy No. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again. At night.—Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick. I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear. I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning.—This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland I will discharge him. Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teague-lander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning.—What shall we do to make April fools this year, no wit happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few

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days: brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke [bankrupt], and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valor. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked "where we dined?" We said "together." He said, "we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton." I said, "I would dine with him to choose;" but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease. 'Tis your fault; pray, and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women.—Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, &c., to make you Christians in that country. I befriend him what I can, on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's? O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any one here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often

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happens in the world, that where one loves a body best — pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations.—Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson and clerk must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. I called at Mr. Secretary, to see what the d— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him "I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better;" and one thing I warned him of, "never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple), that I expected every great minister, who honored me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behavior; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favor was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord-keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." He took all right; said "I had reason;" vowed "nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking;" would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters, but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;[1] you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbor Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw; poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or

[1] William Rollinson, esq., merchant, who retired from business into Oxfordshire.

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two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke[1] in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley: he sent them yesterday to Ireland; so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here.—They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning.—Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent; and I like a fool must look over all yours, to see whether this was really No. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD: what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then, come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all; write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley, from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the

[1] The bookseller, who transacted Swift's pecuniary business.

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box; I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over if I could this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjuror approves what I did with Mr. Harley;[1] but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle-tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry: I am a little piqued in honor to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore? I don't keep such company: an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *villian and dainger*, and you, madam Dingley, what is *christianing?*——Lay your letters *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way, this way, and not that way, that way.*——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they came, in a paper together,

[1] In relation to the bank-note for fifty pounds.

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and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say anything, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my lord Anglesea and Hyde are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy-treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

LETTER THE TWENTIETH.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my 19th in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one: and the duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me

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in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

> Get you gone to your deans,
> You couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes,—

> You expect Mrs. Walls; To carry you to Stoyte,
> Be dress'd when she calls, Or else *honi soit.*

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port.* Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No, it won't; for those letters that go under a fortnight are answerers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some, &c. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind.—'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by burgundy and champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favorite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy [a tory paper and violent]; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse

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him and Mr. secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary "I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed," and so I crossed it out; and afterward, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him in the secretary's name "to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me." Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about this yarn, at lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville,[1] the secretary at war; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of champagne or burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman [and lord mayor of London], died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me: and the poor creature's tears came fresh into her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a-piece, several raffled for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gal-

[1] Afterwards lord Lansdowne, celebrated by Pope as "Granville the polite."

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lantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented it to if I had won. Is Dilly [Rev. Dillon Ashe] gone to the Bath? His face will whiz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back. The rabble will say, "There goes a drunken parson," and, which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me "that two or three of them were drunk." They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer, and lord Poulet master of the horse, &c., but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe, which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs, there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then went to the auction of Charles Bernard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation of sir William Read's.[1] Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Anglesea, and sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior, and I, dined, by appointment, with lieutenant-general Webb. My lord and I stayed till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain, one of the

[1] An advertising quack for the cure of ophthalmia, wens, harelips, wry necks, &c. &c.

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October club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding. What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humor, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened to be the day and the house where the October club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, lord Guernsey's son, to let me know that my lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honor to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship for the ministry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Bernard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that when I dined at Webb's with lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said

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he had no thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favor for me, or for my friend, but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me. I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of Clogher says, Clements' danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt I expected her husband would stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbor Vanhomrigh: he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger: 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half-year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place. I would give something for their keeping, but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back: I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, &c. &c.

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LETTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my 20th this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away my last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord-treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of Tuscany used to send to sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord-keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself, so I sent my hints to the author of the Atlantis [Mrs. Manley], and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord-keeper; but, however, I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæsar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good.

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Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord-keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the number 21 atop, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great blotch. I dined with lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again; I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half-sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, esquire, at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning general Webb was to give me a visit; he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to make up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterward sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival; so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well I have no mind to answer him, and so kind that

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I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our king Charles will be chosen emperor, and the duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the lord-treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning.—Lord-keeper, and I, and Prior, and sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and eleven-pence t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise in spite of your little teeth; good morrow. At night.—O, faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord-keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord-keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine.
Miss your glass when you can,
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I

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refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb-snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans, you couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Prestc

22. Morning.—I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both. Night.—I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one,—That no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any; the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be lord-treasurer, yet he makes only one difficulty which is hard to answer; he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer they will want him prodigiously in the house of commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.[1] Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord-keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord-keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *fringeship* (friendship) between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore "it was the worst he had ever heard:" I said "I thought so too;" but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daugh-

[1] That is, among the ministry.

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ters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr. Swift?" said she: "he and I were very well acquainted;" and fell railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbor Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese [Farnese] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me by those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea.—I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and showed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I an-

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swer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and between that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play —— with a ——— a — a — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.[1] I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stands a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, said "he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter;" which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause; for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr. Foley beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said, "if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he (Mr. Harley) ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them." He made it a jest: but by some words dropped I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

[1] This must have been at raffling for books.

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28. Morning.—I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday how he came to disoblige the archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and Ingoldsby (lord-justice) abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer, but reproach poor, poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say: and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong-box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? —Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool. [A violent Whig journal.] Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too: but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels). My ears have been these three months past much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Westley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea.—They lie; Mr Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very

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narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound; he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Walls' eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers; but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers;" and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you—

> "If you talk'd no more than you walk'd,
> Those that think you wits would be balk'd."

Yes, Stella shall have a large-printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box: is not it come yet? this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's —— I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c., that I have in Ireland: and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side; I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

At night.—I say at night because I finished my 21st this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my 22nd, and have received your 13th. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord Paisley, who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little

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weary, and am got into bed. I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe: I made lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who stayed till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? He shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and for that reason I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's[1] brother, the midwife.

30. Morn.—I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage-coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow. At night.—I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind, the second master of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was balked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches

[1] Sir Chamberlain Walker, a celebrated accoucheur.

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nor verses.—They would not let me into their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, if you know such a man; and the weather mending I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny: it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning: and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner: and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rochester is dead this morning: they say at one o'clock;

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and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord-president. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff once since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young woman, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter; and I don't know what, nor I dont know how; and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and upon my word I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord-keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I stayed till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story: and I showed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We

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were all in mighty good humor. — Lord-keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seamam followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken.—A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord-keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus: — To Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one, among all the privateers and the storms: O faith my letters are too good to be lost.

MD's letters may tarry,
But never miscarry,

as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterward. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore.[1] But when I get Mr. Harley alone I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was

[1] Brother to the earl of Drogheda, lord commissioner of trade, 30th Sept., 1710.

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busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham-house. I was telling him of my head: he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea, which, he said, always gave it him; and that Dr. Ratcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday that Mr. Harley would this week be lord-treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the case of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favor, and give him encouragement: and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.[1] It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel-street, one Bell; the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm I fear she will not at all.[2] Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?[3] I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

[1] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

[2] Queen Anne was the last sovereign who practised this superstition.

[3] From Swift's garden at Laracor.

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Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as a physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.[1]—They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttlefields; their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord-keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble [written by the dean] to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with sir Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late.—Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honor, it is from one madam MD, No. 14. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford.—Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more let me know afterward; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing else; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr.

[1] Mr. Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. He was soon after killed on Turnham-green. See Journal, Aug. 21.

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Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send: That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at a distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's [a celebrated Dublin banker] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-THIRD

Chelsea. May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my 22nd this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and Mr. Secretary.—They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost

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fit to be mowed. I went to court after church (as I always do on Sundays), and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day when I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, No. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain your jackanapes, lord Santry, was dead; captain Cammock assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called "A Character of the Present Set of Whigs," and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called "The State of Wit," giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord-keeper

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and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbor over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls' tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall-mall, through the park, out at Buckingham-house, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what; if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we could only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's-green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD[1] goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humored, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I sent Mrs. Walls' tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the college [university of Dublin]. I dined with lord Shelburne to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord, I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his house, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I

[1] In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella.

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went back with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs. Edgeworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester: so I believe she little thought of anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily: that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord-treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord-keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord-treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered lord Rivers

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that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary said the duke writ to have leave: so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked in a fine moonshine night to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord-keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon, but Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall-mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury:[1] but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be

[1] Gay addressed some humorous verses "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend William Lownds, Esq., Author of that celebrated Treatise in folio, called the Land Tax Bill."

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his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c.; the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening I met sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the park. Lewis whispered me that Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee! yet if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning.—I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number: the last was No. 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to tell you what I have drawn upon him for; he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency or honor. To return without some mark

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of distinction would be extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come, and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgeworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place, for I hear nothing of sir Thomas Franklin's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so. Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow. At night.—I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company

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so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? Do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Walls's tea will be in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning.—Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING.—Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning; he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favor, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

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25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him, so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a coffee-house, where I waited for the dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea: for the dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what has become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you, for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till farther orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day; but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till farther orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten; but it was a fine evening, and the footpath clean enough already after this hard rain.

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27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and lady Betty, who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven. I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone, which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth "that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving," or, as he expresses it, "that the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite." To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was b—— hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning, so now I must call him lord Oxford no more, but lord-treasurer: I hope he will stick there; this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter. Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffee-house; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, lord Somers, lord Halifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your

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bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland, so they may die as fast or slow as they please. Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow: and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah*[1] Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, No. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number), from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in and her pen good. When I came here to-day I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my nightgown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk that I resolved to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that ever was known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord Shelburne; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord-treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord-steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no, I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to

[1] These words in italics are written in a large round hand.

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Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?).

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.[1]

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot-heath, and they said it was colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley.

4. When must we answer this letter, this No. 15 of our little MD? Heat and laziness and sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's, and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

3. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond and Mr. Secretary. They say my lord-treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord-treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favor: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather. — I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night-gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted — I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through

[1] This is interlined in the original.

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wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my foot on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning.—This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow. At night.—I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said, "my lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world." Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a visit, with some more beldames; then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord-treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

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7. Morning. — Well, now let us answer MD's letter, No. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say How do you do, Mr. Presto? — There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades. No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in parliament? Your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out. And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,[1] as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day. As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord-lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted. What an odd bill [for 200*l.*] is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion: and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find

[1] He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just colored with Spanish snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.

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the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Alexander Cairnes [an eminent banker] to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry. I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean —— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four-shilling book: has nobody carried it over? No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you. Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him: so he turns to the sun, and says, "Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c." Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said "it was such weather as pleased God:" Seymor said, "Perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases nobody else." Why,

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madam Dingley, the first-fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord-treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion that my lord-treasurer Harley did it many months ago before the duke was lord-lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow.—'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow. At night.—I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord-treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favor. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort and without dirt. I went this evening to lord-treasurer and sat with him two hours, and we were in a very good humor, and he abused me and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe may not hinder his father from being portrief. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday, and perhaps I may

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go out of town with lord Shelburne and lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it: but to-morrow I shall know farther. O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn and mixed with hail.

8. Morning.—I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburne; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-park-corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was lord-treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at sir William Wyndham's, who married lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: lord-keeper and lord-treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your

lord-chancellor in favor of Dr. Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr. Reading: and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with lady Butler[1] and lady Ashburnham,[2] and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine-licenses. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord-treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c., and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord-treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle; and I design to write a letter to lord-treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day; for Dr. Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbor; so I

[1] Daughter to James duke of Ormond. She lived to be above ninety years of age, and never was married.

[2] Sister to the above lady. See the Journal of October 20th, 1710.

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know not what they are doing in the world; a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep: I write nothing at night but MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's-green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favorite of mine. Sterne tells me he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord-treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord-treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbor Atter-

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bury in suspense about the deanery of Christ-church, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, and scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, madam Stella, and in good ale, madam Dingley.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business; he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with lady Ashburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg; and lady Mary Schomberg, and lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I stayed with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's[1] business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord-treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same

[1] Collector of Wicklow.

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thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly: but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me that I would engage my lord-treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord-treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice: he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord-treasurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning.—I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over-night that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, No. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water, but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money.—Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope

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Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll unparvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's riband to tie about her? reach me my mask; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop; sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me? — No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles; faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.——Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.——We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced

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hat which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen the lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and though in high favor, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are, well:

Little wealth, and much health, and a life by stealth:

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell, again and again.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning and writing together to lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My 25th is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear

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from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Philips the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord-treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison; but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord-treasurer, unless upon some extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26th, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news: that your lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. Coghill[1] losing his drab, &c. The secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord-treasurer is at Windsor too: they will be going and coming all summer, while the queen is there and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the alehouse for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? Did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the dean said shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep 'till past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the

[1] Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the prerogative court for Ireland.

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secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will. Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c., upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna by his negotiations; he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with lord-treasurer. Tom Harley was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business. I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord-treasurer's. He rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent sir H. Bellasis going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord-treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds

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anybody but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was. I said I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of Clogher, who tells me the archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the first-fruits; said it was done by the lord-treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours, I find nothing of that. Perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase), and am got into Suffolk-street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country. We dined at lord-keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord-keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord-treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we

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have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to lord-treasurer, and among other company found a couple of judges with him. One of them, judge Powel, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I stayed till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk. But I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southward; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already. I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness.—Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve. Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw. I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and stayed till night, very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall, lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined

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in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel, and several merchants have told me so. What can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there. I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.[1] Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language. Magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; we did not sit down till four. I despatched three businesses with him and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides, I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians, for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord-treasurer told me the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the first-fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbor Van, and walked pretty well in the park this evening.—Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks' affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the park, to engage me to speak to lord-treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favor. I am

[1] In Ireland there were at that period no foot-paths as in England.

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hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half-a-crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This I think shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it cost you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord-treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week. He has invited me to Windsor, and between two stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's poz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing. I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday with lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late chief-justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrel's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at

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the dean of Canterbury's;[1] and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town; I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning.—I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it; I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto. Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy! will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him; and the secretary told me t'other day he had refused a very

[1] Dr. Stanhope, the celebrated vicar of Lewisham.

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good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months. O, ay, that's true, Dingley! that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet. Your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson stayed in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye, for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop). At night.—I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast—that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite; and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying: *Laissez faire à don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just

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now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship. To return to your letter. Your bishop Mills[1] hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho! you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord Rochester, and his fine daughter lady Jane,[2] just growing up a top toast. I have been endeavoring to save sir Matthew Dudbey, but I fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid said one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of Newcastle is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times.

God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c., &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write (pshaw, I begin too high); but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and

[1] The bishop of Waterford.

[2] Lady Jane Hyde was married Nov. 27, 1718, to William Capel, earl of Essex, and died Jan. 3, 1723-4.

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fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord-treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a nightgown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow; faith it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning.—It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor anything. Night.—Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmanteau, and Patrick is come; so I am in christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate-street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor

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MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon, for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favor to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon who is condemned for a rape. The under-secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favorable report from the judge. Besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What! I must stand up for the honor of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord-treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and

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Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a biting letter in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord-treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. Morning.—Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord-treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two. Windsor, at night.—We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord-treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord-treasurer's servants gave me a letter from * * * * *, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend

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Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight. I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-treasurer told at court what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted; I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine; and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the under-secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see lord-treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted, which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my

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landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1 We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavoring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip-hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr.—Dr., and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord,

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that would be so pretending; and then, says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes, he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning.—I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbors; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three hundred pounds a-year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favorite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord-treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord-treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me. I told them that was their fault, and not hers, &c., and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighborhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain [Mr. Coke], and Mr. Masham, and the green cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and

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there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now: and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are five walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord-treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no, in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favorite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honor, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race tomorrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the

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queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back I found Mr. Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvmonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honor, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my 27th this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit; I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company; but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord-keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now: lord-treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord-keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing, and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the duchess of Montague: he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a

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letter to the bishop [of Clogher]. My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbor prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby, of Brooke, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown. I supped to-night at Masham's with lord-treasurer, and Prior. The treasurer made us stay till twelve before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-secretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton, and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night was, because Mr. secretary St. John would not sit with your duke of Somerset. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord-treasurer got the queen to remit the first-fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord-treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer.—I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighborhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord-treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an

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hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husbaud is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing. Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers to clear some understandings between them; and, if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue. — I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know that it was my lord-treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford and two other merchants. — Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath:—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favorite. It signifies nothing going to this lord-treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, and he would

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make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord-treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines. Lord-treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye: and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what-d'ye-call-her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the first-fruits were got by lord-treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord-treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord-treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord-treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember

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sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton-court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub-street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham-green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord-treasurer's, but went to see lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord-treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Dandy, the duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fie, for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again now you are come home, do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying-glass, madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side, and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon, at his lodgings, with great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year, but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things, but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for

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Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen; so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord-treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons' address might express a dislike to some principles, &c., but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella. Why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt sea. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined

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Gregg.[1] The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written [Swift himself]. We had Trap's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord-treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith,

[1] A clerk in Harley's office, convicted of treasonable correspondence.

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says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?—he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord-keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets.—There is a cousin of his (I suppose), a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe[1] and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbors do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord-keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that

[1] Afterwards a privy councillor in Ireland.

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Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honor come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office. 'Tis directed to your lodgings; if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, No. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses; all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's,

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and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr. Coote, my lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favorite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched. I hate this season, where everything grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.—Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy seal. The Whigs whisper that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and, whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he

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fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another, which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his son has t'other day got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord-treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the first-fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord-treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning I was surprised with the news that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord-treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me he would not offer to send it without showing it to me: he

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thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington. Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

September 1, Morning.—I go to-day to Windsor with Mr. Secretary; and lord-treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust. At night. Windsor.—The secretary and I, and brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's-green, at my lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basketful to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great

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court, and among others I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions: and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage: finds me with lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company. Lord-treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windsor still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-counsellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of sir H. Johnson in the city; he has three-score thousand pounds with her, ready money, beside the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord-treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord-treasurer, keeper, &c., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said it was the same printer whom my lord-treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

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London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord-treasurer; then I went into lord-treasurer's; we stopped at Kensington, where lord-treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord-treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

3. When I went out to-day I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry. I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning.—But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, No. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do anything in it, sweethearts, till night. At night.—O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, No. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad!—Now I have two letters together to answer; here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr. Masham's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord-treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers, and I. The dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord-treasurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr. Masham being a brother of our society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll

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laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven, and lord-treasurer set me down at my lodgings in Suffolk-street. Did I ever tell you that lord-treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so, too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord-treasurer till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning.—I go to Windsor with lord-treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, No. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy [Enniscorthy, county of Wexford] and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scambling, scattering, sluttikin: *Yes, mighty like indeed, is it not?*[1] Pisshh! don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra[2] which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card-purse! you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight-shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Raphoe, an old, doting, perverse coxcomb! Twenty at a time at

[1] These words in *Italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

[2] In Stella's spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of Stella's understanding should spell extremely ill.

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breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my text, if I find this receives encouragement. So Dr. Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery. No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *scrawling*, *splay-foot*, *pot-books*,[1] *s*, *f*, ay, that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving-day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen is bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER THE THIRTIETH.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my 29th at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord-treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him

[1] These words in *Italics*, and the two *esses* that follow, are miserably scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand.

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for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favorite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great I could not see her. I dined with my brother, sir William Wyndham, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord-treasurer's, which was lord-keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arburthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have stayed a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord-keeper, and sup at lord-treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord-treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overtook lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord-treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord-treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord-treasurer. Mrs. Fenton was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the

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beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them. — Did I tell you of the archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, aud a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord-treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at

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the account of his journey to Paris; and, indeed, the two last pages, which the printer had got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he has got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderig and the claret of Dublin: and after all I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favorite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here: and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I am sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our

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society met at the secretary's; there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord-treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord-keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord-treasurer's who intended to go at four to London; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord-treasurer, who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from lord-treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till to-morrow, and at lord-treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers and Mrs. Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was? and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I won't say yours,) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see

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him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London like a fool, and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19 The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold: she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the docter to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's, and the duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the park; the finest places they are for nature and plantations that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a History of the Maids of Honor since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honor since, &c., to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honor when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's sister, mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord-keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbor Dr. Adams. Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily. We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttle-cock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

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21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger; yes, I must, or* Stella *won't be able to read this.*[1] S. S. S., there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honor are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord-keeper and lord-treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away. I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry. I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord-treasurer; and at half an hour after one I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles, but I was so tired with his slow walking that I left him here, and walked two miles toward London, hoping to meet lord-treasurer, and return with him, but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back; so I walked nine miles in all, and lord-treasurer did not come till after eight, which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and stayed till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord-keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honor, and lord-treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected lord-treasurer would have invited

[1] These words in *Italics* are written enormously large.

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me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope lord-treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterward. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end. 'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord-treasurer to sup with them, but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed, for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24.—I came to town by six with lord-treasurer, and have stayed till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning, but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor, but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in lady Giffard's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor-park. I will answer it with a vengeance; and now you talk of answering, there is MD's No. 20 yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday, for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute: you stayed four days at Inish Corthy, two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's, and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'nnight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? Let me see—thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a-year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, madam Dingley,

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mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls. Mrs. Walls has got her tea, but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English.—You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side: I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box, and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it when I see him. Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him. I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me, yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. The d—she[1] has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny [his sister, Mrs. Fenton]—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning, before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next, for I am so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece. Lord-treasurer promises me to answer the bishop's letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord-lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

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[1] Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had consented to.

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LETTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my thirtieth into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from ——; three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord-treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him! I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord-treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. "In this place, (meaning the Exchange in London,) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved for ever after to bury myself in the shady retreat of ——." You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or, New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. "This wondrous theatre," meaning London, "was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen." A little scrap for Mrs. Marget (Stella's maid,) and then I have done. "Their royal fanum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and laboring under huge weights of cares." Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I — Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be despatched

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again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company: and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desired Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds, and, in the mean time, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at lord-treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me that Dr. Arbuthnot had waived the business because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffeehouse, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel, but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at lord-treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W—. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell him he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favor of Bernage this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the

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captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. I know not the two ministers' names, but they are come about the peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honor and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humor. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing; and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers stayed with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord-treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with lord-treasurer, after dining at the green cloth: I stayed till two; this is the effect of lord-treasurer being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord-keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods of my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord-treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended

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I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing; and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchman, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the abbé de Polignac: others swore it was the abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

October 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green cloth to-day, that he might not be behindhand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord-treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green cloth, and did not see my lord-treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor, lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over-much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, toward the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honor to see me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face. I said I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c., and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I

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think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses, but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff,[1] and stole out so privately that everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises: miss Forester and miss Scarborow, two maids of honor, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled, and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.[2] My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot, and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody urine: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It

[1] Swift, like some others, rather hated than loved music.

[2] Mr. Longfield lived at Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

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rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late: for I am not now in love with lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honor; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine, for I found they did not relish it altogether well; and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him, that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.—I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborow (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was only dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music-meeting to night, to show they were not cast down, &c., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps: however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord-treasurer's supper and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord-treasurer was just as merry as usual, and

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old laughing at sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill and my brother Masham. I saw lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses; she promised to comply with any demands I please; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teasing Walters. He told lord-treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, I will send you Dr. Swift: lord-keeper bid him take care what he did; for, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favorite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord-treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor, for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton-court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord-treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord-treasurer, and stayed till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, No. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning.—It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very

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thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine.—Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin: you are saucy rogues.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

London, Oct. 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say she receives no messages.—Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper, called the Protestant Post-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy

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him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord-treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord-treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because martin[1] is a sort of swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord-treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord-treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was de-

[1] From this pleasantry of lord Oxford the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.

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termined to come back. But they say a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord-treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain.——I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre.——People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton-court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come; and lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord-treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out: among the rest, my friend sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord-treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden-square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got

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him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord-treasurer told me last night that he had the honor to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord-treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton-court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord-treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fort-

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night. Ombre-time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so that we stayed till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord-treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now boys, for your letter, I mean the first, No. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin. Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude as freely as I got the

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other remitted to them. This lord-treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord-lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlic; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—lady Gore hung her child by the *waist;* what is that waist? I don't understand the word: he must hang on till you explain or spell it. I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii. Pish! burn your first-fruits; again at it! Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter lord Oxford received. I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant.* Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so. You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he said he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord-treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord-treasurer, lord-keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another;

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and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall know of it. Here's politics enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill.—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know: you had best. And so now I have answered No. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer No. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord Harley to-day, but lord-treasurer took physic and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer-day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I han't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers': I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the vindication of the duke

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of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany, what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home: it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord-treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning.—This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord-treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's, the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill-written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man-of-war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for it.—Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely.....	Plaguily.[1]	A bout	About.
Dineing	Dining.	Intellegence.....	Intelligence.
Straingers	Strangers.	Aboundance.....	Abundance.
Chais	Chase.[2]	Merrit.....	Merit.

[1] This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.
[2] Falsely spelt.

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Waist.....	Wast.	Secreet.....	Secret.
Houer.....	Hour.	Phamphlets.....	Pamphlets.
Immagin	Imagine.	Bussiness.....	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill-spelling? There are but fourteen: I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my 32nd into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD [Presto and MD]. If the queen knew it she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But an old saying and a true one:—

> Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
> PMD's letters never fail;
> Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
> But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelve-pence coming home. Lord-treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord-treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the "Salamander;" it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet, being

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of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and I went to see lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that they know no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton-court: she went on Tuesday, in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord-treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Ratcliffe; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord-treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written; if it be not printed I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work-apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbor. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing; I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord-treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy that I cannot dine with great folks: and besides, I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he is so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

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27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again: never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah. —I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of lord Nottingham, and sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon; but hear they stayed till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now,—oh, ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same [Conduct of the Allies]. I won't tell you now; but the minis-

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ters reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear, beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I wont tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I am plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but, says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

November 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton-court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India-house with sixteen thousand

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pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped if he had not been so uneasy with thirst that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather for this fortnight past is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now toward the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord-treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the 13th instant. I either do not like or not understand this policy; and if lord-treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton-court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day. —And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: I laid it up in a napkin;

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there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but, as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about "Pray God you be John;" I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter sir William Temple makes about being made secretary of state; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavors too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the queen and lord-treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it.

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And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is "An Account of Guiscard," by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then "An Answer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg," by Presto; "Prior's Journey," by Presto; "Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough," entirely by the same woman; "Comment on Hare's Sermon," by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My 33rd lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day, where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no

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letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—Monsieur Pontchartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts, &c.*), have sent letters to lord Pembroke, "that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead." But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my lord Dartsmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton-court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honor and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your In-

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goldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord. Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. You never said one word of Good Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter-nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow. I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but if DD [Stella and Dingley] were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and stayed there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord-treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more toward a peace. I called at lord-treasurer's at noon, and sat awhile with lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he furnished his house, paid his debts, and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs; the secretary is still at Hampton-court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I stayed with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the

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peace when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffeehouse that lord Harley was yesterday married to the duke of Newcastle's daugher, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time;[1] the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's son his heir. The widow duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a-year to support the honor; for lord-treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and, for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant. I had three packets from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to doctor Swift, without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord-treasurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a son. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to

[1] The great end, lord Bolingbroke says, of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this lady; which he accomplished.

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live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us; and a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord-treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the queen's favorite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady Oglethorp to inquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,—

Few fillings, many shillings.

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If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,
A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean: and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean. Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs. At night.—I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighborhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in the morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clatter; I'll go to bed, and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord-treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome; they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told

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her what progress I had made, &c., and then went to lord-treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus:—

"Though G——d's knife did not succeed,
A F——n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below, "Burn this, you dog." My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your humble servant, the devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton-court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just come from Hampton-court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas. I am weary of courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all. —I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord-treasurer the G——d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed

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about F——n: I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, "That, although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it." My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your No. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning.—This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm, which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was

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sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorp and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, &c., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord-treasurer's house, and the secretary's, and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton-court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and, had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why, then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in waxwork

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of the pope, and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord-treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St. James's-street. Lord-treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day: I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with sir Andrew Fountaine and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it, and he says the peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well, and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, No. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before, but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all.

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Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no, not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning.—Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney, but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs. At night.—I dined to-day with sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord-treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy, and such folks, and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss, and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton-court, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation, but nothing has vexed me more for some months past than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t'other day that I often visited her. People of worth never do that: so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state, who is sure to ask me how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

28. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side?

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faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne: he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him: Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester, but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord-treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady Mary Dudley, and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days, for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one sir John St. Leger [afterwards a judge in Ireland], who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an understrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an

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account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville [of Longman's town, county of Dublin] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord-treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about some business. My lord-treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published; lord-treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester-fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig Newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings.—My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord-treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present; we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new

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members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one colonel Dinsey.—We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c., and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my lord Harley, and I did some business with lord-treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come, then.—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c., yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they 'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury! what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord-treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £7 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*s.*: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's——I mean that Hawk-

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shaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask! but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair! I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favorable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my lord-treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.—And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, to nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

December 1. Pish! sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness:* the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness, busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness;* faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must, though; *business, busyness, bisyness.*——I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business,* I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace

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should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord-treasurer: they were all in your odd antic mask, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighborhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning.—See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, [author of poems and plays] who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I was at court to-day: the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me the Dutch envoy designs

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to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak to me from sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this sir George has sold his estate and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of lady Giffard's writing; one owning some exchequer business of £100 to be Stella's; another for £100 that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for £300: the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people at Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning: some of them are sensible of it; but lord-treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a-week only to have leave to dine once a-week; was not

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that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord-keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble for the time since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speec-hmaker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, "It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last." Lord-treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord-keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had; I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parlia-

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ment meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord-treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord-treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord-treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped that, when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the lord-treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the house of lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favorite physician), we went together. She was just come from waiting at

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the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord-treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house; I immediately told Mrs. Masham that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her—"whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out;" she answered short, "neither of you;" and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humor as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority? he could answer nothing, but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that "The hearts of kings are unsearchable." I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord-keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and

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hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord-treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c.; but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord-treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord-treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear no-

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thing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord-treasurer came in to see her, and, seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me; says he, "You had better keep company with me than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord-treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did so. I stayed till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs. At night.—I was to see the duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland; at last I told him that from the time I had seen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

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13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief-justice [lord chief-justice Parker] who was a manager against Sacheverel; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of "The Conduct of the Allies;" threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough, but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'nnight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scury company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

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LETTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c., and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord-treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord-treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. Van by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to

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mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady by invitation. Lord-treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke, and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my lord privy-seal sets out for Holland this week; so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the "Conduct," &c.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence: they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it; and all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court that Walpole (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state if the ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary-at-war. He is one of the Whig's chief speakers.

19. Sad, dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with

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lord-treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord-treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humor; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'ennight at the Thatched House Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas-day. I was to see lady ——, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord-treasurer's at eleven, and stayed some time with him.—He showed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson [Mr. Shower] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very

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cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the pent-houses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and, they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs, I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed I will tell you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a "Prophecy," which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy [The Windsor Prophecy] is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of "Merlin," in the Miscellanies. My lord privy-seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two

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thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg-house, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honorable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory; but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the "Prophecy" be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord-treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen: and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord-treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord-treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavoring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intended to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. It is still prodigiouly cold; but so I told you already; we have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, No. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks:

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let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton [the doctor's curate at Laracor], and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: "The doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it."—And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord-treasurer and Mrs. Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavoring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord-treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did: and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormond's; he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning.—This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmases and new years.

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I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's Account.	£	s.	d.
Received of Mr. Tooke	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney	0	2	6
For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland	0	10	0
For coach-hire	0	2	6
In all, just	8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night.—I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord-treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffeehouse. Three of the new lords are of our society.

LETTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session: but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved

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to be very civil to the Whigs, but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

January 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay, and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be,

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the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honor, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased: for a peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord-treasurer. I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighborhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, excepting brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweelve a clock.

3. This was our society day; lord Dupplin was president; we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Landsdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth about two hundred

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pounds a year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord-treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the "Prophecy" in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord-treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord-treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers; he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord Rivers is master, instead of the duke of Marlborough.

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It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-house: he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary "that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one: now, says the prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any."—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord Masham, where lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh; and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honor done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched-house: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Masham, and sat there till eight

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this evening, and came home because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but seldom, to lord Masham's suppers. Lord-treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop, for I am going ts write a long letter to him, but not so politicly as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here, now? yes, faith, I *lamented my birthday*[1] two days after, that's all: and you rhyme, madam Stella: were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times: they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What! no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, sir George St. George dead.—Go, cry, madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelve-pence a-week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry: but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it: so all's well again.—What, the quarrel with sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone, and lord-keeper and treasurer teased me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance.—The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord-treasurer told me that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling: I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your dis-

[1] Dr. Swift, upon his birthday, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

orders lessen; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi?* Replevin, simpleton; 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beefsteaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty-pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so, there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakspeare, where cardinal Wolsey says,

> "A weak old man, batter'd with storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin. I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts, *she writes so so, there:*[1] that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man:* now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow. The duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence.. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germain's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the

[1] These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

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duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavoring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighborhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscoat. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day you know; but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord Masham's with lord-treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and stayed till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret that the duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say the duke will make

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her leave the queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, No. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I wont answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be I think till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on.—Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

London, Jan. 12, 1711–12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined; for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and I thank God it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be further informed; and at night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the

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lord Mansel told me at court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but, looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, "Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair?" He said, "No;" and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have laughed at me to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with lord Masham till one. Lord-treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humor: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordnance: *stationers*, that's the word, I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord-treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to-day at the cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the

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duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting them with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary-at-war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub-street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left and stayed till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet and send

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it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis "A Letter to the October Club," if ever you heard of such a thing. Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesey: I left them at seven and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since sir George St. George's death, but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord-treasurer I hope has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?[1] well then, so let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons, for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up

[1] It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

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in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called "Advice to the October Club," which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me to let me know that lord-treasurer would immediately speak to me at lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord-treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Dr. Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant: "Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub-street paper that says Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the 'Examiner,' on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some bailiff. I knew of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Landsdown observed to the secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Landsdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverel has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests, Dr. Ylden saluted me by name: Sacheverel, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord-treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverel's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverel know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

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23. I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top-full of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him tells me he is much cast down and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavor to prevent the least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a-year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's: lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord-treasurer: they all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord-treasurer suspected, for he said, "This is Dr. Davenant's style," which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord-treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home. I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away: and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I, and lord Masham, &c., dined with lieutenant-general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, because this goes to-morrow: let me see —— The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired

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one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish;* but if ever I hear that word again I'll *uppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed, because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little; I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton, he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord chief-justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journal in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer: but I believe they will not; for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer—as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty-thousand pounds by lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

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LETTER THE FORTIETH.

London, Jan. 26, 1711–12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our society; but I stopped it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it, and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with assafœtida, which I have now in my nose; and everything smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit; I went to lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they stayed as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord-treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it tomorrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord-treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the

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house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of "The Conduct of the Allies" is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny "Letter of Advice to the October Club" does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hinted it to be mine, everybody would have bought it; but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of "Contes des Fées" (Tales of the Fairies), and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from lord Inchequin to lord-treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords-justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, No. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick and out of humor; he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton, and not lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady Masham: the secretary came to us, but lord-treasurer did not: he dined with the master of the rolls, and stayed late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think

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the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's-street, and Werburgh-street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and lord Santry; but what care you for lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him, for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalizing Protestant foreigners passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day, inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord-treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverel, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord-treasurer sent to him about it. So good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverel.

February 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley that the passage in the "Conduct of the Allies" is so far from being blamable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of "Advice to the October Club" begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach

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Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord Masham till twelve. Lord-treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on, for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch earl, was with us at lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier treaty is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read the "Conduct of the Allies." We are all preparing against the birthday; I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout increases it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birthday who expected

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clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool and supped there. Lord-treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they had all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord-treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill, dined with lord and lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera-songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgewater in St. James's looking out of the windown all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelsen's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birthday chat.

7. Our society met to-day; the duke of Ormond was not with

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us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that lord-treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord Jersey's election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city: this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own for raising ten thousand pounds a-year upon operas. I used him civiller than he deserved, but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told I had a mighty interest with lord-treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.—Well, I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, No. 26, for this goes to-morrow.—Well, I never saw such a letter in my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct [of the Allies], &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions printed t'other day in the votes are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the piles.—Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my 37th, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not

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dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were: there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, Stella again: why, really, three editions of the Conduct, &c., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavor to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning.—My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather, yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

When my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulders so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to-day with sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged lord Anglesey and lord Carteret, and

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have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like anybody at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I saw prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birthday clothes. I was to have invited five; but I only invited two, lord Anglesey and lord Carteret. Pshaw! I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross was like to swinge the marquis of Winchester for this trick the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with "the state of the war," as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him "to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian." He never would speak to me since till we met to-day. I went to lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord-treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls,[1] about Mrs. South's[2] salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

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[1] Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castleknock.

[2] Widow of Mr. South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the rangers of the Phœnix-park.

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I find Clements, whom I recommended to lord Anglesey[1] last year, at Walls' desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in lord Anglesey's favor. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to lord Anglesey that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord-treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never had anything like it before; three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth. Three messengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that, hearing I am acquainted with my lord-treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray, have you got your apron, Mrs. Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now: do you never play? Yes, at Baligacoll. Go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington to see lord Masham's children. My young nephew,[2] his son, of six months

[1] Secretary of state for Ireland.

[2] Lord Masham was one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his son nephew.

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old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the "Conduct of the Allies," and read the passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to lord-treasurer being wounded is true. I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the "Fable of Midas," a poem, printed in a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take, but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer at lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France: and it has been a good while said that lord privy-seal[1] and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but is infinitely proud and wholly illiterate. Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.[2] I went this evening to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers.

[1] Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol.

[2] It was published under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

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The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on lord-treasurer, but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him, but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray is Dr. Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it and offered it to lord-treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord-treasurer says he will take it from me. Is that fair? He designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action; and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord-treasurer and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hearkee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me

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alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the "Third Part of the Answer to the Conduct," which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil on a bit of paper in his house while he lay wounded. Some of the servants I suppose made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician, thus:—

> On Britain Europe's safety lies;
> Britain is lost if Harley dies.
> Harley depends upon your skill;
> Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet who then sate with him should dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from sir Thomas Hanmer for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord-treasurer, about forming a society or academy to correct and fix the English language. (Is English a speech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse

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that prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroegporaensiepnotlastoigobn*,[1] which I consented to do; but I do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord-treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the university of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord Masham's to-night, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called "the St. Alban's Ghost." I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord-treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady Masham, lord-treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot and I; sometimes the secretary and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bed-chamber, lady Masham's sister. I assure you it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some general post-house. I will talk further with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'ennight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.

[1] Thus deciphered: "help him to draw up the representation."

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LETTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

After having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favor and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry, when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Westley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord-treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind as to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bot-

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tom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat-of-arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord-treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath is such an owl, that, wherever I visit, people are asking me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you that I believe it is lady Masham's hot-rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the par-

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liament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c., which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at lord-treasurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bedchamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer, and came back at six to lord-treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sate there an hour or two, and then went to lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session to see if they have any further commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning toward a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman [probably gentleman], and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the earl of Arran, whom his brother, the duke of Ormond, brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but after some whispers, it ended in choosing lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

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29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned; between you and me, all those are but idle stories; it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places, passed the house of commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant-general Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about 10,000*l.* left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all.—You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him: for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing 500*l.* by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives MD.

2. Morning.—I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother [brother of the society] sir William

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Wyndham's house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6000*l.* but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night.—He married lady Catherine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. At night.—Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Bridge's house, next door, is damaged much, and was likely to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above 10,000*l.* by this accident—his lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed me not for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord-treasurer this morning, and what care you for that? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord-treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one: and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is

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not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others; which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The "Representation of the House of Commons" is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poxed to him! Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with lord Arran and lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither: for that is

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always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mix water. Lord-treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

7. I was to-day at the house of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day. Night, dearest rogues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed, but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning); and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the "Representation;" it is the finest that ever was writ.—Some of it is Pdfr's style; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD, MD, MD.

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LETTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

London, March 8, 1711–12.

I CARRIED my 42d letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord-treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician-general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve everybody but myself. Then I went to court, and carried lord-keeper and the secretary to dine with lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord-treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played pools at picquet with lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Jo, with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Jo asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent; if the duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to lord-treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, &c.? Night, sirrahs, and love Pdfr. Night, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks,[1] and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The bishop of Salisbury's son is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord-treasurer is better. Night, my own two dearest MD.

10. I went this morning again to lord-treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in

[1] A set of debauchees, who, under the various names of nickers, scowrers, &c., insulted passengers, attacked the watchmen, and committed great absurdities in night brawls. The "Spectator" goes fully into the description of their mad tricks.

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the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small two-penny pamphlet, called "Law is a Bottomless Pit; or, The History of John Bull." It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? it is now six weeks since I had your No. 26. I can assure you I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days' journals than usual, 'cause I hope to fill up a good deal of this side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I suppose. Go to cards, sirrahs, and I to sleep. Night, MD.

11. Lord-treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW has done; shall we? No, faith, our richer *Gengridge*. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Wall's business, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it must be laid before lord-treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and, may be, lord-treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it cannot be done; for it must be laid before lord-treasurer, &c., who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So night, my two dear little MD.

12. Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffeehouse, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and

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then went to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some "Sea Eclogues," Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper. P— on him! I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Night, dearest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do; yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdown, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's 'Examiner,' which he thinks reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was president to-day, but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord-treasurer has yet done nothing for us, but we shall try him soon. The company parted early, but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night, my dearest sirrahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr. Freind, who must needs have me to get old Dr. Lawrence, the physician-general, turned out and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, and I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen.—Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than

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Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson Richardson,[1] of Ireland, overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish and printing bibles, &c., in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr. Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Night, dearest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr. Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mr. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the dean of Christchurch (Dr. Atterbury), who was engaged to lord Orrery, with some other Christchurch-men. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurch-man. Lord Orrery generally every winter gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two I went to lord Masham's and lord-treasurer Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come home and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord-treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord-treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men.

16. This morning, at the secretary's, I met general Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's

[1] John Richardson, rector of Annult, alias Belturbet, and chaplain to the duke of Ormond.

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hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, an acquaintance of Stearn's. After dinner I asked him whether he had heard of Stearn? "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach," and in came Stearn. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship in his cousin Stearn's regiment. He told me he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your letter when I get it, I have gone so far already? Night, dearest rogues.

17. Dr. Sacheverel came this morning to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord-treasurer for him. Sacheverel brought Trap along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sate with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense is miraculous. The second part of "Law is a Bottomless Pit" is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first. Night my two dear saucy little rogues.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs. Percival's youngest daughter has got the small-pox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord-treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Young women, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but if it don't come I'll do without it: so I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean. Night, * * * *

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to

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take the oaths for general. The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord Masham's with lord-treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him: another from lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Châtelleraut from the king of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just; the third, I warrant you, from our MD. It is a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the king of France: but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord-treasurer, &c., and this I shall do. Night, dearest little MD.

20. I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about lord Abercorn, Dr. Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do and some will not do: that's wise, mistresses. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop some months ago that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall-mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends. Night, dearest.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's letter, No. 27; you, that are adding to your numbers and grumbling, had made it 26 and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last; but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right [writing], so that makes it

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pretty even. O, the sorry jades, with their excuses of a fortnight at Baligacol, seeing their friends and landlord running away. O what a trouble and a bustle! — No — if you will have it — I am not dean of Wells, nor know anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news: Roper is my humble slave. — Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road, and bring her over. Joe is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Beg your pardon, mistress: I am glad you like the apron: no harm, I hope. And so MD wonders she has not a letter all the day; she will have it soon. The deuce he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: it may cost her a —— (I don't like to write that word plain). He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring you over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further from him (for him, I mean). So the bishop of Clogher and lady were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company-keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but —— take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many, years. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got No. 41; have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold your

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tongue, you Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see lord Anglesey. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's, the clerk of the kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good bites and good sups. Good morrow, little sirrahs. At night.—I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is sick with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Night, my own two dearest saucy dear ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send ******** **** that I may have time to write to ***** about it. I have here underneath given order [this is cut off] for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell, dearest dear MD, and love Pdfr dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, &c. There, there, there, there, there, and there, and there again.

LETTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

London, March 22, 1711–12.

UGLY, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see lord-treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sate with lord Masham and lord-treasurer, &c., till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my 43rd, and one for the bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the city; and so you know it is late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Night, my dearest MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the secretary about lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is

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come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house; once a-week I meet an acquaintance there that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Night, dearest sirrahs.

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord-lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favorite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the court of requests to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow about a friend's bill: and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Night, dear MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the city:

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twelve hundred dishes of meat.—Above five lords and several hundred gentlemen will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Doctor Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers came out to the "Conduct of the Allies." The last year's "Examiners," printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The "Medleys" are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honor has the small-pox: but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honor. Night, MD.

26. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day; but lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave is. I sate the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders they say. Our Mohocks go on still and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a-week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees by the river side my heart is set upon.

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27. Society day, you know that, I suppose. Dr. Arbuthnot was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's chocolate-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office (he is secretary at war), and he writ to the secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him till he begs my pardon. I met lord-treasurer to-day at lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a society day! No, no. It is late, sirrahs. I am not drunk.—Night, MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord-treasurer and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine —. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Night, MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champaign by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine if it were not for my head, and drink

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ing has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go to sleep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether flannel and sleep will cure my shoulder. Night, dearest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's blade-bone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Night, dearest MD.

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck, behind, or a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. So adieu, dearest MD, FW, &c. *There*, I can say *there* yet, you see. Faith, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

P.S. I must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal till I have done with physic. Are you not surprised to see a letter want half a side?

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LETTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plasters, which still run; and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbor to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD, MD, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humor enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar; I keep flannel on it and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits, and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your No. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but

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herpes miliaris, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. Medemeris is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long ago. I thank the bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, simpleton: it is not a sign of health, but a sign that if it had not come out some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope soon, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord-treasurer, about the English tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The "Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull" was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read "John Bull." It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack;[1] but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness; particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter, for want of a better;
But plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter.

[1] A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass because the money bill must.

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Ah; my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read "John Bull." Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young parson Grey is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a-year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am vexed almost; but I won't, because she is a good girl in other things. Yes, and so is DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, and Pdfr too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, Lele. I can say lele yet, young women; yes I can, well as you.

LETTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all, not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall perhaps break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one who has anything to do with this ministry to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it takes some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honor. And I never wished so much as now that I had stayed in Ireland; but the die is cast and is now a spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. The moment I am used ill I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense.—The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly spreenckish fellow. Have you seen my "Letter to Lord-treasurer?" There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, No. 30.—You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess.—I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and beg your pardon I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go

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lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord-treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbor at Parson's-green last Thursday; I never saw anything so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord-treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books: he knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,[1] and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the dean? My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. I believe the news of the duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord-treasurer said in the house of lords that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for lord-treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to you to-night, sirrahs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell, but early: and besides, I have not much

[1] "Some Reasons to prove that no person is obliged by his Principles, as a Whig, to oppose her Majesty or the present Ministry."

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more to say at this present writing. Does MD never read at all now, pray? But you walk prodigiously, I suppose.—You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donybrook. I walk as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither. So I dined the other day with lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Night, dearest sirrahs; farewell, dearest lives, love poor Pdfr. Farewell, dearest little MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat, and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a-year. I had your No. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterward. Well, but "John Bull" is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub-street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap your hand, and make wry mouths yourself, saucy doxy. Now comes DD. Why, sirrahs, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am

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I a Laplander? am I a witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag (what a name is that!). Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from ——. Higgins is here roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of lord-treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend, nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife—and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife when I have leisure. I should be glad to see Goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs. Walls—I cannot be the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls—I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am glad at heart to hear of Ppt's good health; please to let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before the money is wanted, and be good girls, good *dallars*, I mean, and no crying *dallars*. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr. Smith. I sent the question to him about sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr.

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Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So now your letter is fully and impartially answered: not as rascals answer me: I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answers: but no matter for that; you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill.—I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlboroug and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favor. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression), and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the "Letter to a Whig lord." Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt you must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr. Lewis: but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the bishop of Clogher. It is now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night I generally go to lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve: but I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke

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to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a-year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday, the old bishop of Worcester,[1] who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelation, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord-treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord-treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to Dismal?" [the earl of Nottingham.] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me he is in no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who, indeed, have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He

[1] Dr. William Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, a man of learning, and author of a "History of the Government of the Church," and other works.

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desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret-castle. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this? Is Goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was the other day to see Stearn and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple—something waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word that the bishop of Meath [Dr. William Moreton] was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits with a p—. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get you gone, and drink your waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, saucy doxy. I have no more to say to you at present: but love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. And Pdfr will love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. I wish you had taken an account when I sent money to Mrs. Brent. I believe I have not done it a great while. Farewell, dearest MD.

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LETTER THE FIFTIETH.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to MD. The bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a bad redness in his face; it is St. Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break out in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub-street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub-street papers this last week. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*," or "Hue and Cry after *Dismal*," or "Ballad on Dunkirk," or "Agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands?" Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good: but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings, and scratchings, and small achings. Did I tell you that I have made Ford gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a-year salary, besides perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer your letter, No. 30, dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the bishop's [of Meath] making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the provost for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Mrs. DD, but you would not be content with letters from Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, faith. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as anything. I can assure you, the bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my "Letter to Lord-Treasurer" be commended

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there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my bed-gown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible, and DD shall be repaid her other book; but patience; all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog, would, &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play sometimes too at picket; that is picquet, I mean; but very seldom.—Out late? why, it is only at lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it *squenched* it. So here comes Ppt again with her little watery postscript. You bold drunken slut you! drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith. I sup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk porridge. There's for you now—and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing—and now I must say something else. You hear secretary St. John is made viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles, Pomfret-castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry-trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with lord-treasuer. To-day there will be another Grub, "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord." Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of

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parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Albemarle, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. It is late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sirrah. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I HAD your No. 32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would not affect to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about Me's money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon.[1] We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me I thought on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I were owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what

[1] His History of the Four last Years.

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was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, saucy dallars? Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half-sheet pays a half-penny to the queen. The "Observator" is fallen; the "Medleys" are jumbled together with the "Flying Post;" the "Examiner" is deadly sick; the "Spectator" keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a half-penny the stamping. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another; and I think not the two sisters. Raymond wrote to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Won't you see poor Laracor? Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry-trees in the river walk; but you are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and Windsor. Poor lord Winchelsea is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine; and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch, is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence and Mrs. Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs. Walls. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele, rogues both; love poor Pdfr

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LETTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I NEVER was so long without writing to MD as now since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether any at all, so slow are people at doing favors. I have been much out of order of late with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favor I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humor by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavoring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river, walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. Walls. The dean never answered my letter, and I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for Me in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as *** said, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but toward

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night she grew better; to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord-treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin. It is a gook jest to hear the ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,[1] the late king's mistress (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Cliffden), and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord-treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes;* which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was No. 32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of *steel,* though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and I believe the duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government: but great care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton has writ to me that she has been forced to leave lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond to the duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the

[1] Lady Elizabeth Villiers, on whom King William settled a large estate in Ireland.

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minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh, ho!—We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy apprentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes well this year; he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you talk to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride: yours is large, and will never be good for anything. The queen will stay here about a month longer I suppose; but lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature! she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side: though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,[1] I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favor at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, dearest, ten thousand times dearest, MD.

[1] His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

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LETTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with asafœtida and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a-day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord-treasurer, lady Masham and I were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There never was such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but it is now near quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of sir William Temple. I asked both him and lady Masham seriously whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called "The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes," &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call "The Works of the Learned." Pray get it when it comes out. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord-treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half-a-dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London,[1] at past fourscore, fell down backward going up stairs, and I think

[1] Dr. Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishopric of Oxford, in 1675.

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broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of lord Rivers' will? He has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependant, or relation: he has left from his only child, lady Barrymore,[1] her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord-treasurer and lord-chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, but detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful because they are told the queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, No. 32, at Windsor: but I could not answer it then: Pdfr was very sick then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to write letters from. You "thought to come home the same day, and stayed a month:" that was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swenton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told lord Godolphin was buried last night. — O poor Ppt (Mrs. Johnson). I believe I escaped the *new* fever, for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD escape it, pray? She is *melthigal*, you know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

October 11. Lord-treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in your money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is lady

[1] Lady Elizabeth, married to James, the fourth Earl of Barrymore.

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Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord-treasurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs Pdfr has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case (not *her* case); and whenever a proper time comes I will do all I can: that is enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times that I cannot do better; I hope the dean of St. Patrick's (Dr. Sterne) is well of his fever: he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, young women, till the first of November next. O, faith, I must be *ise;* yes, faith, must I; else we shall cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you ——— hold, I must go no further, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvisol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is corn? I dined yesterday with lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night.—You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c.

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LETTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days — I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But however, if I am asked who would make a good bishop, I shall name him before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to lord-treasurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;[1] I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of Marlborough going out of England (lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say that one who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord Lansdown and lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the queen's bench, for about six thousand a-

[1] The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated, 8vo. 1698.

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year (or nine I think). I sat under lord chief justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him that "I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me." I told it lord-treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the "Flying Post" and "Medley" in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read: and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (that is to be extracted), which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirably good. I wish DD had

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it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, "that in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire." We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffata, &c., the fellow with old coats, suits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre with lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card-money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord-treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you!

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's-square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cake-house by the ring in Hyde-park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's

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stabbed duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too.[1] Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighborhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub-street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape in opening the band-box sent to the lord-treasurer.[2] The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in "The Evening;" only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him, for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub-street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Night, dearest sirrahs, I'll go to sleep.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expect-

[1] The quarrel appeared to be forced on the duke, but there are doubts, that he received foul play.

[2] A report of a conspiracy, by sending the lord-treasurer a box, with three pistols, whose triggers being tied to the cover, they would have gone off, at the opening of the box, had not the same been prevented by Swift, who, being then in the room, while his lordship was dressing, suspected something, and opened the box in such a manner that no mischief was done.

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ing these two months to lie-in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord-treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion, for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. And I shall know more. But what care you for all this? Yes, MD is sorry for Pdfr's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Night.

17. I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The duchess told me lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Post-Boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at lord-treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor: he promised to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late: I have stayed till past one with him. So night, dearest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of duke Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord-treasurer will see her. She is mightily indisposed. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord-treasurer are in great

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concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord-treasurer, but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and lord Strafford to Holland; and now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him king of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with play-house frolics and prologues, and I know not what. The bishop of Clogher and his family are well: they have heard from you lately, or you from them, I have forgot which: I dined there the other day, but the bishop came not till after dinner, and our meat and drink was very so so. Mr. Vedeau was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself, but wanted an employment for a friend, "who would give a handsome pair of gloves." One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a-year, in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr. Griffin should do it. And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so *slow in their helps*. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c. Smoke the folding of my letters of late.

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LETTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

London, December 12, 1712.

HERE is now a strange thing; a letter from MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pray now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will renew my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine. and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs; I have enough of it now, with a vengeance. Two women have been here six times a-piece; I never saw them yet. The first I have despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand for some old pretensions that will succeed when I am lord-treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.[1] I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord-treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portraine,[2] till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of "Political Lying" is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to duke Hamilton? Why, duke Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe

[1] History of the Peace of Utrecht. [2] Or Portraen, seven miles from Dublin.

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ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland—Dean Francis, sir Richard Levinge, stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you? Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portraine at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, No. 36. So, you read one of the Grub-streets about the band-box. The Whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the "Postboy" and "Evening Post" of that day. Lord-treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible according to the foppish rules of honor in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing from me. Heigh! do you write by candle-light? naughty, naughty, naughty dallah, a hundred times, for doing so. O faith, DD, I'll take care of myself! The queen is in town, and lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after lord-treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord-treasurer assures me that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now, I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have I touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits nor go to levees; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbnry and Hamilton, and several others. Lord-treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to

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stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavoring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well then, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose your money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Night, sirrahs, it is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very sleepy in a morning. This is the effect of wine and years. Night, dearest MD.

13. Morning. I am so very sleepy in the morning that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying "cabbages and savoys," plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat). I lodge over against the house in Little Rider-street where DD lodged. Don't you remember, mistress? To-night I must see the abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner: she has not given me the bed night-gown: besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coal in a week; but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop we shall make it without them; that has been resolved. One squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for parliament-man for him: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, and Joe is engaged, &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray, thank him when you see him; and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny weather. I must see my brother Or-

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mond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock (but not shaving-day), and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gautier sends me word I cannot see him to-night; p— take him! I don't value anything but one letter he has of Petecum's showing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the "Conduct of the Allies" make you great politicians? Faith, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear you walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, young woman? O, faith! I shall find strange doings when I come home! Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He is here. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our society was to meet to-day; but lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and lord-treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France [of Châtelherault], which duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dear sirrahs, MD.

19. How agreeable it is in a morning for Pdfr to write journals again! It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord-treasurer is returned from Wimbledon, ('tis not above eight miles off,) and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to-night I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and

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they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her: which I will send to-morrow morning. I will tell her she is such a prude that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with *a man* unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Night, dear rogues, MD.

20. I lodge up two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord-treasurer. This is his day that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady Betty's match. The young fellow has £60,000 ready money, three great houses furnished, £7000 a-year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady Betty's portion is not above £8000. I remember Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to lord Anglesey, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesey was with me to-night at lord-treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and described him. He said he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book. See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr. Walls that lord Anglesey thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says he is £20,000 the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, &c. Why, it is but like an *Irish* understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it. So, night.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord-treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffeehouse, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador

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came to him, and said he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me that his master, and the king of France, and the queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with lord-treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not (as DD says); but now the queen is in town he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Night, MD.

22. Lord-keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery,[1] who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord-treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas-day, and I made lord-treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Night, dear MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,[2] a poet, to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord-keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord-treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind

[1] Mr. Gery, rector of Letcombe, in Berks, whom Swift highly esteemed.
[2] Author of the Sea Eclogues.

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that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am so formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me if he knew it. He asked me, "Why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore?" [Dr. T. Pullen, 1695–1713.] I answered, "I had not the honor to be acquainted with him, and would not presume," &c. He takes me seriously, and says, "The bishop is no proud man," &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things. I ask, "Why he is not out?" Says he, "I think the bishops and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, everybody may help something."—Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this, don't you? Night, sirrahs! I will go to sleep.

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer [Robert Benson, esq.], in order to look over some of my papers, but nothing was done. I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and lord Abercorn, to have then compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they don't yield it. Night, sirrahs.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I stayed

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so long in my chamber that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day? Night, dear rogues.

26. I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half-a-crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half-crowns to such fellows. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p—! less of civility and more of interest! We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grub-street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because lord-treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as anybody, for I was to justify. So the rest went, and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of his company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favor and mercy of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations; and I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sirrah Ppt, and dress the wine and orange, sirrah Me,[1] and I'll go sleep. It is late. Night, MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord Orkney's, with the duke of

[1] Here Me plainly means Dingley.

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Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I please. The duke and lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and lady Orkney till past eleven; and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, everybody is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to-bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, dears.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of bacon with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord-treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Everybody has one. Night, dear rogues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us, an old lady of about fifty-five, that we were all very fond of. I called this evening at lord-treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly. Night, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord-treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper, and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, and lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord-treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still

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so bad that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

January 1. A great many new years to dearest little MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you that yesterday lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone but lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him, which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady Orkney; and in came the earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Châtelherault. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favor him against lord Abercorn, and to convince them that lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family it was their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesey was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me "I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission," &c. — But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing, pox on him! yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with lord-treasurer till nine, and then was forced to lady Masham's and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humor, as every one must that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the

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hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Night, dearest little MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sate with the bishop of Ossory [Dr. J. Hartstonge], who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be merry, little sirrahs.

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with lord and lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see lord and lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know lady Caermarthen is lord-treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago.—I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall; cruel cold weather; I'll take my leave.—I forgot how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on the other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play at cards. Love Pdfr. Night, MD, FW, Me, Lele. The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new-year's gift. I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favorite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

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LETTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

London, Jan. 4, 1712–13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing.—As I left lord Mountjoy's I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle by the fireside in the bed-chamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him and lord Bolingbroke, and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Night, my two dear rogues.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord-treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady Oxford, and then sate with lord-treasurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him he talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for anything in Ireland makes his way here

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with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know anything that passes.—Lord-treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know "that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him except power." Night, MD.

7. I dined with lord and lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it by shaking off lord Rochester,[1] who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of Ossory will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the dean and Mrs. Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white, and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to sleep; it is past twelve.—Night, MD.

8. You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ash, of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord-treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord-treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing: there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to lord-treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I

[1] Henry Hyde, son of Laurence earl of Rochester, younger son of lord chancellor Clarendon, minister of Charles II.

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do it as gravely, though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger who will not go till Sunday next. Lord-treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatly, is to be there. Night, dear little MD.

9. Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. To-day's "Examiner" talks of the play of "What is it like?" and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord-treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, lord-steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord-treasurer's, a servant said lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As soon as he saw me he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Night, dear MD.

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11. The court was crammed to-day to see the French ambassador, but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffeehouse, to see acquaintance whom I should not otherwise see twice a year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the queen in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords: and if my advice had been taken the session should have begun, and we should have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Night, MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller, for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. Well, I'll tell you no more; you don't understand Greek. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So night, own dear dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with lord-keeper, but would not, because that brute sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord-treasurer, where there was none but lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Night, dear MD.

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14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord-keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. *Cæsar*, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, &c. Night, my own dearest little rogues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet, in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord-treasurer came toward me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort

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of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Night, MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and stayed till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there they had almost dined; for the duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeed, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord-treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it? I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus:—"My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad after the duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Night, MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise[1] stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought

[1] His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

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yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards. Night, dear MD.

19. I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. That blot is a blunder. Night, dear MD.

20. A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord-treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishopries. Our English bishopric[1] is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I had written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so you must know I expect a letter very soon, and that MD is very well; and so night, dear MD.

22. This is one of our court-days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord-treasurer quarrelled with me at court for being four days without dining with him; so I dined

[1] Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. H. Humphreys, 20th November, 1712.

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there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings, with devices, like medals, in honor of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Night, MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland, but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poor Ppt. Pray walk if you can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have DD's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Night, dear MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and lord Selkirk the same. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this without giving it to the bellman. My second cold is better now. Night, dearest little MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE FIFTY-NINTH.

London, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1712–13.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that, going to lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so, after church and court, I walked through the park, and took a chair

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to lord-treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney-top had fallen down with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord-treasurer's, the French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, sent lord-treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. It is odd that this very day lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing: I was observing it to lord-treasurer that he was stabbed on the day king William died; and the day I saved his life by opening the hand-box was king William's birth-day. My friend Mr. Lewis [secretary to the earl of Dartmouth] has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (two lords with the pretender), for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer, for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if you please; but "you are more used to it *nor* I," as Mr. Raymond says. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord-keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told

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me that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Night, my own dearest MD.

28. I was to-day at court, where the ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house; but the abbé Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day to let him know his house should be burnt, and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out saw a pot with wildfire in the room. I dined with lord Orkney. Neither lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides. Night, dear MD.

29. Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord-treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer your letter, young women: not yet; it is late now, and I can't find it. Night, dearest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; faith, I will take them no more. I sauntered after church with the provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a-year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least. Poor brat! Let me go to bed, sirrahs. Night, dear MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning; we talked three hours,

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and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond and several lords at court; and I contrived it so that lord-treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day: only to tell you that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor at court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks. Yes, faith, this shall go sooner. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days, for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, the lord-keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord-treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle some way or other.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery; her name is now Wigmore, and her husband is turned parson. She desires nothing but that I would get lord-keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking,

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because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen lord-treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what you please. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain before we are sure of everything being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Night, MD.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies: but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord-treasurer, and he was in good humor enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. David's [Dr. P. Blise] (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

[Wednesday] 4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord-treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady Masham, and then with lord Masham and lord-treasurer at lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady Jersey with lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen you see), for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this

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letter till Saturday next, I find; so I will answer yours now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was soliciting nothing anywhere, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to lord-treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for Ppt. I am sure her head is good for * * * *. I'll answer more to-morrow. Night, dearest MD.

5 [6]. I must go on with your letter. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an *if*. Well, but your letter, well, let me see. — No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. * * * * I did not suspect you would tell Filby. You are so * * * *. Turns and visitations — what are those? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs swell. Night, dearest MD.

6 [7]. This is the queen's birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much hurry and fine clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord-keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early to answer your letter again. Pray God keep the queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord-keeper's I called at lord-treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. You did well to let him make up his accompts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

7 [8]. I was at court to-day, but saw no birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord Orkney, and sat the evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg

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is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord-treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ———. Colds! why we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little off, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton. Indeed it is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered your letter; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid you night, dear MD.

8 [9]. It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but went to see sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire, and I stayed with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord-treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small-pox. She is very full, but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture, a very fine original of sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favored her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King-street, between St. James's-street and St. James's-square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread when I lodged there and DD came to see me. Short * * * *. Night, MD.

9 [10]. I thought to have dined with lord-treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's, so I dined at lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with lady Masham at crown picquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord-treasurer came in to us and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my

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man calls the redaily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced, after all her greatness, to seven servants and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Night, MD.

10 [11]. I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this near twelve o'clock the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key and is gone to bed, but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from lord-treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with sir Thomas Clarges and his lady, but met them in another place, and have there sate till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner.—Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says, but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Night, MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while,[1] for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow, and lord-treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night to tell me that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night, but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters you may remember. **** I went in the morning and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow, and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs, but I hope will do well. Night, MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it

[1] He had omitted Thursday the fifth.

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to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honorable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Night, dear MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER THE SIXTIETH.

London, Feb. 15, 1712–13.

I DINED to-day with Mr. Rowe, and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humor for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke, and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

16. I dined to-day with lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to take care for making anybody's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me

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to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Night, dear MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders at it. I play but threepenny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.—Night, MD.

18. The earl of Abingdon had been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord Stawell, colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a-year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old devil, and her daughter a ——. There were more Whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought

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she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with lord Bolingbroke's favor to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at lady Masham's, where lord-treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I could not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve; so night, dear MD.

20. Lady Jersey, lady Catherine Hyde, the Spanish ambassador, the duke d'Etrées, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with lord Bolingbroke: but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight, and then went and lost my money at ombre with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye which was lately bad, I suppose one effect of her distemper, is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good-lack! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No. 38; and you write so small now-a-days. I hope your poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'ennight, with a bill for Me. I will speak to Mr. Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended, that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer MD's letter when I Pdfr think fit. Night, MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last. I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Reeton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know "that he has the honor to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c.; that he will endeavor to deserve, &c.;" and if you dictated a whole letter for him it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with lord-treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at lord-treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Night, MD.

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22. I dined to-day at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humor with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long; and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court; miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Night, dear MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and they hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury-street, near St. James's-street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Night, dear MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, dean of Christchurch. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fitz-Maurice, lord Kerry's son, into his college; and lady Kerry is a great favorite of mine. Lord Harley, lord Dupplin, young Bromley the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants and made a rattle; but since I came home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady Catherine

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Hyde and lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment, and I listed up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to Heaven! Night, MD.

25. Lord-treasurer met me last night at lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say,

"More of your lining, and less of your dining."

However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried game, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady Dalkeith, her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much. Night, MD.

26. This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at lady Jersey's that I must attend lord-treasurer and duke of Ormond at supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one, so you may be sure it is late enough. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, faith, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than anybody, because I go to no coffeehouse, nor see any but ministers and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily. Night, MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighborhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture

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of lady Orkney,[1] an original, by sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord-treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord-keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending Me a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure you. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business[2] stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on Friday night with Mrs. Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by the other night while the Duke d'Etrées lost six times with manilio, basto, and three small trumps; and lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Night, dear MD.

28. I was at court to-day, when the abbé Gautier whispered me that a courtier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a great deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid you farewell, dearest rogues. God bless dear MD; and love Pdfr. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

London, March 1, 1712–13.

It is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but

[1] He bequeathed this picture to the earl of Orrery.

[2] History of the Peace of Utrecht.

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now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and Me's bill. I dined with lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humor. Yes, I have lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I have a lodging I box up the books I get (for I always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Night, MD

2. I went into the city to see Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Cleve (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin Thomson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c., but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keatley; but I believe it will signify uothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Night, MD.

3. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago at a Latin play at Westminster; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die: I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book and go sleep Night, dear MD.

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4. Mr. Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, "That I have saved England, and he Ireland;" but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy, reflecting on the ball because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the duchess's pardon and clear himself. He is a sad dog. Night, dear MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Blith at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess Hamilton to beg her pardon again. I did on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Night, MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined

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with lord-treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!—I was at lord-treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee unless it be to present somebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord-treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow), but went and dined with lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things are very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the provost was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which I hope will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for it: but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day; a wonder! Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

8. You must know I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord-treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where everybody had their birth-day clothes on, and I dined with lord-treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on Tuesday next unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Night, MD.

9. Lord-treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he

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desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the provost, Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord-treasurer cares not a rush. Lord-keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think lord-treasurer, to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest. Read it. Night, MD.

10. I was early this morning to see lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'ennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and sate an hour in the evening with lord-treasurer, who was in very good humor, but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord-keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. Night, MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for sir Andrew Fountaine invited the provost and me to dine with him and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. It won't do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and yet was beasted. Very sad, faith! Night, my dear rogues, MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value apiece. Our society met to-day at the duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I

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hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us as usual; and the chancellor of the exchequer sent the author of the "Examiner" [Mr. Oldisworth] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure *****. I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champagne, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Night, MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord-treasurer and him the same way. For that reason I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined with lord-treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord-treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste, young women; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Night, dear MD.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the park before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I

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believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old lady Bellasyse is dead at last? She has left lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of gréat advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with lord-treasurer upon business after the company was gone, but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office that I am féarful, &c., and so good night. Love Pdfr and MD.

15. Lord-treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord-treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me that, if poor colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humor; and old battered rake, but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honor, who is a little old, "That, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dear sirrahs. Night, MD.

16. I was at lord-treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'ennight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there the Spaniards can sign no peace: and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it

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is ratified in all courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Night, MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's day; and the Mall was so full of crosses that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with lord-treasurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with them again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Night, MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with lord-treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: everybody had it at court; but I believe there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? And he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord-treasurer was in full good humor for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his *if* puns. You know them. Night, MD.

19. The bishop of Clogher has made an *if* pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun: — If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; "Hack at Tom Pooley's." Silly, says, Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not see Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country-house; what care you? Night, MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy. Forty people have given me joy of it, yet

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there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty that I would dine nowhere; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's, your accountant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by lord Paget's funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and if that be not late I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Night, MD.

21. Morning.—I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord-treasurer, of course. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

London, March 21, 1712–13.

I GAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and further, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a-year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it.—Night, dearest MD.

22. I dined to-day with lord-steward [earl Poulet]. There Frank Annesley (a parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that

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lord-treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavor to report of lord-treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord-treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason. L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the same way. Stay, it is now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time: but as hope saved, it is not Pdfr's fault.

23. I dined to-day at sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the duke of Ormond, and lord and lady Orkney. I left them at six. Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavor to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and Eltee. You know who Eltee is (or have you forgot already?). I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called "The Ambassadress;"[1] it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths: if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather; I'll go sleep. Night, dearest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord-keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean); paid the coachman and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys: and lord-treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honored them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; faith it won't

[1] It was entitled "The British Ambassadress's Speech to the French King."

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do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Night, MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for you must understand I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hiera picra, two spoonsful—devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small-pox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with you? Night, dear MD.

26. Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see lord Bolingbroke and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre with him and sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour, upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Night, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that **** poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the £100 I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture till my lord-keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her,

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but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterward to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool. Night, dear MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except abont half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his style by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the crown-rents, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe you will have it next. Night, MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavoring to save one of your junior fellows,[1] who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused the fellowship by rigor is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel;

[1] Mr. Charles Grattan, afterwards master of the royal free school at Enniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq.

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and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish mould at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have you such weather? Night, MD.

30. Morning.—I was naming some time ago to a certain person, another certain person that was very deserving and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's, with lord Dupplin[1] and some others. We were treated by one colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Night, MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad and taken the air. This evening lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavors; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Night, MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf: I have told you of Dartineuf. After dinner we all went to lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with

[1] Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

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him, but I would not, because I had heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court that he was in great apprehensions about his master, and indeed we are afraid that prince [Charles XII.] is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine wih him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper called the "Gnardian?" they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Night, dear MD.

2. I was this morning with lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come with the news that the king of Spain has agreed to everything that the queen desires, and the duke d'Ossuna has left Paris in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap and read his poem and correct it, but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord Orkney's, at Cliffden, but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer, but going to see colonel Disney, who lives with general Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well that I stayed and took a share of it, and did not go to lord-treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverel, who told us that the bookseller had given him £100 for his sermon preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April is begun, against my old maxim, but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Night, dear MD.

3. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht that the peace is signed by all the ministers there but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days, so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers's health, which went

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about; but I bid him not name lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it, and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! It is late. Night, MD.

4. This Passion-week people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith, and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverel's long dull sermon which he sent me. It is his first sermon since his suspension is expired, but not a word in it upon the occasion except two or three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun which the bishop had made and designed to send him, but delayed it; and lord Pembroke and I made sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter-day. Night, dear MD.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter general Georges had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Georges recommended the other, for Warburton's last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from serving Warburton as I would have done if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court, and lord Abingdon had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him; but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks, for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter-day a fine day with you? I have sat with lady Worsley till now. Night, MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's

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play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There was not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter [Mrs. Oldfield] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord-treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord-treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making *ifs* for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; never saw the like. This letter shall go to-morrow: remember, young women, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow you but five weeks; but you have been galloping in the country to Swanton's. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord-lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Night, dear MD.

7. Morning.—I have had a visitor here that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, you may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I love MD better than ever, if possible. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much. Don't this perplex you? What care I? But love Pdfr. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

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LETTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

London, April 7, 1713.

I FANCY I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with lord-treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and everybody's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night the lord-chief-justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord-keeper [lord Harcourt], was this night made lord-chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Night, dearest little MD.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and sir Richard Temple, lieutenant-general, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general Palmes will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord-treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord-treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Night, MD.

9. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord-treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord Orkney's, where I found sir Thomas Hanmer. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord-treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; lord Peter-

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borow flirted against the duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of lord Halifax's impertinences. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord Orkney's. The bishop of Chester, a Tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The Whigs are much down, but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament-time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave everything to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her, but talk to the winds. Night, MD.

11. I dined at lord-treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humor as usual. Duke of Ormond and lord Bolingbroke were absent. I stayed till near ten. Lord-treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord-treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

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12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,[1] one of your fellows of Dublin-college, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favor him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honor and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Night, MD.

13. This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord-treasurer that I take nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon lord-treasurer, hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honorable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all our **** ****, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humor than you would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. — What care I? Night, dearest rogues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries

[1] Afterwards the celebrated bishop of Cloyne.

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are out, which are yet stopped. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it should be determined to-night: and so he will say a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Night, dear MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day; I was as good company as ever; and told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me that lady Masham is angry, I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

16. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord-treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley; one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor and to lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord-treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord-treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord-treasurer any more, if I go. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Night, MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that lord-treasurer

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told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord-treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord-treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Night, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that lord-treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company, which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me word that the queen stayed till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening and found the duke of Ormond at the cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, &c.; so all is now broken again. I sent for lord-treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than anything else. Night, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Night, own dear MD.

21. The duke of Ormond has told the queen he is satisfied that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humor to go among the ministers, though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord-treasurer was to be there. I said I would if I were out of suspense. Night, dearest MD.

22. The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This

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will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Night, dear MD.

23. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton: I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, whatever comes of it. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York [Dr. Sharpe], my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer your letter soon, but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided *****, besides usual *****. Pray write to me a good-humored letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Night, dear MD.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. ****** I made mistakes the last three days, and am forced to alter the number. I dined in the city to-day with my

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printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Night, MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten, and he said the bishop of Killaloe [Dr. Thomas Lindsay] had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again that the bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a-year out of the deanery and divide between ****, but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she is alive.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to

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let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders, one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol and a blank for whatever fellow the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me, but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it, and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence you may keep the two papers and advise well in the mean time; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop Sterne's hair as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord-treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando?* I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What? at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and care not where nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, **** your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before, but an accident hindered it, and I assure you I am very angry MD did not write to Pdfr, and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my treatise,[1] and must be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele. You'll seal the two papers after my name.

[1] His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

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"London, May 16, 1713.

"I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's for the present year. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written. JONAT. SWIFT."

"London, May 16, 1713.

"I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Satrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

"JONAT. SWIFT."

LETTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary, yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health, man. When I came here I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner I might have brought some pins, but you were lazy, and could not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say what you will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths, otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can, therefore take no lodgings for me to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to lord-treasurer about Mrs. South to-morrow.—Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele, &c.

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MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

POLITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

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MEMOIRS

RELATING TO

THAT CHANGE WHICH HAPPENED IN

QUEEN ANNE'S MINISTRY

IN THE YEAR 1710.

Many particulars in these memoirs are remarkably confirmed by a publication in which the reader would the least expect them, in "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court, to the year 1740, in a letter from herself to my Lord ——;" printed in 1742.

HAVING continued for near the space of four years in a good degree of confidence with the ministry then in being, although not with so much power as was believed, or at least given out by my friends, as well as by my enemies, especially the latter, in both houses of parliament; and this having happened during a very busy period of negotiations abroad and management of intrigue at home, I thought it might probably, some years hence, when the present scene shall have given place to many new ones that will arise, be an entertainment to those who will have any personal regard for me or my memory to set down some particularities which fell under my knowledge and observation, while I was supposed, whether truly or not, to have part in the secret of affairs

One circumstance I am a little sorry for, that I was too negligent (against what I had always resolved, and blamed others for not doing) in taking hints, or journals, of every material as it passed, whereof I omitted many that I cannot now recollect, although I was convinced by a thousand instances of the weakness of my memory. But, to say the truth, the nearer knowledge any man has in the affairs at court, the less he thinks them of consequence, or worth regarding. And those kind of passages which I have with curiosity found or searched for in memoirs, I wholly neglected when they were freely communicated to me from the first hand, or were such wherein I acted myself. This I take to be one among other reasons why great ministers seldom give themselves the trouble of recording

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the important parts of that administration where they themselves are at the head. They have extinguished all that vanity which usually possesses men during their first acquaintance at courts; and like the masters of a puppet-show, they despise those motions which fill common spectators with wonder and delight. However, upon frequently recollecting the course of affairs during the time I was either trusted or employed, I am deceived if in history there can be found any period more full of passages which the curious of another age would be glad to know the secret springs of, or whence more useful instructions may be gathered, for directing the conduct of those who shall hereafter have the good or ill fortune to be engaged in business of the state.

It may probably enough happen that those who shall at any time hereafter peruse these papers may think it not suitable to the nature of them, that upon occasion I sometimes make mention of myself, who, during these transactions, and ever since, was a person without titles or public employment. But, since the chief leaders of the faction, then out of power, were pleased, in both houses of parliament, to take every opportunity of showing their malice by mentioning me (and often by name) as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of, it will not, perhaps, be improper to take notice of some passages wherein the public and myself were jointly concerned; not to mention that the chief cause of giving myself this trouble is to satisfy my particular friends; and at worst, if, after the fate of manuscripts, these papers shall, by accident or indiscretion, fall into the public view, they will be no more liable to censure than other memoirs, published for many years past, in English, French, and Italian. The period of time I design to treat on will commence with September, 1710; from which time, till within two months of the queen's death, I was never absent from court, except about six weeks in Ireland.

But, because the great change of employments in her majesty's family, as well as the kingdom, was begun some months before, and had been thought on from the time of Dr. Sacheverel's trial, while I was absent and lived retired in Ireland, I shall endeavor to recollect, as well as I am able, some particulars I learned from the earl of Oxford, the lord-viscount Bolingbroke, the lady Masham, and doctor Atterbury, who were best able to inform me.

I have often with great earnestness, pressed the earl of Oxford, then lord-treasurer, and my lady Masham, who were the sole per-

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sons which brought about that great change, to give me a particular account of every circumstance and passage during the whole transaction. Nor did this request proceed from curiosity, or the ambition of knowing and publishing important secrets; but from a sincere honest design of justifying the queen in the measure she then took, and afterwards pursued, against a load of scandal, which would certainly be thrown on her memory with some appearance of truth. It was easy to foresee, even at that distance, that the queen could not live many years; and it was sufficiently known what party was most in the good graces of the successor, and, consequently, what turns would be given by historians to her majesty's proceedings, under a reign where directly contrary measures would probably be taken. For instance, what would be more easy to a malicious pen than to charge the queen with inconstancy, weakness, and ingratitude, in removing and disgracing the duke of Marlborough, who had so many years commanded her armies with victory and success; in displacing so many great officers of her court and kingdom, by whose counsels she had, in all appearance, so prosperously governed; in extending the marks of her severity and displeasure toward the wife and daughters, as well as relations and allies, of that person she had so long employed and so highly trusted; and all this by the private intrigues of a woman of her bed-chamber, in concert with an artful man, who might be supposed to have acted that bold part only from a motive of revenge upon the loss of his employments, or of ambition to come again into power?

These are some of the arguments I often made use of, with great freedom, both to the earl of Oxford and my lady Masham, to incite them to furnish me with materials for a fair account of that great transaction; to which they always seemed as well disposed as myself. My lady Masham did likewise assure me, that she had frequently informed the queen of my request, which her majesty thought very reasonable, and did appear, upon all occasions, as desirous of preserving reputation with posterity as might justly become a great prince to be. But that incurable disease, either of negligence or procrastination, which influenced every action both of the queen and the earl of Oxford, did, in some sort, infect every one who had credit or business in the court; for, after soliciting near four years to obtain a point of so great importance to the queen and her servants, whence I could propose nothing but trouble, malice, and envy to myself, it was perpetually put off.

The scheme I offered was, to write her majesty's reign; and that

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this work might not look officious or affected, I was ready to accept the historiographer's place, although of inconsiderable value, and of which I might be sure to be deprived upon the queen's death. This negligence in the queen, the earl of Oxford, and my lady Masham, is the cause that I can give but an imperfect account of the first springs of that great change at court after the trial of doctor Sacheverel; my memory not serving me to retain all the facts related to me: but what I remember I shall here set down.

There was not perhaps in all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than the late queen. Upon her first coming to the throne the duchess of Marlborough had lost all favor with her, as her majesty has often acknowledged to those who have told it me. That lady had long preserved an ascendant over her mistress while she was princess; which her majesty, when she came to the crown, had neither patience to bear nor spirit to subdue. This princess was so exact an observer of forms, that she seemed to have made it her study, and would often descend so low as to observe, in her domestics of either sex who came into her presence, whether a ruffle, a periwig, or the lining of a coat, were unsuitable at certain times. The duchess, on the other side, who had been used to great familiarities, could not take it into her head that any change of station should put her upon changing her behavior; the continuance of which was the more offensive to her majesty, whose other servants, of the greatest quality, did then treat her with the utmost respect.

The earl of Godolphin held in favor about three years longer, and then declined, although he kept his office till the general change. I have heard several reasons given for her majesty's early disgust against that lord. The duchess, who had long been his friend, often prevailed on him to solicit the queen upon things very unacceptable to her; which her majesty liked the worse, as knowing whence they originally came: and his lordship, although he endeavored to be as respectful as his nature would permit him, was, upon all occasions, much too arbitrary and obtruding.

To the duke of Marlborough she was wholly indifferent (as her nature in general prompted her to be), until his restless impatient behavior had turned her against him.

The queen had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time; and, further than a bare good or ill opinion, which she soon contracted and changed, and very often upon light grounds, she could hardly be said either to love or to hate anybody. She grew

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so jealous upon the change of her servants that often, out of fear of being imposed upon, by an over-caution she would impose upon herself: she took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things, and such as were necessary for her service; nor would let them be done till she fell into the humor of it herself.

Upon the grounds I have already related, her majesty had gradually conceived a most rooted aversion from the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin; which spread in time through all their allies and relations, particularly to the earl of Hertford, whose ungovernable temper had made him fail in his personal respects to her majesty. This I take to have been the principal ground of the queen's resolutions to make a change of some officers both in her family and kingdom; and that these resolutions did not proceed from any real apprehension she had of danger to the church or monarchy: for, although she had been strictly educated in the former, and very much approved its doctrine and discipline, yet she was not so ready to foresee any attempts against it by the party then presiding. But the fears that most influenced her were such as concerned her own power and prerogative, which those nearest about her were making daily encroachments upon, by their undutiful behavior and unreasonable demands. The deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince lay expiring, was of such a nature that the queen, then in the height of grief, was not able to bear it; but with marks of displeasure in her countenance, she ordered the duchess to withdraw and send Mrs. Masham to her.

I forgot to relate an affair that happened, as I remember, about a twelvemonth before prince George's death. This prince had long conceived an incurable aversion from that party, and was resolved to use his utmost credit with the queen his wife to get rid of them. There fell out an incident which seemed to favor this attempt; for the queen, resolving to bestow a regiment upon Mr. Hill, brother to Mrs. Masham, signified her pleasure to the duke of Marlborough; who, in a manner not very dutiful, refused his consent, and retired in anger to the country. After some heats, the regiment was given to a third person. But the queen resented this matter so highly, which she thought had been promoted by the earl of Godolphin, that she resolved immediately to remove the latter. I was told, and it was then generally reported, that Mr. St. John carried a letter from her majesty to the duke of Marlborough, signifying her resolution to take the staff from the earl of Godolphin, and that she

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expected his grace's compliance; to which the duke returned a very humble answer. I cannot engage for this passage, it having never come into my head to ask Mr. St. John about it; but the account Mr. Harley and he gave me was, that the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin had concerted with them upon a moderating scheme, wherein some of both parties should be employed, but with a more favorable aspect toward the church: that a meeting was appointed for completing this work: that in the mean time the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin were secretly using their utmost efforts with the queen to turn Mr. Harley (who was then secretary of state) and all his friends out of their employments: that the queen, on the other side, who had a great opinion of Mr. Harley's integrity and abilities, would not consent, and was determined to remove the earl of Godolphin. This was not above a month before the season of the year when the duke of Marlborough was to embark for Flanders; and the very night in which Mr. Harley and his friends had appointed to meet his grace and the earl of Godolphin, George Churchill, the duke's brother, who was in good credit with the prince, told his highness, "That the duke was firmly determined to lay down his command if the earl of Godolphin went out, or Mr. Harley and his friends were suffered to continue in." The prince, thus intimidated by Churchill, reported the matter to the queen; and, the time and service pressing, her majesty was unwillingly forced to yield. The two great lords failed the appointment; and the next morning the duke, at his levee, said aloud, in a careless manner, to those who stood round him, "That Mr. Harley was turned out."

Upon the prince's death, November, 1708, the two great lords so often mentioned, who had been for some years united with the low church party, and had long engaged to take them into power, were now in a capacity to make good their promises, which his highness had ever most strenuously opposed. The lord Somers was made president of the council, the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland, and some others of the same stamp were put into considerable posts.

It should seem to me that the duke and earl were not very willingly drawn to impart so much power to those of that party, who expected these removals for some years before, and were always put off upon pretence of the prince's unwillingness to have them employed. And I remember, some months before his highness's death, my lord Somers, who is a person of reserve enough, complained to me with great freedom of the ingratitude of the duke

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and earl, who, after the service he and his friends had done them in making the Union, would hardly treat them with common civility. Neither shall I ever forget that he readily owned to me that the Union was of no other service to the nation than by giving a remedy to that evil which my lord Godolphin had brought upon us by persuading the queen to pass the *Scotch act of security.* But to return from this digression.

Upon the admission of these men into employments, the court soon ran into extremity of low church measures; and although, in the house of commons, Mr. Harley, sir Simon Harcourt, Mr. St. John, and some others, made great and bold stands in defence of the constitution, yet they were always borne down by a majority.

It was, I think, during this period of time that the duke of Marlborough, whether by a motive of ambition, or a love of money, or by the rash counsels of his wife the duchess, made that bold attempt of desiring the queen to give him a commission to be general for life. Her majesty's answer was, "That she would take time to consider it;" and, in the mean while, the duke advised with the lord Cowper, then chancellor, about the form in which the commission should be drawn. The chancellor, very much to his honor, endeavored to dissuade the duke from engaging in so dangerous an affair, and protested "he would never put the great seal to such a commission." But the queen was highly alarmed at this extraordinary proceeding in the duke; and talked to a person whom she had taken into confidence, as if she apprehended an attempt upon the crown. The duke of Argyle, and one or two more lords, were (as I have been told) in a very private manner brought to the queen. This duke was under great obligations to the duke of Marlborough, who had placed him in a high station in the army, preferred many of his friends, and procured him the garter. But his unquiet and ambitious spirit, never easy while there was any one above him, made him, upon some trifling resentments, conceive an inveterate hatred against his general. When he was consulted what course should be taken upon the duke of Marlborough's request to be general for life, and whether any danger might be apprehended from the refusal, I was told he suddenly answered, "That her majesty need not be in pain, for he would undertake, whenever she commanded, to seize the duke at the head of his troops, and bring him away either dead or alive."

About this time happened the famous trial of Dr. Sacheverel, which arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of Godol-

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phin, whom this divine was supposed, in a sermon, to have reflected on under the name of Volpone, as my lord Somers, a few months after, confessed to me; and, at the same time, that he had earnestly, and in vain, endeavored to dissuade the earl from that attempt. However, the impeachment went on, in the form and manner which everybody knows; and, therefore, there need not be anything said of it here.

Mr. Harley, who came up to town during the time of the impeachment, was, by the intervention of Mrs. Masham, privately brought to the queen; and in some meetings easily convinced her majesty of the dispositions of her people, as they appeared in the course of that trial, in favor of the church, and against the measures of those in her service. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that Mr. Harley was able to procure this private access to the queen; the duchess of Marlborough, by her emissaries, watching all the avenues to the back-stairs, and upon all occasions discovering their jealousy of him; whereof he told me a passage, no otherwise worth relating than as it gives an idea of an insolent, jealous minister, who would wholly engross the power and favor of his sovereign. Mr. Harley, upon his removal from the secretary's office, by the intrigues of the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, as I have above related, going out of town, was met by the latter of these two lords near Kensington gate. The earl, in a high fit of jealousy, goes immediately to the queen, reproaches her for privately seeing Mr. Harley, and was hardly so civil as to be convinced by her majesty's frequent protestations to the contrary.

These suspicions, I say, made it hard for her majesty and Mr. Harley to have private interviews: neither had he made use of the opportunities he met with to open himself so much to her as she seemed to expect, and desired; although Mrs. Masham, in right of her station in the bed-chamber, had taken all proper occasions of pursuing what Mr. Harley had begun. In this critical juncture, the queen, hemmed in, and as it were imprisoned, by the duchess of Marlborough and her creatures, was at a loss how to proceed. One evening a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty, and by the hand of a very ordinary messenger. He read the superscription, and saw it was the queen's writing. He sent for the messenger, who said, "He knew not whence the letter came, but that it was delivered him by an under-gardener." I forget whether of Hampton Court or Kensington. The letter mentioned the difficulties her majesty was under; blaming him for "not speaking with more free-

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dom and more particularly, and desiring his assistance." With this encouragement he went more frequently, although still as private as possible, to the back-stairs; and from that time began to have entire credit with the queen. He then told her of the dangers to her crown, as well as to the church and monarchy itself, from the counsels and actions of some of her servants: "That she ought gradually to lessen the exorbitant power of the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, by taking the disposition of employments into her own hands: that it did not become her to be a slave to a party, but to reward those who may deserve by their duty and loyalty, whether they were such as were called of the high church or low church." In short, whatever views he had then in his own breast, or how far soever he intended to proceed, the turn of his whole discourse was intended, in appearance, only to put the queen upon what they called a moderating scheme; which, however, made so strong an impression upon her, that when this minister, led by the necessity of affairs, the general disposition of the people, and probably by his own inclinations, put her majesty upon going greater lengths than she had first intended, it put him upon innumerable difficulties, and some insuperable; as we shall see in the progress of this change.

Her majesty, pursuant to Mr. Harley's advice, resolved to dispose of the first great employment that fell, according to her own pleasure, without consulting any of her ministers. To put this in execution, an opportunity soon happened, by the death of the earl of Essex, whereby the lieutenancy of the Tower became vacant. It was agreed between the queen and Mr. Harley that the earl Rivers should go immediately to the duke of Marlborough and desire his grace's good offices with the queen to procure him that post. The earl went accordingly; was received with abundance of professions of kindness by the duke, who said, "The lieutenancy of the Tower was not worth his lordship's acceptance;" and desired him to think of something else. The earl still insisted, and the duke still continued to put him off; at length, lord Rivers desired his grace's consent to let him go himself and beg this favor of the queen; and hoped he might tell her majesty "his grace had no objection to him." All this the duke readily agreed to, as a matter of no consequence. The earl went to the queen, who immediately gave orders for his commission. He had not long left the queen's presence, when the duke of Marlborough, suspecting nothing that would happen, went to the queen, and told her, "The lieutenancy of the

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Tower falling void by the death of the earl of Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it upon the duke of Northumberland, and give the Oxford regiment, then commanded by that duke, to the earl of Hertford." The queen said "He was come too late; that she had already granted the lieutenancy to earl Rivers, who had told her that he (the duke) had no objection to him." The duke, much surprised at this new manner of treatment, and making complaints in her majesty's presence, was, however, forced to submit.

The queen went on by slow degrees. Not to mention some changes of lesser moment, the duke of Kent was forced to compound for his chamberlain's staff, which was given to the duke of Shrewsbury, while the earl of Godolphin was out of town, I think at Newmarket. His lordship, on the first news, came immediately up to court; but the thing was done, and he made as good a countenance to the duke of Shrewsbury as he was capable of. The circumstances of the earl of Sunderland's removal, and the reasons alleged, are known enough. His ungovernable temper had overswayed him to fail in his respects to her majesty's person.

Meantime both parties stood at gaze, not knowing to what these steps would lead, or where they would end. The earl of Wharton, then in Ireland, being deceived by various intelligence from hence, endeavored to hide his uneasiness as well as he could. Some of his sanguine correspondents had sent him word that the queen began to stop her hand, and the church party to despond. At the same time the duke of Shrewsbury happened to send him a letter filled with great expressions of civility. The earl was so weak, upon reading it, as to cry out, before two or three standers-by, "Damn him, he is making fair weather with me; but, by G—d, I will have his head." But these short hopes were soon blasted, by taking the treasurer's staff from the earl of Godolphin; which was done in a manner not very gracious, her majesty sending him a letter, by a very ordinary messenger, commanding him to break it. The treasury was immediately put into commission, with earl Poulett at the head; but Mr. Harley, who was one of the number, and at the same time made chancellor of the exchequer, was already supposed to preside behind the curtain.

Upon the fall of that great minister and favorite, that whole party became dispirited, and seemed to expect the worst that could follow. The earl of Wharton immediately desired and obtained leave to come for England; leaving that kingdom, where he had behaved himself with the utmost profligateness, injustice, arbitrary proceed-

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ings, and corruption, with the hatred and detestation of all good men, even of his own party.

And here, because my coming into the knowledge of the new ministry began about this time, I must digress a little, to relate some circumstances previous to it.

Although I had been for many years before no stranger at court, and had made the nature of government a great part of my study, yet I had dealt very little with politics, either in writing or acting, until about a year before the late king William's death; when, returning with the earl of Berkeley from Ireland, and falling upon the subject of the five great lords who were then impeached, for high crimes and misdemeanors, by the house of commons, I happened to say, "That the same manner of proceeding, at least appeared to me from the news we received of it in Ireland, had ruined the liberties of Athens and Rome; and that it might be easy to prove it from history." Soon after I went to London; and, in a few weeks, drew up a discourse under the title of "The Contests and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, with the Consequences they had upon both those States." This discourse I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged some time upon my lord Somers, and some time upon the bishop of Salisbury; the latter of whom told me afterward, "That he was forced to disown it in a very public manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened."

Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received (which was the first I ever printed), I must confess, the vanity of a young man prevailed with me to let myself be known for the author: upon which my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the bishop above mentioned, desired my acquaintance, with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness—not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who had been my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to serve me since the death of the king; and were very liberal in promising me the greatest preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew domestic with lord Halifax, and was as often with lord Somers as the formality of his nature (the only unconversable fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself

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in other, and I think much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; told him, "That, having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible upon any other principle to defend or submit to the Revolution: but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but showed much ill will and contempt for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets, who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception, would unite the church, as one man, to oppose them: and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this."

My lord Somers in appearance entered very warmly into the same opinion, and said very much of the endeavors he had often used to redress that evil I complained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord Halifax (to whom I have talked in the same manner), can very well remember: and I have indeed been told by an honorable gentleman of the same party "That both their lordships, about the time of lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occasion, call to mind what I had said to them five years before."

In my journeys to England I continued upon the same foot of acquaintance with the two lords last mentioned until the time of prince George's death; when the queen, who, as is before related, had for some years favored that party, now made lord Somers president of the council, and the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland. Being then in London, I received letters from some bishops of Ireland to solicit the earl of Wharton about the remittal of the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy there, which the queen had long promised, and wherein I had been employed before, with some hopes of success

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from the earl of Godolphin. It was the first time I ever was in company with the earl of Wharton: he received me with sufficient coldness, and answered the request I made in behalf of the clergy from very poor and lame excuses, which amounted to refusal. I complained of this usage to lord Somers, who would needs bring us together to his house, and presented me to him; where he received me as drily as before.

It was everybody's opinion that the earl of Wharton would endeavor, when he went to Ireland, to take off the test, as a step to have it taken off here; upon which, I drew up and printed a pamphlet, by way of a letter from a member of parliament here, showing the danger to the church by such an intent. Although I took all care to be private, yet the lieutenant's chaplain, and some others, guessed me to be the author, and told his excellency their suspicions; whereupon I saw him no more until I went to Ireland.. At my taking leave of lord Somers, he desired I would carry a letter from him to the earl of Wharton, which I absolutely refused; yet he ordered it to be left at my lodgings. I stayed some months in Leicestershire, went to Ireland, and immediately upon my landing retired to my country parish without seeing the lieutenant or any other person, resolving to send him lord Somers's letter by the post. But, being called up to town by the incessant intreaties of my friends, I went and delivered my letter, and immediately withdrew. During the greatest part of his government I lived in the country, saw the lieutenant very seldom when I came to town, nor ever entered into the least degree of confidence with him, or his friends, except his secretary, Mr. Addison, who had been my old and intimate acquaintance. Upon the news of great changes here, he affected very much to caress me; which I understood well enough to have been an old practice with him, in order to render men odious to the church party.

I mention these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favorer of the low party; whereas it has been manifest to all men that, during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken; for instance, "A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley;" "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man;" "An Argument against abolishing Christianity;" and lastly, "A Letter

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to a Member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland," which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffeehouses, although generally they do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself.

About the end of August, 1710, I went for England, at the desire and by the appointment of the archbishops and bishops of that kingdom, under whose hands I had a commission to solicit, in conjunction with two bishops who were then in London, the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, which had been many years solicited in vain. Upon my arrival in town I found the two bishops were gone into the country, whereupon I got myself introduced to Mr. Harley, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and acted as first minister. He received me with great kindness; told me "that he and his friends had long expected my arrival;" and, upon showing my commission, immediately undertook to perform it, which he accordingly did in less than three weeks, having settled it at five meetings with the queen, according to the scheme I offered him, and got me the queen's promise for a further and more important favor to the clergy of Ireland, which the bishops there, deceived by misinformation not worth mentioning in this paper, prevented me from bringing to a good issue.

When the affair of the first-fruits was fully despatched, I returned my humble thanks to Mr. Harley, in the name of the clergy of Ireland, and in my own, and offered to take my leave, as intending immediately to return to that kingdom. Mr. Harley told me "He and his friends knew very well what useful things I had written against the principles of the late discarded faction, and that my personal esteem for several among them would not make me a favorer of their cause: that there was now entirely a new scene: that the queen was resolved to employ none but those who were friends to the constitution of church and state: that their great difficulty lay in the want of some good pen, to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles and justify the proceedings of the new ministers." Upon that subject he fell into some personal civilities, which will not become me to repeat. He added, "That this province was in the hands of several persons, among whom some were too busy, and others too idle, to pursue it;" and concluded, "That it should be his particular care to establish me here in Eng-

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land, and represent me to the queen as a person they could not be without."

I promised to do my endeavors in that way for some few months. To which he replied, "He expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me."

Upon the rise of this ministry, the principal persons in power thought it necessary that some weekly paper should be published, with just reflections upon former proceedings, and defending the present measures of her majesty. This was begun about the time of the lord Godolphin's removal, under the name of The Examiner. About a dozen of these papers, written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Mr. secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it, which I did accordingly about eight months. But my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death.

It was Mr. Harley's custom every Saturday that four or five of his most intimate friends among those he had taken in upon the great change made at court should dine at his house, and after about two months' acquaintance I had the honor always to be one of the number. This company, at first, consisted only of the lord-keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborough, Mr. secretary St. John, and myself; and here, after dinner, they used to discourse and settle matters of great importance. Several other lords were afterward, by degrees, admitted; as the dukes of Ormond, Shrewsbury, and Argyle; the earls of Anglesey, Dartmouth, and Poulett; the lord Berkeley, &c. These meetings were always continued, except when the queen was at Windsor; but, as they grew more numerous, became of less consequence, and ended only in drinking and general conversation, of which I may perhaps have occasion to speak hereafter.

My early appearance at these meetings, which many thought to be of greater consequence than really they were, could not be concealed, although I used all my endeavors to that purpose. This gave the occasion to some great men, who thought me already in the secret, to complain to me of the suspicions entertained by many of our friends in relation to Mr. Harley, even before he was lord-treasurer;

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so early were sown those seeds of discontent which afterwards grew up so high! The cause of complaint was, that so great a number of the adverse party continued in employment, and some, particularly the duke of Somerset and earl Cholmondeley, in great stations at court.—They could not believe Mr. Harley was in earnest; but that he designed to constitute a motley comprehensive administration, which, they said, the kingdom would never endure. I was once invited to a meeting of some lords and gentlemen, where these grievances were at large related to me, with an earnest desire that I would represent them in the most respectful manner to Mr. Harley, upon a supposition that I was in high credit with him. I excused myself from such an office, upon the newness of my acquaintance with Mr. Harley. However, I represented the matter fairly to him, against which he argued a good deal from the general reasons of politicians, the necessity of keeping men in hopes, the danger of disobliging those who must remain unprovided for, and the like usual topics among statesmen. But there was a secret in this matter which neither I, nor indeed any of his most intimate friends, were then apprised of; neither did he, at that time, enter with me further than to assure me very solemnly "that no person should have the smallest employment, either civil or military, whose principles were not firm for the church and monarchy."

However, these over-moderate proceedings in the court gave rise to a party in the house of commons, which appeared under the name of the October Club; a fantastic appellation, found out to distinguish a number of country gentlemen and their adherents, who professed, in the greatest degree, what was called the high church principle. They grew in number to almost a third part of the house, held their meetings at certain times and places, and there concerted what measures they were to take in parliament. They professed their jealousy of the court and ministry; declared, upon all occasions, their desire of a more general change, as well as of a strict inquiry into former mismanagement, and seemed to expect that those in power should openly avow the old principles in church and state. I was then of opinion, and still continue so, that if this body of men could have remained some time united, they would have put the crown under a necessity of acting in a more steady and strenuous manner. But Mr. Harley, who best knew the disposition of the queen, was forced to break their measures, which he did by that very obvious contrivance of dividing them among themselves and rendering them jealous of each other. The ministers gave every-

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where out that the October Club were their friends, and acted by their directions; to confirm which, Mr. secretary St. John, and Mr. Bromley, afterwards chancellor of the exchequer, publicly dined with them at one of their meetings. Thus were eluded all the consequences of that assembly, although a remnant of them, who conceived themselves betrayed by the rest, did afterwards meet under the denomination of the March Club, but without any effect.

The parliament which then rose had been chosen without any endeavors from the court to secure elections; neither, as I remember, were any of the lieutenancies changed throughout the kingdom, for the trial of Dr. Sacheverel had raised or discovered such a spirit in all parts, that the ministers could very safely leave the electors to themselves, and thereby gain a reputation of acting by a free parliament. Yet this proceeding was, by some refiners of both parties, numbered among the strains of Mr. Harley's politics, who was said to avoid an over-great majority, which is apt to be unruly, and not enough under the management of a ministry. But, from the small experience I have of courts, I have ever found refinements to be the worst sort of all conjectures; and, from this one occasion, I take leave to observe, that of some hundreds of facts, for the real truth of which I can account, I never yet knew any refiner to be once in the right. I have already told that the true reason why the court did not interpose in the matter of election was, because they thought themselves sure of a majority, and therefore could acquire reputation at a cheap rate. Besides, it afterwards appeared, upon some exigencies which the court had much at heart, that they were more than once likely to fail for want of numbers. Mr. Harley, in order to give credit to his administration, resolved upon two very important points: first, to secure the unprovided debts of the nation; and secondly, to put an end to the war. Of the methods he took to compass both those ends I have treated at large in another work.[1] I shall only observe that, while he was preparing to open to the house of commons his scheme for securing the public debts, he was stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, while he was sitting in the council-chamber at the Cockpit, with a committee of nine or ten lords of the cabinet, met on purpose to examine the marquis, upon a discovery of a treasonable correspondence he held with France.

This fact was so uncommon in the manner and circumstances of it, that, although it be pretty well known at the time I am now

[1] History of the Four Last Years, &c.

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writing, by a printed account, toward which I furnished the author with some materials, yet I thought it would not be proper wholly to omit it here. The assassin was seized, by Mr. Harley's order, upon the 8th of March, 1710–11; and, brought before the committee of lords, was examined about his corresponding with France. Upon his denial, Mr. Harley produced a letter, which he could not deny to be his own hand. The marquis, prepared for mischief, had conveyed a penknife into his pocket while the messenger kept him attending in one of the offices below. Upon the surprise of his letter appearing against him, he came suddenly behind Mr. Harley, and, reaching his arm round, stabbed that minister into the middle of the breast, about a quarter of an inch above the *cartilago ensiformis;* the penknife, striking upon the bone, and otherwise obstructed by a thick embroidered waistcoat, broke short at the handle, which Guiscard still grasped, and redoubled his blow. The confusion upon this accident is easier conceived than described. The result was, that the marquis, whether by the wounds given him by some of the lords, or the bruises he received from the messengers while they were seizing him, or the neglect of his surgeon, or that, being unwilling to live, he industriously concealed one of his wounds, died in a few days after. But Mr. Harley, after a long illness and frequent ill symptoms, had the good fortune to recover.

Guiscard was the younger brother of the count of that name, a very honorable and worthy person, formerly governor of Namur. But this marquis was a reproach to his family, prostitute in his morals, impious in religion, and a traitor to his prince; as to the rest, of a very poor understanding, and the most tedious trifling talker I ever conversed with. He was grown needy by squandering upon his vices, was become contemptible both here and in Holland, his regiment taken from him, and his pension retrenched; the despair of which first put him upon his French correspondence; and the discovery of that drove him into madness. I had known him some years; and, meeting him upon the Mall a few hours before his examination, I observed to a friend then with me, "That I wondered to see Guiscard pass so often by without taking notice of me." But although, in the latter part of his life, his countenance grew cloudy enough, yet I confess I never suspected him to be a man of resolution or courage sufficient to bear him out in so desperate an attempt.

I have some very good reasons to know that the first misunderstanding between Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, which afterward

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had such unhappy consequences upon the public affairs, took its rise during the time that the former lay ill of his wounds, and his recovery doubtful. Mr. St. John affected to say in several companies, "That Guiscard intended the blow against him;" which, if it were true, the consequence must be, that Mr. St. John had all the merit, while Mr. Harley remained with nothing but the danger and the pain. But I am apt to think Mr. St. John was either mistaken or misinformed. However, the matter was thus represented in the weekly paper called the Examiner; which Mr. St. John perused before it was printed, but made no alteration in that passage.

The management was looked upon, at least, as a piece of youthful indiscretion in Mr. St. John; and, perhaps, was represented in a worse view to Mr. Harley. Neither am I altogether sure that Mr. St. John did not entertain some prospect of succeeding as first minister, in case of Mr. Harley's death; which, during his illness, was frequently apprehended. And I remember very well, that, upon visiting Mr. Harley as soon as he was in a condition to be seen, I found several of his nearest relations talk very freely of some proceedings of Mr. St. John; enough to make me apprehend that their friendship would not be of any long continuance.

Mr. Harley, soon after his recovery, was made an earl, and lord-treasurer; and the lord-keeper a baron.

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A DISCOURSE

OF THE

CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS

BETWEEN THE

NOBLES AND THE COMMONS IN ATHENS AND ROME.

WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

——— Si tibi vera videtur,
Dede manus, et si falsa est, accingere contra.—LUCR.

The following discourse is a kind of remonstrance in behalf of king William and his friends, against the proceedings of the house of commons; and was published during the recess of parliament in the summer of 1701, with a view to engage them in milder measures, when they should meet again.

CHAPTER I.

IT is agreed that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power, placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the best legislators of all ages have endeavored, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to deposit in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without. Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and, therefore, they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration or executive part, in the hands of the one, the few, or the many; into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide; for, by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to

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me that a free people met together, whether by compact or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do of themselves divide into three powers. The first is that of some one eminent spirit, who, having signalized his valor and fortune in defence of his country, or by the practice of popular arts at home, comes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which, in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage is required, rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person than a multitude. The second natural division of power is, of such men who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These, easily uniting in thoughts and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home; this commences a great council, or senate of nobles, for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division is, of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite, either collectively or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of govenment, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed in the hands of one, or sometimes two (as in Sparta), who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome; but the power in the last resort was always meant by legislators to be held in balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance of power to be carefully held by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: first, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales with whatever is weighed therein. Now, consider several states in a neighborhood; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and,

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upon occasion, remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest; so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with the utmost exactness into the several scales. Now, it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly poised. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta, the consular power in Rome, that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon; and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broken, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors by the word Tyranny; which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute power into the hands of a single person (as many superficial men have grossly mistaken), but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale: for, tyranny and usurpation in a state are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough; and, because the point is material, I shall cite a few to prove it.

The Romans [Dionys. Hal. lib. 10], having sent to Athens and the Greek cities of Italy for the copies of the best laws, chose ten legislators to put them into form, and during the exercise of their office suspended the consular power, leaving the administration of affairs in their hands. These very men, though chosen for such a work as the digesting a body of laws for the government of a free state, did immediately usurp arbitrary power, ran into all the forms of it, had their guards and spies after the practice of the tyrants of those ages, affected kingly state, destroyed the nobles, and oppressed the people; one of them proceeding so far as to endeavor to force a lady of great virtue: the very crime which gave occasion to the expulsion of the regal power but sixty years before, as this attempt did to that of the Decemviri.

The Ephori in Sparta were at first only certain persons deputed by the kings to judge in civil matters, while they were employed in the wars. These men, at several times, usurped the absolute authority, and were as cruel tyrants as any in their age.

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Soon after the unfortunate expedition into Sicily [Thucyd. lib. 8] the Athenians chose four hundred men for administration of affairs, who became a body of tyrants, and were called, in the language of those ages, an oligarchy, or tyranny of the few; under which hateful denomination they were soon after deposed in great rage by the people.

When Athens was subdued by Lysander [Xenoph. de Rebus Græc. l. 2] he appointed thirty men for the administration of that city, who immediately fell into the rankest tyranny; but this was not all; for, conceiving their power not founded on a basis large enough, they admitted three thousand into a share of the government; and, thus fortified, became the cruellest tyranny upon record. They murdered in cold blood great numbers of the best men, without any provocation, from the mere lust of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula. This was such a number of tyrants together as amounted to near a third part of the whole city; for Zenophon tells us [Memorab. lib. 3] that the city contained about ten thousand houses; and allowing one man to every house who could have any share in the government (the rest consisting of women, children, and servants), and making other obvious abatements, these tyrants, if they had been careful to adhere together, might have been a majority even of the people collective.

In the time of the second Punic war [Polyb. Frag. lib. 6] the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people; and this to a degree that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the commons; which it seems they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus [lib. 20] tells us was grown to an established custom among them, may be another instance that tyranny is not confined to numbers.

I shall mention but one example more among a great number that might be produced; it is related by the author last cited [Polyb. Frag. lib. 15]. The orators of the people at Argos (whether you will style them, in modern phrase, great speakers of the house, or only, in general, representatives of the people collective) stirred up the commons against the nobles, of whom 1600 were murdered at once; and at last, the orators themselves, because they left off their accusations, or, to speak intelligibly, because they withdrew their impeachments, having, it seems, raised a spirit they were not able to lay. And this last circumstance, as cases have lately stood, may perhaps be worth noting.

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From what has been already advanced several conclusions may be drawn:—

First, that a mixed government, partaking of the known forms received in the schools, is by no means of Gothic invention, but has place in nature and reason, seems very well to agree with the sentiments of most legislators, and to have been followed in most states, whether they have appeared under the name of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies; for, not to mention the several republics of this composition in Gaul and Germany, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, Polybius tells us the best government is that which consists of three forms, *regis, optimatium, et populi imperio* [Frag. lib. 6], which, may be fairly translated, the king, lords, and commons. Such was that of Sparta, in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, who, observing the corruptions and depravations to which every one of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all, so that it was made up of *reges, seniores, et populus.* Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls; and the author tells us that the Romans fell upon this model purely by chance (which I take to have been nature and common reason), but the Spartans by thought and design. And such at Carthage was the *summa reipublicæ* [ibid.], or power in the last resort; for they had their kings, called *suffetes,* and a senate, which had the power of nobles, and the people had a share established too.

Secondly, it will follow that those reasoners who employ so much of their zeal, their wit, and their leisure, for the upholding the balance of power in Christendom, at the same time that by their practices they are endeavoring to destroy it at home, are not such mighty patriots, or so much in the true interest of their country, as they would affect to be thought; but would seem to be employed like a man who pulls down with his right hand what he has been building with his left.

Thirdly, this makes appear the error of those who think it an uncontrollable maxim that power is always safer lodged in many hands than in one: for, if these many hands be made up only from one of the three divisions before mentioned, it is plain from those examples already produced, and easy to be paralleled in other ages and countries, that they are capable of enslaving the nation, and of acting all manner of tyranny and oppression, as it is possible for a single person to be, though we should suppose their number not only to be of four or five hundred, but above three thousand.

Again, it is manifest, from what has been said, that, in order to

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preserve the balance in a mixed state, the limits of power deposited with each party ought to be ascertained and generally known. The defect of this is the cause that introduces those strugglings in a state about prerogative and liberty; about encroachments of the few upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few, which ever did, and ever will, conclude in a tyranny; first, either of the few or the many; but at last, infallibly of a single person: for, whichever of the three divisions in a state is upon the scramble for more power than its own (as one or other of them generally is), unless due care be taken by the other two, upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favor of themselves, talk much of inherent right; they will nourish up a dormant power, and reserve privileges *in petto*, to exert upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to urge upon necessities; they will make large demands and scanty concessions, ever coming off considerable gainers: thus at length the balance is broke and tyranny let in; from which door of the three it matters not.

To pretend to a declarative right, upon any occasion whatsoever, is little less than to make use of the whole power: that is, to declare an opinion to be law which has always been contested, or perhaps never started at all before such an incident brought it on the stage. Not to consent to the enacting of such a law, which has no view beside the general good, unless another law shall at the same time pass with no other view but that of advancing the power of one party alone; what is this but to claim a positive voice as well as a negative? To pretend that great changes and alienations of property have created new and great dependencies, and, consequently, new additions of power, as some reasoners have done, is a most dangerous tenet. If dominion must follow property, let it follow in the same pace; for change in property through bulk of a nation makes slow marches, and its due power always attends it. To conclude that whatever attempt is begun by an assembly ought to be pursued to the end, without regard to the greatest incidents that may happen to alter the case; to count it mean and below the dignity of a house to quit a prosecution; to resolve upon a conclusion before it is possible to be apprised of the premises; to act thus, I say, is to affect not only absolute power, but infallibility too. Yet such unaccountable proceedings as these have popular assemblies engaged in, for want of fixing the due limits of power and privilege.

Great changes may indeed be made in a government, yet the form continue and the balance be held: but large intervals of time must

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pass between every such innovation, enough to melt down and make it of a piece with the constitution. Such, we are told, were the proceedings of Solon, when he modelled anew the Athenian commonwealth; and what convulsions in our own, as well as other states, have been bred by a neglect of this rule, is fresh and notorious enough: it is too soon, in all conscience, to repeat this error again.

Having shown that there is a natural balance of power in all free states, and how it has been divided, sometimes by the people themselves, as in Rome; at others by the institutions of the legislators, as in the several states of Greece and Sicily; the next thing is, to examine what methods have been taken to break or overthrow this balance, which every one of the three parties has continually endeavored, as opportunities have served; as might appear from the stories of most ages and countries: for absolute power in a particular state is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Ever since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavors after universal monarchy have been bandied among them, from the reign of Ninus to this of the Most Christian King; in which pursuits, commonwealths have had their share as well as monarchs: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achaians, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece; so the commonwealths of Carthage and Rome affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavors of the few and the many have been frequent enough: yet, being neither so uniform in their designs nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got, but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy for the nobles and commons to carry their endeavors after power so far as to overthrow the balance: and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock that they meant to avoid; which, I suppose, they would have us think is the tyranny of a single person.

Many examples might be produced of the endeavors of each of these three rivals after absolute power; but I shall suit my discourse

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to the time I am writing in, and relate only such dissensions in Greece and Rome, between the nobles and commons, with the consequences of them, wherein the latter were the aggressors.

I shall begin with Greece, where my observation shall be confined to Athens, though several instances might be brought from other states thereof.

CHAPTER II.

Of the dissensions in Athens between the few and the many.

THESEUS is the first who is recorded, with any appearance of truth, to have brought the Grecians from a barbarous manner of life, among scattered villages, into cities; and to have established the popular state in Athens, assigning to himself the guardianship of the laws and chief command in war. He was forced, after some time, to leave the Athenians to their own measures, upon account of their seditious temper, which ever continued with them till the final dissolution of their government by the Romans. It seems the country about Attica was the most barren of any in Greece, through which means it happened that the natives were never expelled by the fury of invaders (who thought it not worth a conquest), but continued always aborigines; and therefore retained, through all revolutions, a tincture of that turbulent spirit wherewith their government began. This institution of Theseus appears to have been rather a sort of mixed monarchy than a popular state; and, for aught we know, might continue so during the series of kings till the death of Codrus. From this last prince Solon was said to be descended; who, finding the people engaged in two violent factions of the poor and the rich, and in great confusion thereupon, refusing the monarchy which was offered him, chose rather to cast the government after another model, wherein he made provisions for settling the balance of power, choosing a senate of four hundred, and disposing the magistracies and offices according to men's estates; leaving to the multitude their votes in electing, and the power of judging certain processes by appeal. This council of four hundred was chosen, one hundred out of each tribe, and seems to have been a body representative of the people; though the people collective reserved a share of power to themselves. It is a point of history perplexed enough: but this much is certain, that the balance of power was provided for; else Pisistratus, called by authors the ty-

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rant of Athens, could never have governed so peaceably as he did without changing any of Solon's laws [Herodot. lib. i.]. These several powers, together with that of the archon or chief magistrate, made up the form of government in Athens, at what time it began to appear upon the scene of action and story.

The first great man bred up under this institution was Miltiades, who lived about ninety years after Solon, and is reckoned to have been the first great captain, not only of Athens, but of all Greece. From the time of Miltiades to that of Phocion, who is looked upon as the last famous general of Athens, are about 130 years: after which, they were subdued and insulted by Alexander's captains, and continued under several revolutions a small truckling state, of no name or reputation, till they fell with the rest of Greece under the power of the Romans.

During this period from Miltiades to Phocion, I shall trace the conduct of the Athenians with relation to their dissensions between the people and some of their generals; who, at that time, by their power and credit in the army, in a warlike commonwealth, and often supported by each other, were, with the magistrates and other civil officers, a sort of counterpoise to the power of the people; who, since the death of Solon, had already made great encroachments. What these dissensions were, how founded, and what the consequences of them, I shall briefly and impartially relate.

I must here premise that the nobles in Athens were not at this time a corporate assembly, that I can gather; therefore the resentments of the commons were usually turned against particular persons, and by way of articles of impeachment. Whereas the commons in Rome and some other states, as will appear in a proper place, though they followed this method upon occasion, yet generally pursued the enlargement of their power by more set quarrels of one entire assembly against another. However, the custom of particular impeachments being not limited to former ages, any more than that of general struggles and dissensions between fixed assemblies of nobles and commons, and the ruin of Greece having been owing to the former, as that of Rome was to the latter, I shall treat on both expressly; that those states who are concerned in either (if, at least, there be any such now in the world) may, by observing the means and issues of former dissensions, learn whether the causes are alike in theirs; and if they find them to be so, may consider whether they ought not justly to apprehend the same effects.

To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons

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of Athens, within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them. I shall therefore take notice only of six, who, living at that period of time when Athens was at the height of its glory, as indeed it could not be otherwise while such hands were at the helm, though impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, such as bribery, arbitrary proceedings, misapplying or embezzling public funds, ill conduct at sea, and the like, were honored and lamented by their country as the preservers of it, and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories.

Miltiades [lord Orford] was one of the Athenian generals against the Persian power, and the famous victory at Marathon was chiefly owing to his valor and conduct. Being sent some time after to reduce the island of Paros, he mistook a great fire at a distance for the fleet, and, being no ways a match for them, set sail for Athens; at his arrival he was impeached by the commons for treachery, though not able to appear by reason of his wounds, fined 30,000 crowns, and died in prison. Though the consequences of this proceeding upon the affairs of Athens were no other than the untimely loss of so great and good a man, yet I could not forbear relating it.

Their next great man was Aristides [lord Somers]. Beside the mighty service he had done his country in the wars, he was a person of the strictest justice, and best acquainted with the laws as well as forms of their government, so that he was in a manner chancellor of Athens. This man, upon a slight and false accusation of favoring arbitrary power, was banished by ostracism; which, rendered into modern English, would signify that they voted he should be removed from their presence and council for ever. But, however, they had the wit to recall him, and to that action owed the preservation of their state by his future services. For it must be still confessed in behalf of the Athenian people that they never conceived themselves perfectly infallible, nor arrived to the heights of modern assemblies, to make obstinacy confirm what sudden heat and temerity began. They thought it not below the dignity of an assembly to endeavor at correcting an ill step; at least to repent, though it often fell out too late.

Themistocles[1] was at first a commoner himself: it was he that raised the Athenians to their greatness at sea, which he thought to be the true and constant interest of that commonwealth; and the famous naval victory over the Persians at Salamis was owimg to his

[1] Admiral Russell, created earl of Orford.

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conduct. It seems the people observed somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behavior, and therefore banished him for five years; but finding some slight matter of accusation against him, they sent to seize his person, and he hardly escaped to the Persian court; from whence, if the love of his country had not surmounted its base ingratitude to him, he had many invitations to return at the head of the Persian fleet, and take a terrible revenge: but he rather chose a voluntary death.

The people of Athens impeached Pericles[1] for misapplying the public revenues to his own private use. He had been a person of great deservings from the republic, was an admirable speaker, and very popular. His accounts were confused, and he could not then give them up; therefore, merely to divert that difficulty, and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war, the longest that ever was known in Greece, and which ended in the utter ruin of Athens.

The same people, having resolved to subdue Sicily, sent a mighty fleet under the command of Nicias, Lamachus, and Alcibiades: the two former, persons of age and experience; the last, a young man of noble birth, excellent education, and plentiful fortune. A little before the fleet set sail, it seems, one night, the stone images of Mercury, placed in several parts of the city, were all pared in the face: this action the Athenians interpreted for a design of destroying the popular state; and Alcibiades, having been formerly noted for the like frolics and excursions, was immediately accused of this. He, whether conscious of his innocence, or assured of the secresy, offered to come to his trial before he went to his command: this the Athenians refused; but as soon as he was got to Sicily they sent for him back, designing to take the advantage and prosecute him in the absence of his friends, and of the army, where he was very powerful. It seems he understood the resentment of a popular assembly too well to trust them; and therefore, instead of returning, escaped to Sparta; where, his desires of revenge prevailing over his love for his country, he became its greatest enemy. Meanwhile the Athenians before Sicily, by the death of one commander, and the superstition, weakness, and perfect ill-conduct of the other, were utterly destroyed, the whole fleet taken, and a miserable slaughter made of the army, whereof hardly one ever returned. Some time after this, Alcibiades was recalled upon his own conditions by the necessities

[1] Under Pericles and Alcibiades, Swift points out circumstances parallel to the case of Halifax.

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of the people, and made chief commander at sea and land; but his lieutenant engaging against his positive orders, and being beaten by Lysander, Alcibiades was again disgraced and banished. However, the Athenians having lost all strength and heart since their misfortune at Sicily, and now deprived of the only person that was able to recover their losses, repent of their rashness, and endeavor in vain for his restoration; the Persian lieutenant, to whose protection he fled, making him a sacrifice to the resentments of Lysander, the general of the Lacedemonians, who now reduces all the dominions of the Athenians, takes the city, razes their walls, ruins their works, and changes the form of their government, which, though again restored for some time by Thrasybulus (as their walls were rebuilt by Conon), yet here we must date the fall of the Athenian greatness; the dominion and chief power in Greece from that period to the time of Alexander the Great, which was about fifty years, being divided between the Spartans and Thebans. Though Philip, Alexander's father (the Most Christian King of that age), had indeed some time before begun to break in upon the republic of Greece by conquest or bribery; particularly dealing large money among some popular orators, by which he brought many of them, as the term of art was then, to Philippize.

In the time of Alexander and his captains, the Athenians were offered an opportunity of recovering their liberty and being restored to their former state: but the wise turn they thought to give the matter was by an impeachment and sacrifice of the author to hinder the success. For, after the destruction of Thebes by Alexander, this prince, designing the conquest of Athens, was prevented by Phocion [earl of Portland], the Athenian general, then ambassador from that state; who, by his great wisdom and skill at negotiations, diverted Alexander from his design, and restored the Athenians to his favor. The very same success he had with Antipater after Alexander's death, at which time the government was new regulated by Solon's laws: but Polyperchon, in hatred to Phocion, having, by order of the young king, whose governor he was, restored those whom Phocion had banished, the plot succeeded. Phocion was accused by popular orators, and put to death.

Thus was the most powerful commonwealth of all Greece, after great degeneracies from the institution of Solon, utterly destroyed by that rash, jealous, and inconstant humor of the people, which was never satisfied to see a general either victorious or unfortunate:

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such ill judges, as well as rewarders, have popular assemblies been, of those who best deserved from them.

Now, the circumstance which makes these examples of more importance is, that this very power of the people in Athens, claimed so confidently for an inherent right, and insisted on as the undoubted privilege of an Athenian born, was the rankest encroachment imaginable, and the grossest degeneracy from the form that Solon left them. In short, their government was grown into a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, who by degrees had broke and overthrown the balance which that legislator had very well fixed and provided for.—This appears not only from what has been already said of that lawgiver, but more manifestly from a passage in Diodorus [lib. 18], who tells us that Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, abrogated the popular government in Athens, and restored the power of suffrages and magistracy to such only as were worth two thousand drachmas; by which means, says he, that republic came to be again administered by the laws of Solon. By this quotation it is manifest that great author looked upon Solon's institution and a popular government to be two different things. And as for this restoration by Antipater, it had neither consequence nor continuance worth observing.

I might easily produce many more examples, but these are sufficient: and it may be worth the reader's time to reflect a little on the merits of the cause, as well as of the men who had been thus dealt with by their country. I shall direct him no further than by repeating that Aristides [Somers] was the most renowned by the people themselves for his exact justice and knowledge in the law; that Themistocles [Orford] was a most fortunate admiral, and had got a mighty victory over the great king of Persia's fleet; that Pericles [Halifax] was an able minister of state, an excellent orator, and a man of letters; and lastly, that Phocion [Portland], beside the success of his arms, was also renowned for his negotiations abroad; having in an embassy brought the greatest monarch of the world at that time to the terms of an honorable peace, by which his country was preserved.

I shall conclude my remarks upon Athens with the character given us of that people by Polybius. About this time, says he, the Athenians were governed by two men, quite sunk in their affairs, had little or no commerce with the rest of Greece, and were become great reverencers of crowned heads.

For, from the time of Alexander's captains till Greece was sub-

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dued by the Romans, to the latter part of which this description of Polybius falls in, Athens never produced one famous man either for counsels or arms, or hardly for learning. And, indeed, it was a dark insipid period through all Greece; for, excepting the Achaian league under Aratus and Philopœmen, and the endeavors of Agis and Cleomenes to restore the state of Sparta, so frequently harassed by tyrannies occasioned by the popular practices of the ephori, there was very little worth recording. All which consequences may perhaps be justly imputed to this degeneracy of Athens.

CHAPTER III.

Of the dissensions between the patricians and plebeians in Rome, with the consequences they had upon that state.

HAVING in the foregoing chapter confined myself to the proceedings of the commons only, by the method of impeachments against particular persons, with the fatal effects they had upon the state of Athens, I shall now treat of the dissensions at Rome, between the people and the collective body of the patricians or nobles. It is a large subject, but I shall draw it into as narrow a compass as I can.

As Greece, from the most ancient accounts we have of it, was divided into several kingdoms, so was most part of Italy [Dionys. Halicar.] into petty commonwealths. And as those kings in Greece are said to have been deposed by their people upon the score of their arbitrary proceedings, so, on the contrary, the commonwealths of Italy were all swallowed up and concluded in the tyranny of the Roman emperors. However, the differences between those Grecian monarchies and Italian republics were not very great; for, by the account Homer gives us of those Grecian princes who came to the siege of Troy, as well as by several passages in the Odyssey, it is manifest that the power of these princes in their several states was much of a size with that of the kings in Sparta, the archon at Athens, the suffetes at Carthage, and the consuls in Rome: so that a limited and divided power seems to have been the most ancient and inherent principle of both those people in matters of government. And such did that of Rome continue from the time of Romulus, though with some interruptions, to Julius Cæsar, when it ended in the tyranny of a single person. During which period (not many years longer than from the Norman conquest to our age) the commons were growing by degrees into power and property, gaining

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ground upon the patricians, as it were, inch by inch, till at last they quite overturned the balance, leaving all doors open to the practices of popular and ambitious men, who destroyed the wisest republic, and enslaved the noblest people that ever entered upon the stage of the world. By what steps and degrees this was brought to pass shall be the subject of my present inquiry.

While Rome was governed by kings, the monarchy was altogether elective. Romulus himself, when he had built the city, was declared king by the universal consent of the people, and by augury, which was there understood for divine appointment. Among other divisions he made of the people, one was into patricians and plebeians: the former were like the barons of England some time after the conquest; and the latter are also described to be almost exactly what our commons were then. For they were dependants upon the patricians, whom they chose for their patrons and protectors, to answer for their appearance and defend them in any process: they also supplied their patrons with money in exchange for their protection. This custom of patronage, it seems, was very ancient, and long practised among the Greeks.

Out of these patricians Romulus chose a hundred to be a senate, or grand council, for advice and assistance to him in the administration. The senate therefore originally consisted all of nobles, and were of themselves a standing council, the people being only convoked upon such occasions as by this institution of Romulus fell into their cognizance: those were, to constitute magistrates, to give their votes for making laws, and to advise upon entering on a war. But the two former of these popular privileges were to be confirmed by authority of the senate; and the last was only permitted at the king's pleasure. This was the utmost extent of power pretended to by the commons in the time of Romulus, all the rest being divided between the king and the senate; the whole agreeing very nearly with the constitution of England for some centuries after the conquest.

After a year's interregnum from the death of Romulus, the senate of their own authority chose a successor, and a stranger, merely upon the fame of his virtue, without asking the consent of the commons; which custom they likewise observed in the two following kings. But in the election of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, we first hear mentioned that it was done *populi impetratâ veniâ;* which indeed was but very reasonable for a free people to expect; though I cannot remember, in my little reading, by what incidents they

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were brought to advance so great a step. However it were, this prince, in gratitude to the people, by whose consent he was chosen, elected a hundred senators out of the commons, whose number, with former additions, was now amounted to three hundred.

The people, having once discovered their own strength, did soon take occasion to exert it, and that by very great degrees. For at this king's death, who was murdered by the sons of a former, being at a loss for a successor, Servius Tullius, a stranger, and of mean extraction, was chosen protector of the kingdom by the people, without the consent of the senate; at which the nobles being displeased, he wholly applied himself to gratify the commons, and was by them declared and confirmed no longer protector, but king.

This prince first introduced the custom of giving freedom to servants, so as to become citizens of equal privileges with the rest, which very much contributed to increase the power of the people.

Thus in a very few years the commons proceeded so far as to wrest even the power of choosing a king entirely out of the hands of the nobles; which was so great a leap, and caused such a convulsion and struggle in the state, that the constitution could not bear it; but civil dissensions arose, which immediately were followed by the tyranny of a single person, as this was by the utter subversion of the regal government, and by a settlement upon a new foundation. For the nobles, spited at this indignity done them by the commons, firmly united in a body, deposed this prince by plain force, and chose Tarquin the Proud; who, running into all the forms and methods of tyranny, after a cruel reign was expelled by a universal concurrence of nobles and people, whom the miseries of his reign had reconciled.

When the consular government began, the balance of power between the nobles and plebeians was fixed anew; the two first consuls were nominated by the nobles and confirmed by the commons; and a law was enacted, That no person should bear any magistracy in Rome, *injussu populi*, that is, without the consent of the commons.

In such turbulent times as these, many of the poorer citizens had contracted numerous debts, either to the richer sort among themselves, or to senators and other nobles: and the case of debtors in Rome for the first four centuries was, after the set time for payment, that they had no choice but either to pay or be the creditor's slave. In this juncture, the commons leave the city in mutiny and discontent, and will not return but upon condition to be acquitted of all their debts; and moreover, that certain magistrates be chosen yearly,

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whose business it shall be to defend the commons from injuries. These are called tribunes of the people; their persons are held sacred and inviolable, and the people bind themselves by oath never to abrogate the office. By these tribunes, in process of time, the people were grossly imposed on to serve the turns and occasions of revengeful or ambitious men, and to commit such exorbitancies as could not end but in the dissolution of the government.

These tribunes, a year or two after their institution, kindled great dissensions between the nobles and the commons on the account of Coriolanus, a nobleman whom the latter had impeached, and the consequences of whose impeachment (if I had not confined myself to Grecian examples for that part of my subject) had like to have been so fatal to their state. And from this time the tribunes began a custom of accusing to the people whatever nobles they pleased, several of whom were banished or put to death in every age.

At this time the Romans were very much engaged in wars with their neighboring states; but upon the least intervals of peace, the quarrels between the nobles and the plebeians would revive; and one of the most frequent subjects of their differences was the conquered lands, which the commons would fain have divided among the public; but the senate could not be brought to give their consent. For, several of the wisest among the nobles began to apprehend the growing power of the people; and, therefore, knowing what an accession thereof would accrue to them by such an addition of property, used all means to prevent it: for this the Appian family was most noted, and thereupon most hated by the commons. One of them, having made a speech against this division of lands, was impeached by the people of high treason, and a day appointed for his trial; but disdaining to make his defence, he chose rather the usual Roman remedy of killing himself: after whose death the commons prevailed, and the lands were divided among them.

This point was no sooner gained but new dissensions began; for the plebeians would fain have a law enacted to lay all men's rights and privileges upon the same level; and to enlarge the power of every magistrate within his own jurisdiction, as much as that of the consuls. The tribunes also obtained to have their numbers doubled, which before was five: and the author tells us that their insolence and power increased with their number, and the seditions were also doubled with it. [Dionys. Halicar.]

By the beginning of the fourth century from the building of Rome, the tribunes proceeded so far in the name of the commons

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as to accuse and fine the consuls themselves, who represented the kingly power. And the senate, observing how in all contentions they were forced to yield to the tribunes and people, thought it their wisest course to give way also to time; therefore a decree was made to send ambassadors to Athens and to the other Grecian commonwealths planted in that part of Italy called Græcia Major, to make a collection of the best laws; out of which, and some of their own, a new complete body of law was formed, afterward known by the name of the laws of the twelve tables.

To digest these laws into order, ten men were chosen, and the administration of all affairs left in their hands; what use they made of it has been already shown. It was certainly a great revolution, produced entirely by the many unjust encroachments of the people, and might have wholly changed the fate of Rome, if the folly and vice of those who were chiefly concerned could have suffered it to take root.

A few years after, the commons made further advances on the power of the nobles; demanding, among the rest, that the consulship, which hitherto had only been disposed to the former, should now lie in common to the pretensions of any Roman whatsoever. This, though it failed at present, yet afterward obtained, and was a mighty step to the ruin of the commonwealth.

What I have hitherto said of Rome has been chiefly collected out of that exact and diligent writer Dionysius Halicarnassus, whose history, through the injury of time, reaches no farther than to the beginning of the fourth century after the building of Rome. The rest I shall supply from other authors, though I do not think it necessary to deduce this matter any further so very particularly as I have hitherto done. To point at what time the balance of power was most equally held between the lords and commons in Rome would perhaps admit a controversy. Polybius tells us [Fragm. lib. 6] that in the second Punic war the Carthaginians were declining, because the balance was got too much on the side of the people; whereas the Romans were in their greatest vigor by the power remaining in the senate: yet this was between two and three hundred years after the period Dionysius ends with, in which time the commons had made several farther acquisitions. This however must be granted, that (till about the middle of the fourth century) when the senate appeared resolute at any time upon exerting their authority, and adhered closely together, they did often carry their point. Besides, it is observed by the best authors [Dionys. Hal., Plutarch,

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&c.] that in all the quarrels and tumults at Rome, from the expulsion of the kings, though the people frequently proceeded to rude contumelious language, and sometimes so far as to pull and hale one another about the forum, yet no blood was ever drawn in any popular commotions till the time of the Gracchi: however, I am of opinion that the balance had begun many years before to lean to the popular side. But this default was corrected, partly by the principle just mentioned, of never drawing blood in a tumult; partly by the warlike genius of the people, which, in those ages, was almost perpetually employed; and partly by their great commanders, who, by the credit they had in their armies, fell into the scales as a further counterpoise to the growing power of the people. Besides, Polybius, who lived in the time of Scipio Africanus the younger, had the same apprehensions of the continual encroachments made by the commons, and being a person of as great abilities and as much sagacity as any of his age, from observing the corruptions which, he says, had already entered into the Roman constitution, did very nearly foretell what would be the issue of them. His words are very remarkable, and with little addition may be rendered to this purpose: "That those abuses and corruptions which in time destroy a government are sown along with the very seeds of it, and both grow up together; and that, as rust eats away iron, and worms devour wood, and both are a sort of plagues born and bred along with the substance they destroy, so, with every form and scheme of government that man can invent, some vice or corruption creeps in with the very institution, which grows up along with and at last destroys it." [Lib. 5.] The same author, in another place, ventures so far as to guess at the particular fate which would attend the Roman government. He says its ruin would arise from the popular tumults, which would introduce a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, wherein it is certain he had reason, and therefore might have adventured to pursue his conjectures so far as to the consequences of a popular tyranny, which, as perpetual experience teaches, never fails to be followed by the arbitrary government of a single person. [Fragm. lib. 6.]

About the middle of the fourth century from the building of Rome, it was declared lawful for nobles and plebeians to intermarry, which custom, among many other states, has proved the most effectual means to ruin the former, and raise the latter.

And now the greatest employments in the state were, one after another, by laws forcibly enacted by the commons, made free to the

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people; the consulship itself, the office of censor, that of the quæstors or commissioners of the treasury, the office of prætor or chief-justice, the priesthood, and even that of dictator; the senate, after long opposition, yielding, merely for present quiet, to the continual urging clamors of the commons, and of the tribunes their advocates. A law was likewise enacted that the *plebiscita*, or a vote of the house of commons, should be of universal obligation; nay, in time the method of enacting laws was wholly inverted, for, whereas the senate used of old to confirm the *plebiscita*, the people did at last, as they pleased, confirm or disannul the *senatus consulta*. [Dionys. lib. 2.]

Appius Claudius brought in a custom of admitting to the senate the sons of freedmen, or of such who had once been slaves, by which, and succeeding alterations of the like nature, that great council degenerated into a most corrupt and factious body of men, divided against itself, and its authority became despised.

The century and half following, to the end of the third Punic war by the destruction of Carthage, was a very busy period at Rome, the intervals between every war being so short that the tribunes and people had hardly leisure or breath to engage in domestic dissensions; however, the little time they could spare was generally employed the same way. So, Terentius Leo, a tribune, is recorded to have basely prostituted the privileges of a Roman citizen in perfect spite to the nobles. So, the great African Scipio and his brother, after all their mighty services, were impeached by an ungrateful commons.

However, the warlike genius of the people and continual employment they had for it served to divert this humor from running into a head, till the age of the Gracchi.

These persons, entering the scene in the time of a full peace, fell violently upon advancing the power of the people, by reducing into practice all those encroachments which they had been so many years gaining. There were at that time certain conquered lands to be divided, besides a great private estate left by a king; these the tribunes, by procurement of the elder Gracchus, declared by their legislative authority were not to be disposed of by the nobles, but by the commons only. The younger brother pursued the same design; and, besides, obtained a law, that all Italians should vote at elections as well as the citizens of Rome: in short, the whole endeavors of them both perpetually turned upon retrenching the nobles' authority in all things, but especially in the matter of judicature. And though

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they both lost their lives in those pursuits, yet they traced out such ways as were afterward followed by Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar, to the ruin of the Roman freedom and greatness.

For in the time of Marius, Taturninus, a tribune, procured a law, that the senate should be bound by oath to agree to whatever the people would enact; and Marius himself, while he was in that office of tribune, is recorded to have with great industry used all endeavors for depressing the nobles and raising the people, particularly for cramping the former in their power of judicature, which was their most ancient inherent right.

Sylla, by the same measure, became absolute tyrant of Rome; he added three hundred commons to the senate, which perplexed the power of the whole order, and rendered it ineffectual; then, flinging off the mask, he abolished the office of tribune, as being only a scaffold to tryanny, whereof he had no further use.

As to Pompey and Cæsar, Plutarch tells us that their union for pulling down the nobles (by their credit with the people) was the cause of the civil war, which ended in the tyranny of the latter, both of them in their consulships having used all endeavors and occasions for sinking the authority of the patricians, and giving way to all encroachments of the people, wherein they expected best to find their own account.

From this deduction of popular encroachments in Rome, the reader will easily judge how much the balance was fallen upon that side. Indeed, by this time the very foundation was removed, and it was a moral impossibility that the republic could subsist any longer, for the commons having usurped the offices of state, and trampled on the senate, there was no government left but a *dominatio plebis.* Let us therefore examine how they proceeded in this conjuncture.

I think it is a universal truth, that the people are much more dexterous at pulling down and setting up than at preserving what is fixed; and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain. For, although in their corrupt notions of divine worship they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time of their own creation, whose oar they pull with less murmuring, and much more skill, than when they share the lading, or even hold the helm.

The several provinces of the Roman empire were now governed by the great men of their state; those upon the frontiers, with

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powerful armies, either for conquest or defence. These governors, upon any designs of revenge or ambition, were sure to meet with a divided power at home, and therefore bent all their thoughts and applications to close in with the people, who were now by many degrees the stronger party. Two of the greatest spirits that Rome ever produced happened to live at the same time, and to be engaged in the same pursuit, and this at a conjuncture the most dangerous for such a contest; these were Pompey and Cæsar, two stars of such a magnitude that their conjunction was as likely to be fatal as their opposition.

The tribunes and people, having now subdued all competitors, began the last game of a prevalent populace, which is that of choosing themselves a master; while the nobles foresaw, and used all endeavors left them to prevent it. The people at first made Pompey their admiral, with full power over all the Mediterranean, soon after captain-general of all the Roman forces, and governor of Asia. Pompey, on the other side, restored the office of tribune, which Sylla had put down, and in his consulship procured a law for examining into the miscarriages of men in office or command for twenty years past. Many other examples of Pompey's popularity are left us on record, who was a perfect favorite of the people, and designed to be more, but his pretensions grew stale for want of a timely opportunity of introducing them upon the stage. For Cæsar, with his legions in Gaul, was a perpetual check upon his designs; and in the arts of pleasing the people did soon after get many lengths beyond him. For he tells us himself that the senate, by a bold effort, having made some severe decrees against his proceedings, and against the tribunes, these all left the city and went over to his party, and consequently along with them the affections and interests of the people, which is further manifest from the accounts he gives us of the citizens in several towns mutinying against their commanders, and delivering both to his devotion. Besides, Cæsar's public and avowed pretensions for beginning the civil war were, to restore the tribunes and the people, oppressed (as he pretended) by the nobles.

This forced Pompey, against his inclinations, upon the necessity of changing sides, for fear of being forsaken by both; and of closing in with the senate and chief magistrates, by whom he was chosen general against Cæsar.

Thus at length the senate (at least the primitive part of them, the nobles) under Pompey, and the commons under Cæsar, came to

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a final decision of the long quarrels between them. For, I think, the ambition of private men did by no means begin or occasion this war; though civil dissensions never fail of introducing and spiriting the ambition of private men; who thus become indeed the great instruments for deciding such quarrels, and at last are sure to seize on the prize. But no man that sees a flock of vultures hovering over two armies ready to engage can justly charge the blood drawn in the battle to them, though the carcases fall to their share. For, while the balance of power is equally held, the ambition of private men, whether orators or great commanders, gives neither danger nor fear, nor can possibly enslave their country; but that once broken, the divided parties are forced to unite each to its head, under whose conduct or fortune one side is at first victorious, and at last both are slaves.

And to put it past dispute that this entire subversion of the Roman liberty and constitution was altogether owing to those measures which had broke the balance between the patricians and plebeians, whereof the ambition of particular men was but an effect and consequence, we need only consider that, when the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore the former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own dispositions, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery. Else, how could such a profligate as Antony, or a boy of eighteen, like Octavius, ever dare to dream of giving the law to such an empire and people? wherein the latter succeeded, and entailed the vilest tyranny that heaven, in its anger, ever inflicted on a corrupt and poisoned people. And this, with so little appearance at Cæsar's death, that when Cicero wrote to Brutus how he had prevailed by his credit with Octavius to promise him (Brutus) pardon and security for his person, that great Roman received the notice with the utmost indignity, and returned Cicero an answer, yet upon record, full of the highest resentment and contempt for such an offer, and from such a hand.

Here ended all show or shadow of liberty in Rome. Here was the repository of all the wise contentions and struggles for power between the nobles and commons, lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula, a Tiberius and a Domitian.

Let us now see, from this deduction of particular impeachments

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and general dissensions in Greece and Rome, what conclusions may naturally be formed for instruction of any other state that may haply upon many points labor under the like circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON the subject of impeachments we may observe that the custom of accusing the nobles to the people, either by themselves or their orators (now styled an impeachment in the name of the commons), has been very ancient both in Greece and Rome, as well as Carthage, and therefore may seem to be the inherent right of a free people; nay, perhaps it is really so; but then it is to be considered, first, that this custom was peculiar to republics, or such states where the administration lay principally in the hands of the commons, and ever raged more or less according to their encroachments upon absolute power; having been always looked upon by the wisest men and best authors of those times as an effect of licentiousness, and not of liberty; a distinction which no multitude, either represented or collective, has been at any time very nice in observing. However, perhaps this custom in a popular state, of impeaching particular men, may seem to be nothing else but the people's choosing upon occasion to exercise their own jurisdiction in person; as if a king of England should sit as chief justice in his court of king's bench; which, they say, in former times he sometimes did. But in Sparta, which was called a kingly government, though the people were perfectly free, yet, because the administration was in the two kings and the ephori, with the assistance of the senate, we read of no impeachments by the people; nor was the process against great men either upon account of ambition or ill conduct, though it reached sometimes to kings themselves, ever formed that way, as I can recollect, but only passed through those hands where the administration lay. So likewise, during the regal government in Rome, though it was instituted a mixed monarchy, and the people made great advances in power, yet I do not remember to have read of one impeachment from the commons against a patrician, until the consular state began and the people had made great encroachments upon the administration.

Another thing to be considered is, that, allowing this right of impeachment to be as inherent as they please, yet, if the commons have been perpetually mistaken in the merits of the causes and the

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persons, as well as in the consequences of such impeachments upon the peace of the state, we cannot conclude less than that the commons in Greece and Rome (whatever they may be in other states) were by no means qualified, either as prosecutors or judges in such matters; and, therefore, that it would have been prudent to have reserved these privileges dormant, never to be produced but upon very great and urging occasions, where the state is in apparent danger, the universal body of the people in clamors against the administration, and no other remedy in view. But for a few popular orators or tribunes, upon the score of personal piques; or to employ the pride they conceive in seeing themselves at the head of a party; or as a method for advancement; or moved by certain powerful arguments that could make Demosthenes Philippize: for such men, I say, when the state would of itself gladly be quiet, and has, besides, affairs of the last importance upon the anvil, to impeach Miltiades, after a great naval victory, for not pursuing the Persian fleet; to impeach Aristides, the person most versed among them in the knowledge and practice of their laws, for a blind suspicion of his acting in an arbitrary way, that is, as they expound it, not in concert with the people; to impeach Pericles, after all his services, for a few inconsiderable accounts; or to impeach Phocion, who had been guilty of no other crime but negotiating a treaty for the peace and security of his country: what could the continuance of such proceedings end in but the utter discouragement of all virtuous actions and persons, and consequently in the ruin of a state? Therefore the historians of those ages seldom fail to set this matter in all its lights, leaving us in the highest and most honorable ideas of those persons who suffered by the persecution of the people, together with the fatal consequences they had, and how the persecutors seldom failed to repent when it was too late.

These impeachments perpetually falling upon many of the best men both in Greece and Rome are a cloud of witnesses and examples enough to discourage men of virtue and abilities from engaging in the service of the public; and help, on the other side, to introduce the ambitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill designing; who are as apt to be bold, and forward, and meddling, as the former are to be cautious, and modest, and reserved. This was so well known in Greece, that an eagerness after empolyments in the state was looked upon by wise men as the worst title a man could set up, and made Plato say, "That if all men were as good as they ought to be, the quarrel in a commonwealth would be, not as it is

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now, who should be ministers of state, but who should not be so." And Socrates is introduced by Xenophon [Lib. Memorab.] severely chiding a friend of his for not entering into the public service when he was every way qualified for it: such a backwardness there was at that time among good men to engage with a usurping people and a set of pragmatical ambitious orators. And Diodorus tells us, that when the petalism was erected at Syracuse, in imitation of the ostracism at Athens, it was so notoriously levelled against all who had either birth or merit to recommend them, that whoever possessed either withdrew for fear, and would have no concern in public affairs. So that the people themselves were forced to abrogate it, for fear of bringing all things into confusion. (Lib. 2.)

There is one thing more to be observed, wherein all the popular impeachments in Greece and Rome seem to have agreed; and that was a notion they had of being concerned in point of honor to condemn whatever person they impeached, however frivolous the articles were upon which they began, or however weak the surmises whereon they were to proceed in their proofs. For, to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate to which all popular accusations are subject; though I should think that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a state nothing is more dangerous or unwise than to give way to the first steps of popular encroachments, which is usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet from some vexatious clamor, or else made merchandise, and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a constitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present exigency: the remedy of an empiric to stifle the present pain, but with certain prospect of sudden and terrible returns. When a child grows easy and content by being humored, and when a lover becomes satisfied by small compliances without further pursuits, then

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expect to find popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there could one single example be brought from the whole compass of history of any one popular assembly, who, after beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with a certain share; or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due; then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates: but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state than a steady constant resolution in those to whom the rest of the balance is intrusted never to give way so far to popular clamors as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way.

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated.

Another consequence is this, that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, beside that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves, I mean popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Whence it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual.

Again, in all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown that, although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant,

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whose state and power they advance to their own ruin with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

CHAPTER V.

SOME reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so intricately engaged, gave occasion to this discourse. I am not conscious that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude without adding some particular remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a commonplace: that all forms of government, having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited, as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred that hasten its end; which would, however, be a very useful inquiry. For, though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of Heaven, or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humor that is lurking within: and by these, and other such methods, render a state long-lived though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought that, if it were practicable to keep the several humors of the body in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal, and so perhaps would a political body if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as impossible in practice as the other.

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period of a state approaches, when a concurrence of many circumstances, both within and without, unite toward its ruin; while the whole body of the people are either stupidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to those very practices that are working their destruction. To see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before; to observe opposite parties, who can agree in nothing else, yet firmly united in such

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measures as must certainly ruin their country; in short, to be encompassed with the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by many virulent factions from within; then to be secure and senseless under all this, and to make it the very least of our concern; these, and some others that might be named, appear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a state of a sickness unto death.

> Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans:
> Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa. — LUCRET.

There are some conjunctures wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable in its consequences than it would be in others. And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis than at a time when some prince in the neighborhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or at least dismember, its dying carcase; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well there is a set of sanguine tempers who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths that the people of England are of a genius and temper never to admit slavery among them; and they are furnished with a great many commonplaces upon that subject. But it seems to me that such discoursers do reason upon short views and a very moderate compass of thought. For I think it a great error to count upon the genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Europe where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of government than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humor and conversation, their diet and their complexion; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

Since the Norman conquest the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned; the part which the commons had in it (that most disputed point) in its original progress and extent was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable share. Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress. The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands, in the reign of

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Henry the Seventh, was a mighty addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeys; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead, who, in a few years, became possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in England, which, under the name of Puritan, began to grow popular, by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow the constitution, and, according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after, the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the reigns of two weak princes [Charles II. and James II.], is a subject of a different nature; when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the depth of popularity, and I doubt to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta.* But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and themselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation that the author of the Oceana[1] never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribune will not venture to affirm at present that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few: and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? The raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, are put together in holy writ, and it is God alone who can say to either, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther."

[1] Mr. James Harrington, who published a scheme of government entitled "The Commonwealth of Oceana."

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The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new house of lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And, indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter, "What dost thou make?" But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results which have, at certain times, fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which if there be any exception, it must be of such assemblies who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates without unbecoming warmths or influence from particular leaders and inflamers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions, are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these and other methods of the like nature must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled, in common phrase, leading men and parties. And, therefore, when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterward raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and understanding; I do allow that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures, would arise and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because this must be said in behalf

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of humankind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual that they could never procure a majority if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.* Whether those who are leaders usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct or secret composition of their nature or influence of the stars than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the leader is once fixed, there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep (*imitatores, servum pecus*), that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest. Besides, when parties are once formed, the stragglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant, that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them; and where to be much considered, requires only to be very violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a state; and I would be glad any partisan would help me to a tolerable reason, that, because Clodius and Curio happen to agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all: or, to state it at best, that, because Bibulus, the party-man, is persuaded that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end, therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus and the rest of the herd to say, without further examining, I am of the side with Clodius, or I vote with Curio? Are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borne away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? That Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity both of human nature and human reason to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented as it was of old in the commons collective,

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together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons (and I suppose that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures, by advancing private schemes), that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration to be made should step out and do it with a rope about his neck; if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went into the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please, but I am deceived if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits who disturb assemblies and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves; for, I think, there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbors. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But when he is got near the walls of his assembly he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs; he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person, of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed but digested before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all his sentiments, and

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acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope that, during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend awhile their acquired complexions, and, taught by the calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped; to reflect that they have been authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a house of commons to lose the universal favor of the numbers they represent; to observe how those whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness sake have been openly caressed by the people; and to remember how themselves sate in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals upon their shoulders who were hated by God and man. For it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons is an accident that, if it last awhile, might be improved to good uses for settling the balance of power a little more upon an equality than their late measures seem to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and therefore cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is a great love and sense of gratitude in the people toward their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time they have begun to say and to fetch instances where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humors may last (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude), or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it comes to pass that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more

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power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavor still for more, I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us from what they did in Greece and Rome.

There is one thing I must needs add, though I reckon it will appear to many a very unreasonable paradox. When the act passed some years ago against bribing of elections, I remember to have said upon occasion, to some persons of both houses, that we should be very much deceived in the consequences of that act: and upon some discourse of the conveniences of it, and the contrary (which will admit reasoning enough), they seemed to be of the same opinion. It has appeared since that our conjectures were right: for I think the late parliament was the first-fruits of that act; the proceedings whereof, as well as of the present, have been such as to make many persons wish that things were upon the old foot in that matter. Whether it be that so great a reformation was too many degrees beyond so corrupt an age as this, or that, according to the present turn and disposition of men in our nation, it were a less abuse to bribe elections than leave them to the discretion of the choosers. This at least was Cato's opinion when things in Rome were at a crisis much resembling ours; who is recorded to have gone about with great industry, dealing money among the people to favor Pompey (as I remember) upon a certain election in opposition to Cæsar; and he excused himself in it upon the necessities of the occasion and the corruptions of the people: an action that might well have excused Cicero's censure of him, that he reasoned and acted *tanquam in Republicâ Platonis, non in fæce Romuli.* However it be, it is certain that the talents which qualify a man for the service of his country in parliament are very different from those which give him a dexterity at making his court to the people, and do not often meet in the same subject. Then for the moral part, the difference is inconsiderable; and whoever practises upon the weakness and vanity of the people is guilty of an immoral action as much as if he did it upon their avarice. Besides, the two trees may be judged by their fruits. The former produces a set of popular men, fond of their own merits and abilities, their opinions and their eloquence, whereas the bribing of elections, though a great and shameful evil, seems to be at present but an ill means of keeping things upon the old foot, by leaving the defence of our properties

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chiefly in the hands of those who will be the greatest sufferers whenever they are endangered. It is easy to observe in the late and present parliament that several boroughs and some counties have been represented by persons who little thought to have ever had such hopes before: and how far this may proceed when such a way is laid open for the exercise and encouragement of popular arts one may best judge from the consequences that the same causes produced both in Athens and Rome. For, let speculative men reason or rather refine as they please, it ever will be true among us, that as long as men engage in the public service upon private ends, and whilst all pretences to a sincere Roman love of our country are looked upon as an affectation, a foppery, or a disguise (which has been a good while our case, and is likely to continue so), it will be safer to trust our property and constitution in the hands of such who have paid for their election than of those who have obtained them by servile flatteries of the people.

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THE EXAMINER.

PREFACE.

On the 3d of August, 1710, appeared the first number of "The Examiner," the ablest vindication of the measures of the queen and her new ministry. "About a dozen of these papers," Dr. Swift tells us, "written with much spirit and sharpness, some by secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it; which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death."

After the 13th number the undertaking was carried on wholly by Dr. Swift, who commenced a regular series of politics with No. 14, Nov. 2, 1710. "Get the Examiners," he says to Mrs. Johnson, "and read them. The last nine or ten are full of the reasons of the late change and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction." — It appears, however, by a subsequent letter, Feb. 9, that "Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed to be author of it; but one of the last papers," Swift adds, "cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but those few in the secret; I suppose the ministry and the printer."

Having completed the design which first engaged him in the undertaking with No. 45, June 7, 1711, Dr. Swift then took his leave of the town in the last paragraph of that number, and on the same day wrote thus to Mrs. Johnson: "As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what *this* parliament have done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future. Methinks, in this day's Examiner the author speaks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all."

From this time Swift had no farther concern with the publication, except by assisting in the single number of the succeeding week.

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No. 14.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

—— longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long;
Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

It is a practice I have generally followed to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties; and it was never without some contempt that I have observed persons wholly out of employment affect to do otherwise. I doubted whether any man could owe so much to the side he was of, although he were retained by it; but without some great point of interest, either in possession or prospect, I thought it was the mark of a low and narrow spirit.

It is hard that for some weeks past I have been forced, in my own defence, to follow a proceeding that I have so much condemned in others. But several of my acquaintance among the declining party are grown so insufferably peevish and splenetic, profess such violent apprehensions for the public, and represent the state of things in such formidable ideas, that I find myself disposed to share in their afflictions, although I know them to be groundless and imaginary, or, which is worse, purely affected. To offer them comfort one by one would be not only an endless, but a disobliging task. Some of them, I am convinced, would be less melancholy if there were more occasion. I shall, therefore, instead of hearkening to further complaints, employ some part of this paper for the future in letting such men see that their natural or acquired fears are ill founded, and their artificial ones as ill intended; that all our present inconveniences are the consequence of the very counsels they so much admire, which would still have increased if those had continued; and that neither our constitution in church or state could probably have been long preserved without such methods as have been already taken.

The late revolutions at court have given room to some specious objections, which I have heard repeated by well-meaning men, just as they had taken them up on the credit of others who have worse designs. They wonder the queen would choose to change her ministry at this juncture, and thereby give uneasiness to a general who hath been so long successful abroad, and might think himself in-

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jured, if the entire ministry were not of his own nomination; that there were few complaints of any consequence against the late men in power, and none at all in parliament, which, on the contrary, passed votes in favor of the chief minister; that if her majesty had a mind to introduce the other party, it would have been more seasonable after a peace, which now we have made desperate, by spiriting the French, who rejoice in these changes, and by the fall of our credit, which unqualifies us for carrying on the war; that the parliament, so untimely dissolved, had been diligent in their supplies and dutiful in their behavior; that one consequence of these changes appears already in the fall of the stocks; that we may soon expect more and worse; and lastly, that all this naturally tends to break the settlement of the crown, and call over the pretender.

These and the like notions are plentifully scattered abroad by the malice of a ruined party, to render the queen and her administration odious, and to inflame the nation. And these are what upon occasion I shall endeavor to overthrow by discovering the falseheod and absurdity of them.

It is a great unhappiness when, in a government constituted like ours, it should be so brought about that the continuance of a war must be for the interest of vast numbers (civil as well as military), who otherwise would have been as unknown as their original. I think our present condition of affairs is admirably described by two verses in Lucan:

> Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore fœnus,
> Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum:

which, without any great force upon the words, may be thus translated:

Hence are derived those exorbitant interests and annuities; hence those large discounts for advance and prompt payment; hence public credit is shaken; and hence great numbers find their profit in prolonging the war.

It is odd that among a free trading people, as we call ourselves, there should so many be found to close in with those counsels, who have been ever averse from all overtures towards a peace: but yet there is no great mystery in the matter. Let any man observe the equipages in this town, he shall find the greater number of those who make a figure to be a species of men quite different from any that were ever known before the Revolution; consisting either of generals and colonels, or of those whose whole fortunes lie in funds and stocks; so that power, which, according to the old maxim, was

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used to follow land, is now gone over to money; and the country gentleman is in the condition of a young heir, out of whose estate a scrivener receives half the rents for interest, and has a mortgage on the whole; and is therefore always ready to feed his vices and extravagances while there is anything left. So that, if the war continues some years longer, a landed man will be little better than a farmer of a rack-rent to the army and to the public funds.

It may perhaps be worth inquiring from what beginnings, and by what steps, we have been brought into this desperate condition: and in search of this we must run up as high as the Revolution.

Most of the nobility and gentry, who invited over the prince of Orange, or attended him in his expedition, were true lovers of their country and its constitution in church and state; and were brought to yield to these breaches in the succession of the crown out of a regard to the necessity of the kingdom and the safety of the people, which did and could only make them lawful; but without intention of drawing such a practice into precedent, or making it a standing measure by which to proceed in all times to come: and therefore we find their counsels ever tended to keep things as much as possible in the old course. But soon after, an under set of men, who had nothing to lose, and had neither borne the burden nor heat of the day, found means to whisper in the king's ear that the principles of loyalty in the church of England were wholly inconsistent with the Revolution. Hence began the early practice of caressing the dissenters, reviling the universities as maintainers of arbitrary power, and reproaching the clergy with the doctrines of divine right, passive obedience, and non-resistance. At the same time, in order to fasten wealthy people to the new government, they proposed those pernicious expedients of borrowing money by vast premiums, and at extortionate interest: a practice as old as Eumenes, one of Alexander's captains, who, setting up for himself after the death of his master, persuaded his principal officers to lend him great sums, after which they were forced to follow him for their own security.

This introduced a number of new dexterous men into business and credit. It was argued that the war could not last above two or three campaigns, and that it was easier for the subjects to raise a fund for paying interest than to tax them annually to the full expense of the war. Several persons who had small or encumbered estates sold them, and turned their money into those funds, to great advantage: merchants, as well as other moneyed men, finding trade was dangerous, pursued the same method. But the war continuing,

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and growing more expensive, taxes were increased, and funds multiplied every year, till they have arrived at the monstrous height we now behold them; and that which was at first a corruption is at last grown necessary, and what every good subject must now fall in with, although he may be allowed to wish it might soon have an end; because it is with a kingdom as with a private fortune, where every new incumbrance adds a double weight. By this means the wealth of a nation, that used to be reckoned by the value of land, is now computed by the rise and fall of stocks: and although the foundation of credit be still the same, and upon a bottom that can never be shaken, and although all interest be duly paid by the public, yet, through the contrivance and cunning of stock-jobbers, there has been brought in such a complication of knavery and cozenage, such a mystery of iniquity, and such an unintelligible jargon of terms to involve it in, as were never known in any other age or country in the world. I have heard it affirmed, by persons skilled in these calculations, that, if the funds appropriated to the payment of interest and annuities were added to the yearly taxes, and the four-shilling aid strictly exacted in all counties of the kingdom, it would very near, if not fully, supply the occasions of the war, at least such a part as, in the opinion of very able persons, had been at that time prudent not to exceed. For I make it a question whether any wise prince or state, in the continuance of a war which was not purely defensive, or immediately at his own door, did ever propose that his expense should perpetually exceed what he was able to impose annually upon his subjects. Neither, if the war last many years longer, do I see how the next generation will be able to begin another; which, in the course of human affairs, and according to the various interests and ambition of princes, may be as necessary for them as it has been for us. And if our fathers had left us deeply involved, as we are likely to leave our children, I appeal to any man what sort of figure we should have been able to make these twenty years past. Besides, neither our enemies nor allies are upon the same foot with us in this particular. France and Holland, our nearest neighbors, and the farthest engaged, will much sooner recover themselves after a war: the first, by the absolute power of the prince, who, being master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, will quickly find expedients to pay his debts; and so will the other, by their prudent administration, the greatness of their trade, their wonderful parsimony, the willingness of their people to undergo all kind of taxes, and their justice in applying as well as collecting

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them. But above all we are to consider that France and Holland fight on the continent, either upon or near their own territories, and the greatest part of the money circulates among themselves, whereas ours crosses the sea, either to Flanders, Spain, or Portugal; and every penny of it, whether in specie or returns, is so much lost to the nation for ever.

Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the queen to lay hold of the disposition of the people for changing the parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself as soon as possible out of the pupilage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt but the ensuing parliament will assist her majesty with the utmost vigor, until her enemies again be brought to sue for peace, and again offer such terms as will make it both honorable and lasting; only with this difference, that the ministry perhaps will not again refuse them.

Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara, Juventus. HOR. book i. Ode 2.

No. 15.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
Vanaque Lætitia est, consternatique Timores,
Seditioque recens, dubioque auctore Susurri.

With idle tales this fills our empty ears;
The next reports what from the first he hears:
The rolling fictions grow in strength and size,
Each author adding to the former lies.
Here vain Credulity, with new desires,
Leads us astray, and groundless joy inspires;
The dubious whispers, tumults fresh design'd,
And chilling fears astound the anxious mind.

I AM prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an "essay upon the Art of Political Lying." We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of

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his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like the great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the great giants were overthrown by the gods, the Earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumors and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying their art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it

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comes into the world without a sting, it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting, it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain: has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a black-moor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second-sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colors of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary, according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man (earl of Wharton) famous for his talent, to the constant

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practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him, by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers: and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no further occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresentations,

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have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others, who, by their credit, quality, and fortune, were only able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaded with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections and influencing distant boroughs by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; when we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people I shall discourse more at large in some following paper: wherein I shall endeavor to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons who hope or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover; whereas, I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequenees; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

No. 16.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

——— medioque ut limite curras,
Icare, ait, moneo: ne si demissior ibis,
Unda gravet pennas: si celsior, ignis adurat

——— My boy, take care
To wing thy course along the middle air:
If low, the surges wet thy flagging plumes;
If high, the sun the melting wax consumes.

It must be avowed that for some years past there have been few things more wanted in England than such a paper as this ought to

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be: and such I will endeavor to make it as long as it shall be found of any use, without entering into the violences of either party. Considering the many grievous misrepresentations of persons and things, it is highly requisite at this juncture that the people throughout the kingdom should, if possible, be set right in their opinions by some impartial hand, which has never been yet attempted; those who have hitherto undertaken it being, upon every account, the least qualified of all human kind for such work.

We live here under a limited monarchy, and under the doctrine and discipline of an excellent church. We are unhappily divided into two parties, both which pretend a mighty zeal for our religion and government, only they disagree about the means. The evils we must fence against are, on one side, fanaticism and infidelity in religion, and anarchy, under the name of a commonwealth, in government; on the other side, popery, slavery, and the pretender from France. Now, to inform and direct us in our sentiments upon these weighty points, here are, on one side, two stupid illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession, I mean the Review and Observator; on the other side, we have an open Nonjuror, whose character and person, as well as learning and good sense, discovered upon other subjects, do indeed deserve respect and esteem; but his Rehearsal and the rest of his political papers are yet more pernicious than those of the former two. If the generality of the people know not how to talk or think until they have read their lesson in the papers of the week, what a misfortune is it that their duty should be conveyed to them through such vehicles as those! For, let some gentlemen think what they please, I cannot but suspect that the two worthies I first mentioned have, in a degree, done mischief among us; the mock authoritative manner of the one, and the insipid mirth of the other, however insupportable to reasonable ears, being of a level with great numbers among the lowest part of mankind. Neither was the author of the Rehearsal, while he continued that paper, less infectious to many persons of better figure, who, perhaps, were as well qualified, and much less prejudiced, to judge for themselves.

It was this reason that moved me to take the matter out of those rough as well as those dirty hands; to let the remote and uninstructed part of the nation see that they have been misled on both sides by mad ridiculous extremes, at a wide distance on each side of the truth; while the right path is so broad and plain as to be easily kept if they were once put into it.

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Further: I had lately entered on a resolution to take little notice of other papers, unless it were such where the malice and falsehood had so great a mixture of wit and spirit as would make them dangerous; which, in the present circle of scribblers, from twelvepence to a halfpenny, I could easily foresee would not very frequently occur. But here again I am forced to dispense with my resolution, although it be only to tell my reader what measures I am likely to take on such occasions for the future. I was told that the paper called The Observator was twice filled last week with remarks upon a late Examiner. These I read with the first opportunity, and, to speak in the news-writers' phrase, they gave me occasion for many speculations. I observed with singular pleasure the nature of those things which the owners of them usually call answers, and with what dexterity this matchless author had fallen into the whole art and cant of them. To transcribe here and there three or four detached lines of least weight in a discourse, and by a foolish comment mistake every syllable of the meaning, is what I have known many, of a superior class to this formidable adversary, entitle an Answer. This is what he has exactly done, in about thrice as many words as my whole discourse; which is so mighty an advantage over me, that I shall by no means engage in so unequal a combat; but, as far as I can judge of my own temper, entirely dismiss him for the future; heartily wishing he had a match exactly of his own size to meddle with, who should only have the odds of truth and honesty, which, as I take it, would be an effectual way to silence him for ever. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear a short story of a fanatic farmer, who lived in my neighborhood, and was so great a disputant in religion that the servants in all the families thereabouts reported how he had confuted the bishop and all his clergy. I had then a footman who was fond of reading the Bible; and I borrowed a comment for him, which he studied so close that in a month or two I thought him a match for the farmer. They disputed at several houses, with a ring of servants and other people always about them; where Ned explained his texts so full and clear to the capacity of his audience, and showed the insignificancy of his adversary's cant to the meanest understanding, that he got the whole country on his side, and the farmer was cured of his itch of disputation for ever after.

The worst of it is, that this sort of outrageous party-writers I have spoken of above are like a couple of makebates, who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories, and, by keeping friends at a distance, hinder them from coming to a good understanding, as

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they certainly would if they were suffered to meet and debate between themselves; for let any one examine a reasonable honest man, of either side, upon those opinions in religion and government which both parties daily buffet each other about, he shall hardly find one material point in difference between them. I would be glad to ask a question about two great men of the late ministry, how they came to be Whigs? and by what figure of speech half a dozen others, lately put into great employments, can be called Tories? I doubt whoever would suit the definition to the persons, must make it directly contrary to what we understood it at the time of the Revolution.

In order to remove these misapprehensions among us, I believe it will be necessary, upon occasion, to detect the malice and falsehood of some popular maxims, which those idiots scatter from the press twice a-week, and draw a hundred absurd consequences from them.

For example, I have heard it often objected, as a great piece of insolence in the clergy and others, to say or hint that the church was in danger, when it was voted otherwise in parliament some years ago; and the queen herself, in her last speech, did openly condemn all such insinuations. Notwithstanding which, I did then and do still believe the church has, since that vote, been in very imminent danger; and I think I might then have said so without the least offence to her majesty or either of the two houses. The queen's words, as near as I can remember, mentioned the church being in danger from her administration; and whoever says or thinks that deserves, in my opinion, to be hanged for a traitor; but that the church and state may be both in danger, under the best princes that ever reigned, and without the least guilt of theirs, is such a truth as a man must be a great stranger to history and common sense to doubt. The wisest prince on earth may be forced by the necessity of his affairs and the present power of an unruly faction, or deceived by the craft of ill-designing men. One or two ministers, most in his confidence, may at first have good intentions, but grow corrupted by time, by avarice, by love, by ambition, and have fairer terms offered them to gratify their passions or interests from one set of men than another, until they are too far involved for a retreat, and so be forced to take seven spirits more wicked than themselves. This is a very possible case; and will not the last state of such men be worse than the first? that is to say, will not the public, which was safe at first, grow in danger by such proceedings as these? And shall a faithful subject, who foresees and

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trembles at the consequences, be called disaffected because he delivers his opinion, although the prince declares, as he justly may, that the danger is not owing to his administration? or shall the prince himself be blamed when, in such a juncture, he puts his affairs into other hands, with the universal applause of his people? As to the vote against those who should affirm the church was in danger, I think it likewise referred to danger from or under the queen's administration; for I neither have it by me, nor can suddenly have recourse to it; but, if it were otherwise, I know not how it can refer to any dangers but what were past, or at that time present; or how it could affect the future, unless the senators were all inspired, or at least that majority which voted it: neither do I see it is any crime, further than ill manners, to differ in opinion from a majority of either or both houses; and that ill manners, I must confess, I have been often guilty of for some years past, although I hope I never shall again.

Another topic of great use to these weekly inflamers is, the young pretender in France, to whom their whole party is in a high measure indebted for all their greatness; and whenever it lies in their power they may perhaps return their acknowledgments, as, out of their zeal for frequent revolutions, they were ready to do to his supposed father, which is a piece of secret history that I hope will one day see the light; and I am sure it shall if ever I am master of it, without regarding whose ears may tingle. But at present the word *pretender* is a term of art in their profession. A secretary of state cannot desire leave to resign, but the pretender is at bottom; the queen cannot dissolve a parliament, but it is a plot to dethrone herself and bring in the pretender; half-a-score stock-jobbers are playing the knave in exchange-alley, and there goes the pretender with a sponge. One would be apt to think they bawl out the pretender so often to take off the terror, or tell so many lies about him to slacken our caution, that when he is really coming, by their connivance, we may not believe them, as the boy served the shepherds about the coming of the wolf; or perhaps they scare us with the pretender because they think he may be like some diseases that come with a fright. Do they not believe that the queen's present ministry love her majesty at least as some loved the church? And why is it not as great a mark of disaffection now to say the queen is in danger, as it was some months ago to affirm the same of the church? Suppose it be a false opinion that the queen's right is hereditary and indefeasible; yet how is it possible that those who hold and believe

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such a doctrine can be in the pretender's interest? His title is weakened by every argument that strengthens hers: it is as plain as the words of an act of parliament can make it that her present majesty is heir to the survivor of the late king and queen, her sister: is not that an hereditary right? What need we explain it any further? I have known an article of faith expounded in much looser and more general terms, and that by an author whose opinions are very much followed by a certain party. Suppose we go further, and examine the word *indefeasible*, with which some writers of late have made themselves so merry; I confess it is hard to conceive how any law which the supreme power makes may not by the same power be repealed; so that I shall not determine whether the queen's right be indefeasible or not. But this I will maintain, that whoever affirms it is so is not guilty of a crime; for in that settlement of the crown after the Revolution, where her present majesty is named in remainder, there are (as near as I can remember) these remarkable words, "to which we bind ourselves and our posterity for ever." Lawyers may explain this, or call them words of form, as they please; and reasoners may argue that such an obligation is against the nature of government; but a plain reader, who takes the words in their natural meaning, may be excused in thinking a right so confirmed is indefeasible; and if there be an absurdity in such an opinion, he is not to answer for it.

P. S. When this paper was going to the press, the printer brought me two more Observators, wholly taken up in my Examiner upon lying, which I was at the pains to read; and they are just such an answer as the two others I have mentioned. This is all I have to say on that matter.

No. 17.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui sunt boni cives? Qui belli, qui domi de patriâ bene merentes, nisi qui patriæ beneficia meminerunt?

Who is the good and laudable citizen? Who in peace, or who in war, has merited the favor of his country? Who but that person who with gratitude remembers and acknowledges the favors and rewards he has already received?

I WILL employ this present paper upon a subject which of late has very much affected me, which I have considered with a good deal of application, and made several inquiries about among those persons who I thought were best able to inform me; and if I deliver

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my sentiments with some freedom, I hope it will be forgiven, while I accompany it with that tenderness which so nice a point requires.

I said in a former paper (No. 14) that one specious objection to the late removals at court was, the fear of giving uneasiness to a general who has been long successful abroad; and accordingly the common clamor of tongues and pens for some months past has run against the baseness, the inconstancy, and ingratitude of the whole kingdom to the duke of Marlborough, in return of the most eminent services thet ever were performed by a subject to his country; not to be equalled in history: and then, to be sure, some bitter stroke of detraction against Alexander and Cæsar, who never did us the least injury. Besides, the people who read Plutarch come upon us with parallels drawn from the Greeks and Romans, who ungratefully dealt with I know not how many of their most deserving generals; while the profounder politicians have seen pamphlets where Tacitus and Machiavel have been quoted to show the danger of too resplendent a merit. If a stranger should hear these serious outcries of ingratitude against our general without knowing the particulars, he would be apt to inquire where was his tomb, or whether he was allowed Christian burial? not doubting but we had put him to some ignominious death. Or has he been tried for his life, and very narrowly escaped? has he been accused of high crimes and misdemeanors? has the prince seized on his estate and left him to starve? has he been hooted at as he passed the streets by an ungrateful rabble? have neither honors, offices, nor grants, been conferred on him or his family? have not he and they been barbarously stripped of them all? have not he and his forces been ill paid abroad? and does not the prince, by a scanty limited commission, hinder him from pursuing his own methods in the conduct of the war? has he no power at all of disposing of commissions as he pleases? is he not severely used by the ministry or parliament, who yearly call him to a strict account? has the senate ever thanked him for good success, and have they not always publicly censured him for the least miscarriage?—Will the accusers of the nation join issue upon any of these particulars, or tell us in what point our damnable sin of ingratitude lies?—Why, it is plain and clear; for while he is commanding abroad, the queen dissolves her parliament and changes her ministry at home; in which universal calamity, no less than two persons allied by marriage to the general [Sunderland and Godolphin] have lost their places. Whence came this wonderful sympathy between the civil and military powers? Will the troops in Flanders refuse

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to fight unless they can have their own lord-keeper, their own lord-president of the council, their own parliament? In a kingdom where the people are free, how came they to be so fond of having their counsels under the influence of their army, or those that lead it? who, in all well-instituted states, had no commerce with the civil power, further than to receive their orders, and obey them without reserve.

When a general is not so popular, either in his army or at home, as one might expect from a long course of success, it may perhaps be ascribed to his wisdom, or perhaps to his complexion. The possession of some one quality, or defect in some other, will extremely damp the people's favor, as well as the love of the soldiers. Besides, this is not an age to produce favorites of the people, while we live under a queen who engrosses all our love and all our veneration; and where the only way for a great general or minister to acquire any degree of subordinate affection from the public must be, by all marks of the most entire submission and respect to her sacred person and commands; otherwise, no pretence of great services, either in the field or the cabinet, will be able to screen them from universal hatred.

But the late ministry was closely joined to the general by friendship, interest, alliance, inclination, and opinion; which cannot be affirmed of the present: and the ingratitude of the nation lies in the people's joining, as one man, to wish that such a ministry should be changed. Is it not, at the same time, notorious to the whole kingdom, that nothing but a tender regard to the general was able to preserve that ministry so long, until neither God nor man could suffer their continuance? Yet, in the highest ferment of things, we heard few or no reflections upon this great commander; but all seemed unanimous in wishing he might still be at the head of the confederate forces; only at the same time, in case he were resolved to resign, they chose rather to turn their thoughts somewhere else than throw up all in despair. And this I cannot but add, in defence of the people, with regard to the person we are speaking of, that in the high station he has been for many years past, his real defects (as nothing human is without them) have, in a detracting age, been very sparingly mentioned either in libels or conversation, and all successes very freely and universally applauded.

There is an active and a passive ingratitude: applying both to this occasion, we may say, the first is, when a prince or people returns good services with cruelty or ill usage; the other is, when

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good services are not at all or very meanly rewarded. We have already spoken of the former; let us therefore, in the second place, examine how the services of our general have been rewarded, and whether, upon that article, either prince or people have been guilty of ingratitude.

Those are the most valuable rewards which are given to us from the certain knowledge of the donor that they fit our temper best: I shall therefore say nothing of the title of duke, or the garter, which the queen bestowed upon the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has not been given in the face of the world. The lands of Woodstock may, I believe, be reckoned worth £40,000; on the building of Blenheim castle £200,000 have been already expended, although it be not yet near finished; the grant of £5000 per annum on the post-office is richly worth £100,000; his principality in Germany may be computed at £30,000; pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, £60,000; the grant at the Pall-mall, the rangership, &c., for want of more certain knowledge, may be called £10,000; his own and his duchess's employments at five years' value, reckoning only the known and avowed salaries, are very low rated at £100,000. Here is a good deal above half a million of money; and, I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamor of ingratitude will readily own that all this is but a trifle in comparison of what is untold.

The reason of my stating this account is only to convince the world that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the Greeks or the Romans; and in order to adjust the matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which, doing honor to the general, we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind which a victorious general received after his return from the most glorious expedition; having conquered some great kingdom; brought the king himself, his family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains; and made the kingdom either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending

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state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown, made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favorable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts; the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprimis—	£	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value half-pence apiece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

Imprimis—	£
Woodstock	40,000
Blenheim	200,000
Post-office grant	100,000
Mildenheim	30,000
Pictures, jewels, &c.	60,000
Pall-mall grant, &c.	10,000
Employments	100,000
	£540,000

This is an account of the visible profits on both sides; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations; and differ yet more upon the balance if we consider that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, also all valuable prizes taken in the war, were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

So that, upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best. And I doubt, those who raise the hideous cry of ingratitude may be mightily mistaken in the consequence

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they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus;* we find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we make more by setting too high a rate upon our pretensions, and undervaluing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in, they ought to be taxed or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands, and pressing for payment, who, when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be debtor for some hundreds. I am thinking, if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his bill of merits, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them. I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and, I dare affirm, would not be so unjust as to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article. A lady [supposed to be queen Anne] of my acquaintance appropriated twenty-six pounds a year out of her allowance, for certain uses, which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady, or her order, as it was called for. But, after eight years, it appeared, upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but four pounds a year, and sunk two-and-twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing, instead of twenty-six pounds, twenty-six thousand; and by that you may judge what the pretensions of modern merit are, where it happens to be its own paymaster.

No. 18.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

Quas res luxuries in flagitiis, avaritia in rapinis, superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset; eas omnes sese, hoc uno prætore per triennium, pertulisse aiebant.

These things were the effect of his scandalous and unbounded luxury, his insatiable avarice, his contumelious insolence. These were the sufferings of that unhappy nation, for three years, under his oppressive government.

When I first undertook this paper, I was resolved to concern myself only with things, and not with persons. Whether I have kept or broken this resolution I cannot recollect; and I will not be at the pains to examine, but leave the matter to those little antagonists who may want a topic for criticism. Thus much I have discovered, that it is in writing as in building, where, after all our schemes and calculations, we are mightily deceived in our accounts, and often

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forced to make use of any materials we can find that the work may be kept a-going. Besides, to speak my opinion, the things I have occasion to mention are so closely linked to persons, that nothing but time (the father of oblivion) can separate them. Let me put a parallel case:—Suppose I should complain that last week my coach was within an inch of overturning in a smooth even way, and drawn by very gentle horses; to be sure, all my friends would immediately lay the fault upon John [duke of Marlborough], because they knew he then presided in my coach-box. Again, suppose I should discover some uneasiness to find myself, I knew not how, over head and ears in debt, although I were sure my tenants paid their rents very well, and that I never spent half my income; they would certainly advise me to turn off Mr. Oldfox [lord Godolphin, lord-treasurer], my receiver, and take another. If, as a justice of peace, I should tell a friend that my warrants and mittimuses were never drawn up as I would have them; that I had the misfortune to send an honest man to jail and dismiss a knave; he would bid me no longer trust Charles and Harry,[1] my two clerks, whom he knew to be ignorant, wilful, assuming, and ill-inclined fellows. If I should add that my tenants made me very uneasy with their squabbles and broils among themselves, he would counsel me to cashier Will Bigamy [William earl Cowper], the seneschal of my manor. And lastly, if my neighbor and I happened to have a misunderstanding about the delivery of a message, what could I do less than strip and discard the blundering or malicious rascal who carried it? [Horatio Walpole].

It is the same thing in the conduct of public affairs, where they have been managed with rashness or wilfulness, corruption, ignorance, or injustice. Barely to relate the facts, at least while they are fresh in memory, will as much reflect upon the persons concerned, as if we had told their names at length.

I have therefore since thought of another expedient, frequently practised with great safety and success by satirical writers, which is, that of looking into history for some character bearing a resemblance to the person we would describe, and with the absolute power of altering, adding, or suppressing what circumstances we please, I conceive we must have very bad luck, or very little skill, to fail. However, some days ago in a coffeehouse, looking into one of the politic weekly papers, I found the writer had fallen into this scheme, and I happened to light on that part where he was describing a per-

Earl of Sunderland, and Henry Boyle, esq., secretaries of state.

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son who, from small beginnings, grew (as I remember) to be constable of France, and had a very haughty imperious wife. I took the author as a friend to our faction, for so, with great propriety of speech, they call the queen and ministry, almost the whole clergy, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom; and I said to a gentleman near me, that although I knew well enough what persons the author meant, yet there were several particulars in the husband's character which I could not reconcile; for that of the lady, it was just and adequate enough. But it seems I mistook the whole matter, and applied all I had read to a couple of persons who were not at that time in the writer's thoughts.

Now, to avoid such a misfortune as this, I have been for some time consulting Livy and Tacitus, to find out a character of a *princeps senatus*, a *prætor urbanus*, a *quæstor ærarius*, a *Cæsari ab epistolis*, and a *proconsul:* but among the worst of them, I cannot discover one from whom to draw a parallel without doing injury to a Roman memory, so that I am compelled to have recourse to Tully. But this author relating facts only as an orator, I thought it would be best to observe his method, and make an extract from six harangues of his against Verres, only still preserving the form of an oration. I remember a younger brother of mine, who deceased about two months ago, presented the world with a speech of Alcibiades against an Athenian brewer. Now I am told for certain, that in those days there was no ale in Athens, therefore that speech, or at least a great part of it, must needs be spurious. The difference between my brother and me is this; he makes Alcibiades say a great deal more than he really did, and I make Cicero say a greal deal less. This Verres[1] had been the Roman governor of Sicily for three years, and, on his return from his government, the Sicilians entreated Cicero to impeach him in the senate, which he accordingly did in several orations, whence I have faithfully translated and abstracted that which follows:

"My Lords—A pernicious opinion has for some time prevailed, not only at Rome but among our neighboring nations, that a man who has money enough, although he be ever so guilty, cannot be condemned in this place. But however industriously this opinion be spread to cast an odium on the senate, we have brought before your lordships Caius Verres, a person for his life and actions already condemned by all men. But, as he hopes and gives out by the influence of his wealth to be here absolved, in condemning this man

[1] Earl of Wharton—viceroy of Ireland.

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you have an opportunity of belying that general scandal, of redeeming credit lost by former judgments, and recovering the love of the Roman people as well as of our neighbors. I have brought here a man before you, my lords, who is a robber of the public treasure, an overturner of law and justice, and the disgrace, as well as destruction of the Sicilian province; of whom, if you shall determine with equity and due severity, your authority will remain entire, and upon such an establishment as it ought to be: but if his great riches will be able to force their way through that religious reverence and truth, which become so awful an assembly, I shall, however, obtain this much, that the defect will be laid where it ought; and that it shall not be objected that the criminal was not produced, or that there wanted an orator to accuse him. This man, my lords, has publicly said, that those ought to be afraid of accusations who have only robbed enough for their own support and maintenance; but that he has plundered sufficient to bribe numbers; and that nothing is so high or so holy which money cannot corrupt. Take that support from him, and he can have no other left; for what eloquence will be able to defend a man whose life has been tainted with so many scandalous vices, and who has been so long condemned by the universal opinion of the world? To pass over the foul stains and ignominy of his youth, his corrupt management in all employments he has borne, his treachery and irreligion, his injustice and oppression: he has left of late such monuments of his villanies in Sicily, made such havoc and confusion there during his government, that the province cannot by any means be restored to its former state, and hardly recover itself at all, under many years, and by a long succession of good governors. While this man governed in that island, the Sicilians had neither the benefit of our laws, nor their own, nor even of common right. In Sicily, no man now possesses more than what the governor's lust and avarice have overlooked, or what he was forced to neglect, out of mere weariness and satiety of oppression. Everything, where he presided, was determined by his arbitrary will; and the best subjects he treated as enemies. To recount his abominable debaucheries would offend any modest ear, since so many could not preserve their daughters and wives from his lust. I believe there is no man, who ever heard his name, that cannot relate his enormities. We bring before you in judgment, my lords, a public robber, an adulterer, a DEFILER OF ALTARS,[1] an enemy of religion, and of all that is sacred. In Sicily he sold all

[1] A true story of lord Wharton.

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employments of judicature, magistracy, and trust, places in the council, and the priesthood itself, to the highest bidder; and has plundered that island of forty millions of sesterces. And here I cannot but observe to your lordships, in what manner Verres passed the day; the morning was spent in taking bribes and selling employments — the rest of it in drunkenness and lust. His discourse at table was scandalously unbecoming the dignity of his station; noise, brutality, and obsceneness. One particular I cannot omit; that in the high character of governor of Sicily (Ireland), upon a solemn day, a day set apart for public prayer for the safety of the commonwealth, he stole at evening in a chair to a married woman of infamous character, against all decency and prudence, as well as against all laws, both human and divine. Didst thou think, O Verres! the government of Sicily was given thee with so large a commission, only, by the power of that, to break all the bars of law, modesty, and duty; to suppose all men's fortunes thine, and leave no house free from thy rapine and lust?" &c.

This extract, to deal ingenuously, has cost me more pains than I think it is worth, having only served to convince me, that modern corruptions are not to be paralleled by ancient examples, without having recourse to poetry or fable. For instance, I never read in story of a law enacted to take away the force of all laws whatsoever; by which a man may safely commit upon the last of June, what he would infallibly be hanged for, if he committed it on the first of July; by which the greatest criminals may escape, provided they continue long enough in power to antiquate their crimes, and by stifling them a while, can deceive the legislature into an amnesty, of which the enactors do not at that time foresee the consequence. A cautious merchant will be apt to suspect, when he finds a man who has the repute of a cunning dealer, and with whom he has old accounts, urging for a general release. When I reflect on this proceeding, I am not surprised that those who contrived a parliamentary sponge for their crimes are now afraid of a new revolution sponge for their money: and if it were possible to contrive a sponge that could only affect those who had need of the other, perhaps it would not be ill employed.

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No. 19.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas; tot bella per orbem;
Tam multæ scelerum facies ———

Where sacred order, fraud and force confound;
Where impious wars and tumults rage around.

I AM often violently tempted to let the world freely know who the author of this paper is; to tell them my name and titles at length; which would prevent abundance of inconsistent criticisms I daily hear upon it. Those who are enemies to the notions and opinions I would advance are sometimes apt to quarrel with the Examiner, as defective in point of wit, and sometimes of truth. At other times they are so generous and candid to allow it is written by a club, and that very great hands have fingers in it. As for those who only appear its adversaries in print, they give me but very little pain. The paper I hold lies at my mercy, and I can govern it as I please; therefore, when I begin to find the wit too bright, the learning too deep, and the satire too keen for me to deal with (a very frequent case, no doubt, where a man is constantly attacked by such shrewd adversaries), I peaceably fold it up, or fling it aside, and read no more. It would be happy for me to have the same power over people's tongues, and not be forced to hear my own work railed and commended fifty times a day; affecting all the while a countenance wholly unconcerned, and joining, out of policy or good manners, with the judgment of both parties: this, I confess, is too great a hardship for so bashful and unexperienced a writer.

But, alas! I lie under another discouragement of much more weight. I was very unfortunate in the choice of my party, when I set up to be a writer. Where is the merit, or what opportunity to discover our wit, our courage, or our learning, in drawing our pens for the defence of a cause which the queen and both houses of parliament, and nine parts in ten of the kingdom, have so unanimously embraced? I am cruelly afraid we politic authors must begin to lessen our expenses, and lie for the future at the mercy of our printers. All hopes are now gone of writing ourselves into places or pensions. A certain starveling author, who worked under the late administration, told me with a heavy heart about a month ago that he, and some others of his brethren, had secretly offered their service, dog-cheap, to the present ministry, but were all refused; and are now maintained by contribution like Jacobites or fanatics. I

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have been of late employed, out of perfect commiseration, in doing them good offices: for, whereas some were of opinion that these hungry zealots should not be suffered any longer, in their malapert way, to snarl at the present course of public proceedings; and whereas others proposed that they should be limited to a certain number, and permitted to write for their masters in the same manner as counsel are assigned for other criminals, that is, to say all they can in defence of their client, but not reflect upon the court; I humbly gave my advice, that they should be suffered to write on as they used to do, which I did purely out of regard to their persons, for I hoped it would keep them out of harm's way, and prevent them from falling into evil courses; which, though of little consequence to the public, would certainly be fatal to themselves. If I have room at the bottom of this paper, I will transcribe a petition to the present ministry, sent me by one of these authors, in behalf of himself and fourscore others of his brethren.

For my own part, notwithstanding the little encouragement to be hoped for at this time from the men in power, I shall continue my paper, till either the world or myself grow weary of it: the latter is easily determined; and, for the former, I shall not leave it to the partiality of either party, but to the infallible judgment of my printer. One principal end I designed by it was to undeceive those well-meaning people who have been drawn unawares into a wrong sense of things, either by the common prejudices of education and company, the great personal qualities of some party leaders, or the foul misrepresentations that were constantly made of all who durst differ from them in the smallest article. I have known such men struck with the thoughts of some late changes, which as they pretend to think, were made, without any reason visible to the world. In answer to this, it is not sufficient to allege, what nobody doubts, that a good and wise prince may be allowed to change his ministers, without giving a reason to his subjects; because it is probable that he will not make such a change without very important reasons; and a good subject ought to suppose that, in such a case, there are such reasons, although he be not apprised of them; otherwise he must inwardly tax his prince of capriciousness, inconstancy, or ill design. Such reasons, indeed, may not be obvious to persons prejudiced, or at a great distance, or short thinkers; and, therefore, if there be no secrets of state nor any ill consequences to be apprehended from their publication, it is no uncommendable work in any private hand, to lay them open to the satisfaction of all men. And if what I have

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already said, or shall hereafter say, of this kind, be thought to reflect upon persons, although none have been named, I know not how it can possibly be avoided. The queen in her speech mentions, with great concern, that "the navy and other offices are burdened with heavy debts; and desires that the like may be prevented for the time to come." And if it be now possible to prevent the continuance of an evil that has been so long growing upon us, and is arrived to such a height, surely those corruptions and mismanagements must have been great which first introduced them, before our taxes were eaten up by annuities.

If I were able to rip up and discover, in all their colors, only about eight or nine thousand of the most scandalous abuses that have been committed in all parts of public management for twenty years past, by a certain set of men and their instruments, I should reckon it some service to my country and posterity. But, to say the truth, I should be glad the authors' names were conveyed to future times, along with their actions. For although the present age may understand well enough the little hints we give, the parallels we draw, and the characters we describe, yet all this will be lost to the next. However, if these papers, reduced into a more durable form, should happen to live till our grandchildren be men, I hope they may have curiosity enough to consult annals, and compare dates, in order to find out what names were then intrusted with the conduct of affairs, in the consequences whereof themselves will so deeply share; like a heavy debt in a private family, which often lies an incumbrance upon an estate for three generations.

But, leaving the care of informing posterity to better pens, I shall, with due regard to truth, discretion, and the safety of my person from the men of the new-fangled moderation, continue to take all proper opportunities of letting the misled part of the people see how grossly they have been abused, and in what particulars. I shall also endeavor to convince them that the present course we are in is the most probable means, with the blessing of God, to extricate ourselves out of all our difficulties.

Among those who are pleased to write or talk against this paper, I have observed a strange manner of reasoning, which I should be glad to hear them explain themselves upon. They make no ceremony of exclaiming upon all occasions against a change of ministry, in so critical and dangerous a conjuncture. What shall we, who heartily approve and join in those proceedings, say in defence of them? We own the juncture of affairs to be as they describe: we

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are pushed for an answer; and are forced at last freely to confess that the corruptions and abuses in every branch of the administration were so numerous and intolerable, that all things must have ended in ruin without some speedy reformation. This I have already asserted in a former paper; and the replies I have read or heard have been in plain terms to affirm the direct contrary: and not only to defend and celebrate the late persons and proceedings, but to threaten me with law and vengeance for casting reflections on so many great and honorable men, whose birth, virtue, and abilities, whose morals and religion, whose love of their country, and its constitution in church and state, were so universally allowed; and all this set off with odious comparisons, reflecting on the present choice; is not this, in plain and direct terms, to tell all the world that the queen has, in a most dangerous crisis, turned out a whole set of the best ministers that ever served a prince, without any manner of reason but her royal pleasure, and brought in others, of a character directly contrary? And how so vile an opinion as this can consist with the least pretence to loyalty or good manners, let the world determine.

I confess myself so little a refiner in politics as not to be able to discover what other motive, besides obedience to the queen, a sense of public danger, and a true love of their country, joined with invincible courage, could spirit up those great men, who have now, under her majesty's authority, undertaken the direction of affairs. What can they expect but the utmost efforts of malice, from a set of enraged domestic adversaries, perpetually watching over their conduct, crossing all their designs, and using every art to foment divisions among them, in order to join with the weakest, upon any rupture? The difficulties they must encounter are nine times more and greater than ever; and the prospects of the interest, after the reapings and gleanings of so many years, nine times less. Every misfortune at home or abroad, although the necessary consequence of former counsels, will be imputed to them; and all the good success given to the merit of former schemes. A sharper has held your cards all the evening, played booty, and lost your money; and when things are almost desperate, you employ an honest gentleman to retrieve your losses.

I would ask, whether the queen's speech does not contain her intentions, in every particular relating to the public, that a good subject, a Briton, and a Protestant, can possibly have at heart? "To carry on the war in all its parts, particularly in Spain, with the

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utmost vigor, in order to procure a safe and honorable peace for us and our allies; to find some way of paying the debts of the navy; to support and encourage the church of England; to preserve the British constitution according to the Union; to maintain the indulgence by law allowed to scrupulous consciences; and to employ none but such as are for the protestant succession in the house of Hanover." It is known enough, that speeches on these occasions are ever digested by the advice of those who are in the chief confidence; and, consequently, that these are the sentiments of her majesty's ministers, as well as her own; and we see the two houses have unanimously agreed with her in every article. When the least counterpaces [counterpoises] are made to any of these resolutions, it will then be time enough for our malcontents to bawl out popery persecution, arbitrary power, and the pretender. In the mean while, it is a little hard to think that this island can hold but six men, of honesty and ability enough to serve their prince and country: or that our safety should depend upon their credit any more than it would upon the breath in their nostrils. Why should not a revolution in the ministry be sometimes necessary, as well as a revolution in the crown? It is to be presumed the former is at least as lawful in itself, and perhaps the experiment not quite so dangerous. The revolution of the sun about the earth was formerly thought a necessary expedient to solve appearances, although it left many difficulties unanswered; until philosophers contrived a better, which is that of the earth's revolution about the sun. This is found, upon experience, to save much time and labor, to correct many irregular motions, and is better suited to the respect due from a planet to a fixed star.

No. 20.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Sunt quibus in satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera quicquid
Composui pars esse putat ——

There are to whom too poignant I appear,
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinewed, others say,
A man may spin a thousand such a-day.

When the printer came last week for his copy, he brought along with him a bundle of those papers, which, in the phrase of Whig coffeehouses, have swinged off the Examiner, most of which I had

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never seen or heard of before. I remember some time ago, in one of the Tatlers, to have read a letter wherein several reasons are assigned for the present corruption and degeneracy of our taste; but I think the writer has omitted the principal one, which I take to be the prejudice of parties. Neither can I excuse either side of this infirmity: I have heard the arrantest drivellers, *pro* and *con*, commended for their shrewdness, even by men of tolerable judgment; and the best performances exploded as nonsense and stupidity. This, indeed, may partly be imputed to policy and prudence; but it is chiefly owing to that blindness which prejudice and passion cast over the understanding. I mention this because I think it properly within my province in quality of Examiner. And having granted more than is usual for an enemy to do, I must now take leave to say, that so weak a cause, and so ruined a faction, were never provided with pens more resembling their condition or less suited to their occasions.

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget ———

This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider they have the full liberty of the press; that they have no other way left to recover themselves; and that they want not men of excellent parts to set their arguments in the best light they will bear. Now, if two men would argue on both sides with fairness, good sense, and good manners, it would be no ill entertainment to the town, and perhaps be the most effectual means to reconcile us. But I am apt to think, that men of great genius are hardly brought to prostitute their pens in a very odious cause; which, besides, is more properly undertaken by noise and impudence, by gross railing and scurrility, by calumny and lying, and by little trifling cavils and carpings in the wrong place, which those whifflers use for arguments and answers.

I was well enough pleased with the story of one of these answerers, who, in a paper last week, found many faults with a late calculation of mine. Being, it seems, more deeply learned than his fellows, he was resolved to begin his answer with a Latin verse, as well as other folks. His business was to look out for something against the Examiner, that would pretend to tax accounts; and, turning over Virgil, he had the luck to find these words,

> ——— fugiant examina taxos;

so down they went, and out they would have come, if one of his unlucky prompters had not hindered it.

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I here declare, once for all, that if these people will not be quiet, I shall take the bread out of their mouths, and answer the Examiner myself, which I protest I have never yet done, although I have been often charged with it; neither have those answers been written or published with my privity, as malicious people are pleased to give out; nor do I believe the common Whiggish report, that the authors are hired by the ministry, to give my paper a value.

But the friends of this paper have given me more uneasiness with their impatience than its enemies by their answers. I heard myself censured last week, by some of the former, for promising to discover the corruptions of the late administration, but never performing anything. The latter, on the other side, are thundering out their anathemas against me for discovering so many. I am at a loss how to decide between these contraries, and shall therefore proceed after my own way, as I have hitherto done; my design being of more importance than that of writing only to gratify the spleen of one side, or provoke that of the other, although it may occasionally have both effects.

I shall therefore go on to relate some facts, that, in my humble opinion, were no hindrance to the change of the ministry.

The first I shall mention was that of introducing certain new phrases into the court style, which had been very seldom, or never, made use of in former times. They usually ran in the following terms: "Madam, I cannot serve you while such a one is in employment. I desire, humbly, to resign my commission, if Mr. —— continues secretary of state. I cannot answer that the city will lend money, unless my l—d —— be president of the council. I must beg leave to surrender, except —— has his staff. I must not accept the seals, unless —— comes into the other office." This has been the language of late years from subjects to their prince. Thus they stood upon terms, and must have their conditions to ruin the nation. Nay, this dutiful manner of capitulating had spread so far, that every understrapper began at length to perk up and assume; he expected a regiment; or his son must be a major; or his brother a collector; else he threatened to vote according to his conscience.

Another of their glorious attempts was the clause intended in the bill for the encouragement of learning, by taking off the obligation upon fellows of colleges, in both universities, to enter upon holy orders: the design of which, as I have heard the undertakers often confess, was to remove the care of educating youths out of the hands of the clergy, who are apt to infuse into their pupils too great a

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regard for the church and the monarchy. But there was a farther secret in this clause, which may best be discovered by the first projectors, or at least the garblers of it; and these are known to be Collins and Tindall, in conjunction with a most pious lawyer, their disciple.

What shall we say to their prodigious skill in arithmetic, discovered so constantly in their decision of elections; where they were able to make out by the rule of false that three were more than three-and-twenty, and fifteen than fifty? Nay, it was a maxim, which I never heard any of them dispute, that in determining elections they were not to consider where the right lay, but which of the candidates was likelier to be true to the cause. This they used to illustrate by a very apt and decent similitude, of gaming with a sharper;—if you cannot cheat as well as he, you are certainly undone.

Another cast of their politics was, that of endeavoring to impeach an innocent lady [Mrs. afterwards lady Masham], for no reason imaginable but her faithful and diligent service to the queen, and the favor her majesty bore to her upon that account, when others had acted contrary in so shameful a manner. What else was the crime? Had she treated her royal mistress with insolence or neglect? Had she enriched herself by a long practice of bribery, and obtained exorbitant grants? Had she engrossed her majesty's favors, without admitting any access but through her means? Had she heaped employments upon herself, her family, and dependants? Had she an imperious haughty behavior? Or, after all, was it a perfect blunder, and mistake of one person for another? I have heard of a man, who lay all night on a rough pavement, and in the morning, wondering what it could possibly be that made him rest so ill, happening to see a feather under him, imputed the uneasiness of his lodging to that. I remember likewise the story of a giant in Rabelais, who used to feed upon windmills; but was unfortunately choked with a small lump of fresh butter, before a warm oven.

And here I cannot but observe how very refined some people are in their generosity and gratitude. There is a certain great person [lord Nottingham] (I shall not say of what sex), who for many years past was the constant mark and butt against which our present malcontents used to discharge their resentment; upon whom they bestowed all the terms of scurrility, that malice, envy, and indignation could invent; whom they publicly accused of every vice that can possess a human heart; pride covetousness, ingratitude, oppression, treachery, dissimulation, violence, and fury, all in the highest

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extremes: but of late they have changed their language on a sudden; that person is now the most faithful and just that ever served a prince; that person, originally differing from them in principles as far as east from west, but united in practice, and falling together, they are now reconciled, and find twenty resemblances between each other, which they could never discover before. *Tanti est, ut placeam tibi perire!*

But to return:—how could it be longer suffered in a free nation, that all avenues to preferment should be shut up, except a very few; when one or two stood constant sentry, who docked all favors they handed down, or spread a huge invisible net between the prince snd subject, and through which nothing of value could pass? And here I cannot but admire at one consequence from this management, which is of an extraordinary nature. Generally speaking, princes, who have ill ministers, are apt to suffer in their reputation, as well as in the love of the people; but it was not so with the queen. When the sun is overcast by those clouds he exhales from the earth, we still acknowledge his light and influence, and at last find he can dispel and drive them down to the horizon. The wisest prince, by the necessity of affairs, the misrepresentations of designing men, or the innocent mistakes even of a good predecessor, may find himself encompassed by a crew of courtiers, whom time, opportunity, and success, have miserably corrupted; and if he can save himself and his people from ruin, under the worst administration, what may not his subjects hope for, when, with their universal applause, he changes hands, and makes use of the best?

Another great objection with me against the late party was the cruel tyranny they put upon conscience, by a barbarous inquisition, refusing to admit the least toleration or indulgence. They imposed a hundred tests, but could never be prevailed on to dispense with or take off the smallest, or even to admit of occasional conformity, but went on daily (as their apostle Tindall expresses it) narrowing their terms of communion, pronouncing nine parts in ten of the kingdom heretics, and shutting them out of the pale of their church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how came they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion? You shall hear them pretending to bewail the animosities kept up between the church of England and dissenters, where the differences in opinion are so few and inconsiderable; yet these very sons of moderation were pleased to excommunicate every man who disagreed with them in the smallest article of their poli-

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tical creed, or who refused to receive any new article, how difficult soever to digest, which the leaders imposed at pleasure to serve their own interest.

I will quit this subject for the present, when I have told one story: "There was a great king in Scythia, whose dominions were bounded on the north by the poor mountainous territories of a petty lord, who paid homage as the king's vassal. The Scythian prime minister, being largely bribed, indirectly obtained his master's consent to suffer this lord to build forts, and provide himself with arms, under pretence of preventing the inroads of the Tartars. This little depending sovereign, finding he was now in a condition to be troublesome, began to insist upon terms, and threatened upon every occasion to unite with the Tartars; upon which the prime minister, who began to be in pain about his head, proposed a match betwixt his master and the only daughter of this tributary lord, which he had the good luck to bring to pass; and from that time valued himself as author of a most glorious union, which indeed was grown of absolute necessity by his corruption." This passage, cited literally from an old history of Sarmatia, I thought fit to set down, on purpose to perplex little smattering remarkers, and put them upon the hunt for an application.

No. 21.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

——— pugnacem scirent sapiente minorem.

Arms to the gown the victory must yield.

I AM very much at a loss how to proceed upon the subject intended in this paper, which a new incident has led me to engage in. The subject I mean is that of soldiers and the army; but being a matter wholly out of my trade, I shall handle it in as cautious a manner as I am able.

It is certain that the art of war has suffered great changes almost in every age and country of the world; however, there are some maxims relating to it that will be eternal truths, and which every reasonable man must allow.

In the early times of Greece and Rome the armies of those states were composed of their citizens, who took no pay, because the quarrel was their own; and therefore the war was usually decided in one campaign; or if it lasted longer, yet in winter the soldiers

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returned to their several callings, and were not distinguished from the rest of the people. The Gothic governments in Europe, although they were of military institution, yet observed almost the same method. I shall instance only here in England: those who held lands *in capite* of the king were obliged to attend him in his wars with a certain number of men, who all held lands from them at easy rents on that condition. These fought without pay; and when the service was over, returned again to their farms. It is recorded of William Rufus, that being absent in Normandy, and engaged in a war with his brother, he ordered twenty thousand men to be raised, and sent over hence to supply his army, but having struck up a peace before they were embarked, he gave them leave to disband, upon condition they would pay him ten shillings a man, which amounted to a mighty sum in those days.

Consider a kingdom as a great family, whereof the prince is the father, and it will appear plainly, that mercenary troops are only servants armed, either to awe the children at home, or else to defend from invaders the family who are otherwise employed, and choose to contribute out of their stock for paying their defenders, rather than leave their affairs to be neglected in their absence. The art of making soldiery a trade, and keeping armies in pay, seems in Europe to have had two originals; the first was usurpation, when popular men destroyed the liberties of their country and seized the power into their own hands, which they were forced to maintain by hiring guards to bridle the people. Such were anciently the tyrants in most of the small states of Greece; end such were those in several parts of Italy about three or four centuries ago, as Machiavel informs us. The other original of mercenary armies seems to have risen from larger kingdoms or commonwealths, which had subdued provinces at a distance, and were forced to maintain troops upon them, to prevent insurrections from the natives. Of this sort were Macedon, Carthage, and Rome of old; Venice and Holland at this day, as well as most kingdoms in Europe. So that mercenary forces in a free state, whether monarchy or commonwealth, seem only necessary, either for preserving their conquests (which in such governments it is not prudent to extend too far), or else for maintaining war at a distance.

In this last, which at present is our most important case, there are certain maxims that all wise governments have observed.

The first I shall mention is, that no private man should have a commission to be general for life, let his merit and services be ever

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so great; or if a prince be unadvisedly brought to offer such a commission in one hand, let him (to save time and blood) deliver up his crown with the other. The Romans, in the height and perfection of their government, usually sent out one of the new consuls to be general against their most formidable enemy, and recalled the old one, who often returned before the next election, and, according as he had merit, was sent to command in some other part, which perhaps was continued to him for a second, and sometimes a third year. But if Paulus Æmilius, or Scipio himself, had presumed to move the senate to continue their commission for life, they would certainly have fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of the people. Cæsar, indeed (between whom and a certain general, some of late, with much discretion, have made a parallel), had his command in Gaul continued to him for five years, and was afterwards made perpetual Dictator, that is to say, general for life, which gave him the power and the will of utterly destroying the Roman liberty. But in his time the Romans were very much degenerated, and great corruptions had crept into their morals and discipline. However, we see there still were some remains of a noble spirit among them; for when Cæsar sent to be chosen consul, notwithstanding his absence, they decreed he should come in person, give up his command, and *petere more majorum.*

It is not impossible, but a general may desire such a commission out of inadvertency, at the instigation of his friends, or perhaps of his enemies, or merely for the benefit and honor of it, without intending any such dreadful consequences; and in that case, a wise prince, or state, may barely refuse it, without showing any marks of their displeasure. But the request, in its own nature, is highly criminal, and ought to be entered so upon record, to terrify others in time to come from venturing to make it.

Another maxim to be observed by a free state engaged in war is, to keep the military power in absolute subjection to the civil, nor ever suffer the former to influence or interfere with the latter. A general and his army are servants hired by the civil power to act, as they are directed thence, and with a commission large or limited as the administration shall think fit; for which they are largely paid in profit and honor. The whole system by which armies are governed is quite alien from the peaceful institutions of states at home; and if the rewards be so inviting as to tempt a senator to take a post in the army, while he is there on his duty, he ought to consider himself in no other capacity. I know not any sort of men so apt as soldiers are to reprimand those who presume to interfere

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in what relates to their trade. When they hear any of us in a coffeehouse wondering that such a victory was not pursued; complaining that such a town cost more men and money than it was worth to take it; or, that such an opportunity was lost in fighting the enemy; they presently reprove us, and often with justice enough, for meddling with matters out of our sphere; and clearly convince us of our mistakes, by terms of art that none of us understand. Nor do we escape so; for they reflect with the utmost contempt on our ignorance, that we, who sit at home in ease and security, never stirring from our firesides, should pretend from books and general reason to argue upon military affairs; which, after all, if we may judge from the share of intellectuals in some, who are said to excel that way, is not so very profound or difficult a science. But, if there be any weight in what they offer, as perhaps there may be a great deal, surely these gentlemen have a much weaker pretence to concern themselves in matters of the cabinet, which are always either far above, or much beside their capacities. Soldiers may as well pretend to prescribe rules for trade, to determine points in philosophy, to be moderators in an assembly of divines or direct in a court of justice, as to misplace their talent in examining affairs of state; especially in what relates to the choice of ministers, who are never so likely to be ill chosen as when approved by them. It would be endless to show how pernicious all steps of this nature have been in many parts and ages of the world. I shall only produce two at present; one in Rome, the other in England. The first is of Cæsar: when he came to the city with his soldiers to settle the ministry, there was an end of their liberty for ever. The second was, in the great rebellion against king Charles the First: the king and both houses were agreed upon the terms of a peace; but the officers of the army (as Ludlow relates it) set a guard upon the house of commons, took a list of the members, and kept all by force out of the house, except those who were for bringing the king to a trial. Some years after, when they erected a military government, and ruled the island by major-generals, we received most admirable instances of their skill in politics. To say the truth, such formidable sticklers can have but two reasons for desiring to interfere in the administration; the first is, that of Cæsar and Cromwell, of which God forbid I should accuse or suspect anybody, since the second is pernicious enough, and that is, to preserve those in power, who are for perpetuating a war rather than see others advanced, who, they are sure, will use all proper means to promote a safe and honorable peace.

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Thirdly, since it is observed of armies, that, in the present age, they are brought to some degree of humanity, and more regular demeanor to each other and to the world than in former times, it is certainly a good maxim to endeavor to preserve this temper among them; without which they would soon degenerate into savages. To this end, it would be prudent, among other things, to forbid that detestable custom of drinking to the damnation or confusion of any person whatsoever.

Such desperate acts, and the opinions infused along with them into heads already inflamed by youth and wine, are enough to scatter madness and sedition through a whole camp. So seldom upon their knees to pray, and so often to curse! this is not properly atheism, but a sort of anti-religion prescribed by the devil, and which an atheist of common sense would scorn as an absurdity. I have heard it mentioned as a common practice last autumn, somewhere or other, to drink damnation and confusion (and this with circumstances very aggravating and horrid) to the new ministry, and to those who had any hand in turning out the old; that is to say, to those persons whom her majesty has thought fit to employ in her greatest affairs, with something more than a glance against the queen herself. And if it be true that these orgies were attended with certain doubtful words of standing by their general, who, without question, abhorred them, let any man consider the consequence of such dispositions, if they should happen to spread. I could only wish, for the honor of the army, as well as of the queen and ministry, that a remedy had been applied to the disease, in the place and time where it grew. If men of such principles were able to propagate them in camp, and were sure of a general for life, who had any tincture of ambition, we might soon bid farewell to ministers and parliaments, whether new or old.

I am only sorry such an accident has happened toward the close of a war, when it is chiefly the interest of those gentlemen, who have posts in the army, to behave themselves in such a manner as might encourage the legislature to make some provision for them, when there will be no farther need of their services. They are to consider themselves as persons, by their education, unqualified for many other stations of life. Their fortunes will not suffer them to retain to a party after its fall, nor have they weight or abilities to help toward its resurrection. Their future dependence is wholly upon the prince and parliament, to which they will never make their way by solemn execrations of the ministry; a ministry of the

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queen's own election, and fully answering the wishes of her people. This unhappy step in some of their brethren may pass for an uncontrollable argument, that politics are not their business or their element. The fortune of war has raised several persons up to swelling titles, and great commands over numbers of men, which they are too apt to transfer along with them into civil life, and appear in all companies, as if they were at the head of their regiments, with a sort of deportment that ought to have been dropt behind in that short passage to Harwich. It puts me in mind of a dialogue in Lucian, where Charon, wafting one of their predecessors over Styx, ordered him to strip off his armor and fine clothes, yet still thought him too heavy: "But," said he, "put off likewise that pride and presumption, those high-swelling words, and that vain-glory;" because they were of no use on the other side of the water. Thus, if all that array of military grandeur were confined to the proper scene, it would be much more for the interest of the owners, and less offensive to their fellow-subjects.

No. 22.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

Nam et majorum instituta tueri, sacris ceremoniisque retinen dis, sapientis est.

—Ruituraque semper
Stat (mirum!) moles —

A wise man will protect and defend the rights of the church; which, in spite of the malice of its enemies, although tottering, and on the brink of destruction, stands secure, to the admiration of all men.

WHOEVER is a true lover of our constitution must needs be pleased to see what successful endeavors are daily made to restore it, in every branch, to its ancient form, from the languishing condition it has long lain in, and with such deadly symptoms.

I have already handled some abuses during the late management, and shall, in convenient time, go on with the rest. Hitherto I have confined myself to those of the state; but, with the good leave of some who think it a matter of small moment, I shall now take liberty to say something of the church.

For several years past there has not, I think, in Europe, been any society of men upon so unhappy a foot as the clergy of England, nor more hardly treated by those very persons from whom they deserved much better quarter, and in whose power they chiefly had put it to use them so ill. I would not willingly misrepresent facts;

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but I think it generally allowed by enemies and friends, that the bold and brave defences made before the Revolution against those many invasions of our rights, proceeded principally from the clergy, who are likewise known to have rejected all advances made them, to close with the measures at that time concerting; while the dissenters, to gratify their ambition and revenge, fell into the basest compliances with the court, approved of all proceedings by their numerous and fulsome addresses, and took employments and commissions, by virtue of the dispensing power, against the direct laws of the land. All this is so true, that if ever the pretender comes in, they will, next to those of his own religion, have the fairest claim and pretensions to his favor, from their merit and eminent services to his supposed father; who, without such encouragement, would probably never have been misled to go the lengths he did. It should likewise be remembered, to the everlasting honor of the London divines, that, in those dangerous times, they writ and published the best collection of arguments against popery that ever appeared in the world. At the Revolution, the body of the clergy joined heartily in the common cause, except a few, whose sufferings, perhaps, have atoned for their mistakes, like men who are content to go about for avoiding a gulf or a precipice, but come into the old straight road again as soon as they can. But another temper had now began to prevail; for, as in the reign of king Charles the First, several well-meaning people were ready to join in reforming some abuses, while others, who had deeper designs, were still calling out for a thorough reformation, which ended at last in the ruin of the kingdom; so, after the late king's coming to the throne, there was a restless cry from men of the same principles for a thorough revolution, which, as some were carrying it on, must have ended in the destruction of the monarchy and church.

What a violent humor has run ever since against the clergy, and from what corner spread and fomented, is, I believe, manifest to all men. It looked like a set quarrel against christianity; and if we call to mind several of the leaders, it must, in a great measure, have been actually so. Nothing was more common, in writing and conversation, than to hear that reverend body charged in gross with what was utterly inconsistent, despised for their poverty, hated for their riches; reproached with avarice and taxed with luxury; accused for promoting arbitrary power, and for resisting the prerogative; censured for their pride, and scorned for their meanness of spirit. The representatives of the lower clergy were railed at for

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disputing the power of the bishops, by the known abhorrers of episcopacy, and abused for doing nothing in the convocations, by those very men who helped to bind up their hands. The vice, the folly, the ignorance of every single man, were laid upon the character; their jurisdiction, censures, and discipline, trampled under foot; yet mighty complaints against their excessive power; the men of wit employed to turn the priesthood itself into ridicule; in short, groaning everywhere under the weight of poverty, oppression, contempt and obloquy. A fair return for the time and money spent in their education to fit them for the service of the altar, and a fair encouragement for worthy men to come into the church! However, it may be some comfort to the persons of that holy function, that their divine Founder, as well as his harbinger, met with the like reception:—"John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a glutton and a wine-bibber," &c.

In this deplorable state of the clergy, nothing but the hand of Providence, working by its glorious instrument the queen, could have been able to turn the people's hearts so surprisingly in their favor. This princess, destined for the safety of Europe, and a blessing to her subjects, began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church; and it was hoped the nation would have followed such an example, which nothing could have prevented but the false politics of a set of men who form their maxims upon those of every tottering commonwealth, which is always struggling for life, subsisting by expedients, and often at the mercy of any powerful neighbor. These men take it into their imagination that trade can never flourish unless the country becomes a common receptable for all nations, religions, and languages; a system only proper for small popular states, but altogether unworthy and below the dignity of an imperial crown; which, with us, is best upheld by a monarchy in possession of its just prerogative, a senate of nobles and of commons, and a clergy established in its due rights, with a suitable maintenance by law. But these men come, with the spirit of shopkeepers, to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; or, as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. Such an island as ours can afford enough to support the majesty of a crown, the honor of a nobility, and the dignity of a magistracy; we can encourage arts and sciences, maintain our bishops and clergy, and suffer our gentry to live in a decent hospitable manner; yet still there will remain hands sufficient for

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trade and manufactures, which do always indeed deserve the best encouragement, but not to a degree of sending every living soul into the warehouse or the workshop.

This pedantry of republican politics has done infinite mischief among us. To this we owe those noble schemes of treating Christianity as a system of speculative opinions which no man should be bound to believe; of making the being and the worship of God a creature of the state; in consequence of these, that the teachers of religion ought to hold their maintenance at pleasure, or live by the alms and charitable collection of the people, and be equally encouraged of all opinions; that they should be prescribed what to teach by those who are to learn from them; and, upon default, have a staff and a pair of shoes, left at their door,[1] with many other projects of equal piety, wisdom, and good-nature.

But God be thanked, they and their schemes are vanished, and their places shall know them no more. When I think of that inundation of atheism, infidelity, profaneness, and licentiousness, which was likely to overwhelm us, from what mouths and hearts it first proceeded, and how the people joined with the queen's endeavors to divert this flood, I cannot but reflect on that remarkable passage in the Revelation, where "the serpent with seven heads[2] cast out of his mouth water after the woman, like a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood: but the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth." For the queen having changed her ministry suitably to her own wisdom and the wishes of her subjects, and having called a free parliament, and at the same time summoned the convocation by her royal writ, as in all times had been accustomed; and, soon after their meeting, sent a most gracious letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, to be communicated to the bishops and clergy of his province, taking notice of "the loose and profane principles which had been openly scattered and propagated among her subjects; that the consultations of the clergy were particularly requisite to repress and prevent such daring attempts, for which her subjects from all parts of the kingdom have shown their just abhorrence; she hopes the endeavors of the clergy in this respect will not be unsuccessful; and, for her part, is ready to give them all fit encouragement to

[1] To give intimation, like the Dutch, that it was time to withdraw themselves from the state.

[2] The chiefs of the opposition, called a Heptarchy.

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proceed in the despatch of such business as properly belongs to them, and to grant them powers requisite to carry on so good a work:" in conclusion, "earnestly recommending to them to avoid disputes; and determining to do all that in her lies to compose and extinguish them."

It is to be hoped that this last part of her majesty's letter will be the first she will please to execute; for it seems, this very letter created the first dispute, the fact whereof is thus related: — The upper house, having formed an address to the queen before they received her majesty's letter, sent both address and letter together to the lower house, with a message, excusing their not mentioning the letter in the address; because this was formed before the other was received. The lower house returned them, with a desire that an address might be formed with a due regard and acknowledgments for the letter. After some difficulties, the same address was sent down again, with a clause inserted, making some short mention of the said letter. This the lower house did not think sufficient, and sent it back again with the same request; whereupon the archbishop, after a short consultation with some of his brethren, immediately adjourned the convocation for a month; and no address at all was sent to the queen.

I understand not ecclesiastical affairs well enough to comment upon this matter; but it seems to me, that all methods of doing service to the church and kingdom, by means of a convocation, may be at any time eluded, if there be no remedy against such an incident. And, if this proceeding be agreeable to the institution, spiritual assemblies must needs be strangely contrived, very different from any lay senate yet known in the world. Surely, from the nature of such a synod, it must be a very unhappy circumstance, when the majority of the bishops draw one way, and that of the lower clergy another. The latter, I think, are not at this time suspected, for any principle bordering upon those professed by enemies to episcopacy; and if they happen to differ from the greater part of the present set of bishops, I doubt it will call some things to mind, that may turn the scale of general favor on the inferior clergy's side; who, with a profound duty to her majesty, are perfectly pleased with the present turn of affairs. Besides, curious people will be apt to inquire into the dates of some promotions; to call to mind what designs were then upon the anvil, and thence make malicious deductions. Perhaps they will observe the manner of voting on the bishops' bench, and compare it with what

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shall pass in the upper house of convocation. There is however one comfort, that, under the present dispositions of the kingdom, a dislike to the proceedings of any of their lordships, even to the number of a majority, will be purely personal, and not turned to the disadvantage of the order. And for my part, as I am a true lover of the church, I would rather find the inclinations of the people favorable to episcopacy in general, than see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are known enemies to the character. Nor, indeed, has anything given me more offence for several years past, than to observe how some of that bench have been caressed by certain persons, and others of them openly celebrated by the infamous pens of atheists, republicans, and fanatics.

Time and mortality can only remedy these inconveniences in the church, which are not to be cured, like those in the state, by a change of ministry. If we may guess the temper of a convocation from the choice of a prolocutor, as it is usual to do that of a house of commons by the speaker, we may expect great things from that reverend body, who have done themselves much reputation, by pitching upon a gentleman of so much piety, wit, and learning, for that office, and one who is so thoroughly versed in those parts of knowledge which are proper for it. [Atterbury]. I am sorry that the three Latin speeches, delivered upon presenting the prolocutor, were not made public; they might, perhaps, have given us some light into the disposition of each house; and besides one of them is said to be so peculiar in the style and matter, as might have made up in entertainment what it wanted in instruction.

No. 23.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1711.

Nullæ sunt occultiores insidiæ, quam eæ, quæ latent in simulatione officii, aut in aliquo necessitudinis nomine.

It is extremely difficult to explore those designs which are conceived under the veil of duty, and lie hid under the pretence of friendship.

THE following answer is written in the true style, and with the usual candor of such pieces; which I have imitated to the best of my skill, and doubt not but the reader will be extremely satisfied with it:—

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The Examiner cross-examined; or, A full Answer to the last Examiner.

If I durst be so bold with this author, I would gladly ask him a familiar question:—Pray, sir, who made you an examiner? He talks in one of his insipid papers of eight or nine thousand corruptions, while we were at the head of affairs: yet in all this time he has hardly produced fifty:

Parturiunt montes, &c.—Hor.

But I shall confine myself at present to his last paper. He tells us, the queen began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church. Here's priestcraft with a witness! This is the constant language of your highfliers, to call those who are hired to teach the religion of the magistrate by the name of the church. But this is not all; for, in the very next line, he says, it was hoped the nation would have followed this example. You see the faction begins already to speak out; this is an open demand for the abbey lands. This furious zealot would have us priestridden again, like our popish ancestors; but it is to be hoped the government will take timely care to suppress such audacious attempts; else we have spent so much blood and treasure to very little purpose, in maintaining religion and the Revolution. But what can we expect from a man who at one blow endeavors to ruin our trade? A country, says he, may flourish (these are his own words) without being the common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages. What! we must immediately banish or murder the Palatines; forbid all foreign merchants not only the Exchange but the kingdom; persecute the dissenters with fire and fagot; and make it high treason to speak any other tongue but English. In another place, he talks of a serpent with seven heads, which is a manifest corruption of the text; for the words, *seven heads*, are not mentioned in that verse. However, we know what serpent he would mean; a serpent with fourteen legs, or indeed no serpent at all, but seven great men, who were the best ministers, the truest protestants, and the most disinterested patriots that ever served a prince. But nothing is so inconsistent as this writer. I know not whether to call him a Whig or a Tory, a protestant or a papist; he finds fault with convocations; says they are assemblies strangely contrived, and yet lays the fault upon us, that we bound their hands: I wish we could have bound their tongues too. But, as fast as their hands were bound, they could make a shift to hold their pens, and have their share in the guilt

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of ruining the hopefullest party and ministry that ever prescribed to a crown. This captious gentleman is angry to see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are enemies to the character; now I always thought, that the concessions of enemies were more to a man's advantage than the praise of his friends. Time and mortality, he says, can only remedy these inconveniences in the church; that is in other words, when certain bishops are dead, we shall have others of our own stamp. Not so fast; you are not yet so sure of your game. We have already got one comfortable loss in Spain, although by a general of our own; for joy of which our junto had a merry meeting at the house of their great proselyte, on the very day we received the happy news. One or two more such blows would perhaps set us right again, and then we can employ mortality as well as others. He concludes with wishing, that three letters, spoken when the prolocutor was presented, were made public. I suppose he would be content with one, and that is more than we shall humor him to grant. However, I hope he will allow it possible to have grace, without either eloquence or Latin, which is all I shall say to this malicious innuendo.

Having thus, I hope, given a full and satisfactory answer to the Examiner's last paper, I shall now go on to a more important affair, which is to prove, by several undeniable instances, that the late ministry and their abettors were true friends to the church. It is yet, I confess, a secret to the clergy wherein this friendship did consist. For information, therefore, of that reverend body, that they may never forget their benefactors, as well as of all others who may be equally ignorant, I have determined to display our merits to the world upon that weighty article. And I could wish, that what I am to say were to be written in brass, for an eternal memorial: the rather, because for the future the church may endeavor to stand unsupported by those patrons, who expired in doing it their last good office, and will never rise to preserve it any more.

Let us, therefore, produce the pious endeavors of these church defenders, who were its patrons, by their power and authority, as well as ornaments of it, by their exemplary lives.

First, St. Paul tells us, there must be heresies in the church, that the truth may be manifest; and therefore, by due course of reasoning, the more heresies there are, the more manifest will the truth be made. This being maturely considered by these lovers of the church, they endeavored to propagate as many heresies as they could that the light of truth might shine the clearer.

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Secondly, to show their zeal for the church's defence, they took the care of it entirely out of the hands of God Almighty (because that was a foreign jurisdiction), and made it their own creature, depending altogether upon them; and issued out their orders to Tindal, and others, to give public notice of it.

Thirdly, because charity is the most celebrated of all christian virtues, therefore they extended theirs beyond all bounds; and instead of shutting the church against dissenters, were ready to open it to all comers, and break down its walls, rather than that any should want room to enter. The strength of a state we know consists in the number of people, how different soever in their callings; and why should not the strength of a church consist in the same, how different soever in their creeds? For that reason, they charitably attempted to abolish the test which tied up so many hands from getting employments, in order to protect the church.

I know very well that this attempt is objected to as a crime by several malignant Tories; and denied as a slander by many unthinking people among ourselves. The latter are apt, in their defence, to ask such questions as these: Was your test repealed? had we not a majority? might we not have done it, if we pleased? To which the others answer, You did what you could: you prepared the way, but you found a fatal impediment from that quarter whence the sanction of the law must come; and therefore, to save your credit, you condemned a paper to be burnt, which yourselves had brought in. But, alas! the miscarriage of that noble project for the safety of the church had another original; the knowledge whereof depends upon a piece of secret history, which I shall now lay open.

These church-protectors had directed a presbyterian preacher to draw up a bill for repealing the test. It was accordingly done with great art; and in the preamble, several expressions of civility to the established church; and when it came to the qualifications of all those who were to enter on any office, the compiler had taken special care to make them large enough for all Christians whatsoever, by transcribing the very words (only formed into an oath) which quakers are obliged to profess by a former act of parliament, as I shall here set them down: "I, A. B., profess faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his eternal Son, the true God; and in the Holy Spirit, one God, blessed for evermore; and do acknowledge the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by divine inspiration." This bill was carried to the chief leaders, for their approbation, with these terrible words turned into an oath:

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what should they do? Those few among them, who fancied they believed in God, were sure they did not believe in Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or one syllable of the Bible; and they were as sure that everybody knew their opinion in those matters, which, indeed, they had been always too sincere to disguise; how, therefore, could they take such an oath as that, without ruining their reputation with Tindal, Toland, Coward, Collins, Clendon, and all the tribe of free-thinkers, and so give a scandal to weak unbelievers? Upon this nice point of honor and conscience, the matter was hushed, the project for repealing the test let fall, and the sacrament left as the smaller evil of the two.

Fourthly, These pillars of the church, because the harvest was great, and the laborers few, and because they would ease the bishops from the grievous trouble of laying on hands, were willing to allow that power to all men whatsoever, to prevent that terrible consequence of unchurching those, who thought a hand from under a cloak as effectual as from lawn sleeves. And, indeed, what could more contribute to the advancement of true religion, than a bill of general naturalization for priesthood?

Fifthly, In order to fix religion in the minds of men, because truth never appears so fair as when confronted with falsehood, they directed books to be published, that denied the being of a God, the divinity of the Second and Third Person, the truth of all revelation, and the immortality of the soul. To this we owe that great sense of religion, that respect and kindness of the clergy, and that true love of virtue, so manifest of late years among the youth of our nation. Nor could anything be more discreet, than to leave the merits of each cause to such wise, impartial judges; who might otherwise fall under the slavery of believing, by education and prejudice.

Sixthly, Because nothing so much distracts the thoughts as too great a variety of subjects, therefore they had kindly prepared a bill to prescribe the clergy what subjects they should preach upon, and in what manner, that they might be at no loss; and this, no doubt, was a proper work for such hands, so thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of all Christian duties.

Seventhly, To save trouble and expense to the clergy, they contrived that convocations should meet as seldom as possible; and when they were suffered to assemble, would never allow them to meddle with any business; because, they said, the office of a clergyman was enough to take up the whole man. For the same reason, they were

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very desirous to excuse the bishops from sitting in parliament, that they might be at more leisure to stay at home, and look after the inferior clergy.

I shall mention at present but one more instance of their pious zeal for the church. They had somewhere heard the maxim, that *Sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesiæ;* therefore, in order to sow this seed, they began with impeaching a clergyman: and that it might be a true martyrdom in every circumstance, they proceeded as much as possible against common law; which the long-robe part of the managers knew was in a hundred instances directly contrary to all their positions, and were sufficiently warned of it beforehand; but their love of the church prevailed. Neither was this impeachment an affair taken up on a sudden; for a certain great person, (whose character has been lately published by some stupid and lying writer,) who very much distinguished himself by his zeal in forwarding this impeachment, had several years ago endeavored to persuade the late king to give way to just such another attempt. He told his majesty, there was a certain clergyman, who preached very dangerous sermons, and that the only way to put a stop to such insolence was to impeach him in parliament. The king inquired the character of the man: "O, sir," said my lord, "the most violent, hot, positive fellow in England; so extremely wilful, that, I believe, he would be heartily glad to be a martyr." The king answered, "Is it so? then I am resolved to disappoint him;" and would never hear more of the matter, by which that hopeful project unhappily miscarried.

I have hitherto confined myself to those endeavors for the good of the church, which were common to all the leaders and principal men of our party; but, if my paper were not drawing toward an end, I could produce several instances of particular persons, who, by their exemplary lives and actions, have confirmed the character so justly due to the whole body. I shall at present mention only two, and illustrate the merits of each by a matter of fact.

That worthy patriot and true lover of the church, whom a late Examiner is supposed to reflect on under the name of Verres, felt a pious impulse to be a benefactor to the cathedral of Gloucester; but how to do it in the most decent, generous manner, was the question. At last he thought of an expedient: one morning, or night, he stole into the church, mounted upon the altar, and there did that, which, in cleanly phrase, is called disburdening of nature. He[1] was dis-

[1] Lord Wharton had been guilty of what is here stated.

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covered, prosecuted, and condemned to pay a thousand pounds; which sum was all employed to support the church, as, no doubt, the benefactor meant it.

There is another person, whom the same writer is thought to point at, under the name of Will Bigamy. This gentleman, knowing that marriage fees were a considerable perquisite to the clergy, found out a way of improving them cent. per cent. for the good of the church. His invention was to marry a second wife, while the first was alive, convincing her of the lawfulness by such arguments, as he did not doubt would make others follow the same example. These he had drawn up in writing, with an intention to publish for the general good: and it is hoped he may now have leisure to finish them.

No. 24.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1711.

Bellum ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud nisi pax quæsita videatur.

War should be undertaken only with a view to procure a solid and lasting peace.

I AM satisfied, that no reasonable man of either party can justly be offended at anything I said in one of my papers relating to the army. From the maxims I there laid down, perhaps many persons may conclude, that I had a mind the world should think there had been occasion given by some late abuses among men of that calling; and they conclude right: for my intention is, that my hints may be understood, and my quotations and allegories applied; and I am in some pain to think, that in the Orcades on one side, and the western coasts of Ireland on the other, the Examiner may want a key in several parts, which I wish I could furnish them with. As to the French king, I am under no concern at all; I hear he has left off reading my papers, and by what he has found in them, dislikes our proceedings more than ever; and intends either to make great additions to his armies, or propose new terms for a peace. So false is that which is commonly reported, of his mighty satisfaction in our change of ministry. And I think it clear, that his late letter of thanks to the Tories of Great Britain must either have been extorted from him against his judgment, or was a cast of his politics to set the people against the present ministry, wherein it has wonderfully succeeded.

But, though I have never heard, or never regarded any objec-

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tions made against that paper which mentions the army, yet I intended this as a sort of apology for it. And first I declare (because we live in a mistaking world) that at hinting at some proceedings, wherein a few persons are said to be concerned, I did not intend to charge them upon the body of the army. I have too much detested that barbarous injustice among the writers of a late party to be ever guilty of it myself; I mean, the accusing of societies for the crimes of a few. On the other side, I must take leave to believe that armies are no more exempt from corruptions than other numbers of men. The maxims proposed were occasionally introduced by the report of certain facts, which I am bound to believe are true, because I am sure, considering what has passed, it would be a crime to think otherwise. All posts in the army, all employments at court, and many others, are, or ought to be, given and resumed at the mere pleasure of the prince; yet when I see a great officer broke, a change made in the court or the ministry, and this under the most just and gracious princess that ever reigned, I must naturally conclude, it is done upon prudent considerations, and for some great demerit in the sufferers. But then, is not the punishment sufficient? Is it generous or charitable to trample on the unfortunate, and expose their faults to the world in the strongest colors? And would it not suit better with magnanimity, as well as common good nature, to leave them at quiet to their own thoughts and repentance? Yes, without question; provided it could be so contrived, that their very names, as well as actions, might be forgotten for ever: such an act of oblivion would be for the honor of the nation, and beget a better opinion of us with posterity; and then I might have spared the world and myself the trouble of examining. But at present there is a cruel dilemma in the case; the friends and abettors of the late ministry are every day publishing their praises to the world, and casting reflections upon the present persons in power. This is so barefaced an aspersion upon the queen, that I know not how any good subject can with patience endure it, although he were ever so indifferent with regard to the opinions in dispute. Shall they, who have lost all power and love of the people, be allowed to scatter their poison? and shall not those, who are at least of the strongest side, be suffered to bring an antidote? And how can we undeceive the deluded remainder, but by letting them see that these discarded statesmen were justly laid aside; and producing as many instances to prove it as we can, not from any personal hatred to them, but in justification to the best of queens. The many scurrilities I have

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heard and read against this poor paper of mine are in such a strain, that, considering the present state of affairs, they look like a jest. They usually run after the following manner: "What! Shall this insolent writer presume to censure the late ministry, the ablest, the most faithful, and truest lovers of their country and its constitution, that ever served a prince? Shall he reflect on the best house of commons that ever sat within those walls? Has not the queen changed both, for a ministry and parliament of Jacobites and high-fliers, who are selling us to France, and bringing over the pretender?" This is the very sum and force of all their reasonings, and this is their method of complaining against the Examiner. In them, it is humble and loyal to reflect upon the queen, and the ministry and parliament she has chosen with the universal applause of her people; in us, it is insolent to defend her majesty and her choice, or to answer their objections, by showing the reasons why those changes were necessary.

The same style has been used in the late case concerning some gentlemen in the army. Such a clamor was raised by a set of men, who had the boldness to tax the administration with cruelty and injustice, that I thought it necessary to interfere a little, by showing the ill consequences that might arise from some proceedings, although without application to particular persons. And what do they offer in answer? Nothing but a few poor commonplaces against calumny and informers, which might have been full as just and seasonable in a plot against the sacred person of the queen.

But by the way, why are these idle people so indiscreet to name those two words, which afford occasion of laying open to the world such an infamous scene of subornation and perjury, as well as of calumny and informing, as I believe is without example; when a whole cabal attempted an action, wherein a condemned criminal [Greg] refused to join with them for the reward of his life? Not that I disapprove their sagacity who could foretell so long before by what hand they should one day fall, and therefore thought any means justifiable by which they might prevent it.

But, waiving this at present, it must be owned in justice to the army, that those violences did not proceed so far among them as some have believed; nor ought the madness of a few to be laid at their doors. For the rest, I am so far from denying the due praises to those brave troops who did their part in procuring so many victories for the allies, that I could wish every officer and private soldier had their full share of honor, in proportion to their deserts;

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being thus far of the Athenians' mind, who when it was proposed that the statue of Miltiades should be set up alone in some public place of the city, said, they would agree to it whenever he conquered alone, but not before. Neither do I at all blame the officers of the army for preferring in their hearts the late ministry before the present, or, if wishing alone could be of any use for wishing their continuance, because then they might be secure of the war's continuance too; whereas, since affairs have been put into other hands, they may perhaps lie under some apprehensions of a peace, which no army, especially in the course of success, was ever inclined to, and which all wise states have in such a juncture chiefly endeavored. This is a point, wherein the civil and military politics have always disagreed, and for that reason I affirmed it necessary, in all free governments, that the latter should be absolutely in subjection to the former, otherwise one of these two inconveniences must arise, either to be perpetually in war, or to turn the civil institution into a military.

I am ready to allow all that has been said of the valor and experience of our troops, who have fully contributed their part to the great successes abroad; nor is it their fault that those important victories had no better consequences at home, though it may be their advantage. War is their trade and business; to improve and cultivate the advantages of success is an affair of the cabinet; and the neglect of this, whether proceeding from weakness or corruption, according to the usual uncertainty of wars, may be of the most fatal consequence to a nation. For, pray let me represent our condition in such a light, as I believe both parties will allow, though perhaps not the consequences I shall deduce from it. We have been for above nine years blessed with a queen, who, beside all virtues that can enter into the composition of a private person, possesses every regal quality that can contribute to make a people happy; of great wisdom, yet ready to receive the advice of her counsellors; of much discernment in choosing proper instruments, when she follows her own judgment; and only capable of being deceived by that excess of goodness which makes her judge of others by herself; frugal in her management, in order to contribute to the public, which in proportion she does, and that voluntarily, beyond any of her subjects; but from her own nature generous and charitable to all who want or deserve; and in order to exercise those virtues, denying herself all entertainments of expense which many others enjoy. Then, if we look abroad, at least in Flanders, our arms have been

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crowned with perpetual success in battles and sieges, not to mention several fortunate actions in Spain. These facts being thus stated, which none can deny, it is natural to ask, how we have improved such advantages, and to what account they have turned? I shall use no discouraging terms. When a patient grows daily worse by the tampering of mountebanks, there is nothing left but to call in the best physicians, before the case grows desperate. But I would ask whether France, or any other kingdom, would have made so little use of such prodigious opportunities? the fruits whereof could never have fallen to the ground without the extremest degree of folly and corruption; and where those have lain, let the world judge. Instead of aiming at peace, while we had the advantage of the war, which has been the perpetual maxim of all wise states, it has been reckoned factious and malignant even to express our wishes for it; and such a condition imposed, as was never offered to any prince who had an inch of ground to dispute; *quæ enim est conditio pacis, in qua ei, cum quo pacem facias, nihil concedi potest?*

It is not obvious to conceive what could move men, who sat at home, and were called to consult upon the good of the kingdom, to be so utterly averse from putting an end to a long, expensive war, which the victorious, as well as conquered side, were heartily weary of. Few, or none of them, were men of the sword; they had no share in the honor; they had made large fortunes, and were at the head of all affairs. But they well knew by what tenure they held their power; that the queen saw through their designs; that they had entirely lost the hearts of the clergy; that the landed men were against them; that they were detested by the body of the people; and that nothing bore them up but their credit with the bank, and other stocks, which would be neither formidable nor necessary when the war was at an end. For these reasons, they resolved to disappoint all overtures of a peace, until they and their party should be so deeply rooted, as to make it impossible to shake them. To this end they began to precipitate matters so fast, as in a little time must have ruined the constitution, if the crown had not interposed, and rather ventured the accidental effects of their malice than such dreadful consequences of their power. And, indeed, if the former danger had been greater than some hoped or feared, I see no difficulty in the choice, which was the same with his, who said he would rather be devoured by wolves than by rats. I therefore shall insist, that we cannot wonder at, or find fault with the army for concurring with the ministry, which was for prolonging

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the war. The inclination is natural in them all; pardonable in those who have not yet made their fortunes; and as lawful in the rest as love of power or love of money can make it. But, as natural, as pardonable, and as lawful as this inclination is, when it is not under check of the civil power, or when a corrupt ministry joins in giving it too great a scope, the consequence can be nothing less than infallible ruin and slavery to the state.

After I had finished this paper the printer sent me two small pamphlets, called "The Management of the War;" written with some plausibility, much artifice, and abundance of misrepresentations, as well as direct falsehoods in point of fact. These I have thought worth examining, which I shall accordingly do, when I find an opportunity.

No 25.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1711.

Parva momenta in spem metumque impellunt animos.

The merest trifles influence the human mind, and impel it to hope or fear.

HOPES are natural to most men, especially to sanguine complexions, and among the various changes that happen in the course of public affairs, they are seldom without some grounds. Even in desperate cases, where it is impossible they should have any foundation, they are often affected to keep a countenance, and make an enemy think we have some resource which they know nothing of. This appears to have been for several months past the condition of those people, whom I am forced for want of other phrases to call the ruined party. They have taken up since their fall some real, and some pretended hopes. When the earl of Sunderland was discarded, they hoped her majesty would proceed no further in the change of her ministry, and had the insolence to misrepresent her words to foreign states. They hoped nobody durst advise the dissolution of the parliament. When this was done, and further alterations made in court, they hoped, and endeavored to ruin the credit of the nation. They likewise hoped that we should have terrible loss abroad, which would force us to unravel all, and begin again upon their bottom. But, of all their hopes, whether real or assumed, there is none more extraordinary than that in which they now would seem to place their whole confidence: that this great turn of affairs was only occasioned by a short madness of the people, from which they will recover in a little time, when their eyes are

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open, and they grow cool and sober enough to consider the truth of things, and how much they have been deceived. It is not improbable, that some few of the deepest-sighted among these reasoners are well enough convinced how vain all such hopes must be; but for the rest, the wisest of them seem to have been very ill judges of the people's dispositions, the want of which knowledge was a principal occasion to hasten their ruin; for surely had they suspected which way the popular current inclined, they never would have run against it by that impeachment. I therefore conclude, they generally are so blind as to imagine some comfort from this fantastical opinion, that the people of England are at present distracted, but will shortly come to their senses again.

For the service therefore of our adversaries and friends I shall briefly examine this point, by showing what are the causes and symptoms of a people's madness, and how it differs from their natural bent and inclination.

It is Machiavel's observation, that the people, when left to their own judgment, do seldom mistake their true interests; and indeed they naturally love the constitution they are born under; never desiring to change, but under great oppressions. However, they are to be deceived by several means. It has often happened in Greece, and sometimes in Rome, that those very men who have contributed to shake off a former tyranny, have, instead of restoring the old constitution, deluded the people into a worse and more ignominious slavery. Besides, all great changes have the same effects upon commonwealths that thunder has upon liquors, making the dregs fly up to the top; the lowest plebeians rise to the head of affairs, and these preserve themselves, by representing the nobles, and other friends to the old government, as enemies to the public. The encouraging of new mysteries and new deities, with the pretences of further purity in religion, has likewise been a frequent topic to mislead the people. And, not to mention more, the promoting false reports of dangers from abroad has often served to prevent them from fencing against real dangers at home. By these and the like arts, in conjunction with a great depravity of manners, and a weak or corrupt administration, the madness of the people has risen to such a height as to break in pieces the whole frame of the best instituted governments. But, however, such great frenzies being artificially raised are a perfect force and constraint upon human nature; and, under a wise steady prince, will certainly decline of themselves, settling like the sea after a storm; and then the true bent and genius of the

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people will appear. Ancient and modern story are full of instances to illustrate what I say.

In our own island we had a great example of a long madness in the people, kept up by a thousand artifices, like intoxicating medicines, until the constitution was destroyed; yet the malignity being spent, and the humor exhausted that served to foment it, before the usurpers could fix upon a new scheme, the people suddenly recovered and peaceably restored the old constitution.

From what I have offered, it will be easy to decide whether this late change in the disposition of the people was a new madness, or a recovery from an old one. Neither do I see how it can be proved that such a change had, in any circumstance, the least symptom of madness, whether my description of it be right or not. It is agreed that the truest way of judging the disposition of the people, in the choice of their representatives, is by computing the county elections; and in these it is manifest, that five in six are entirely for the present measures; although the court was so far from interposing its credit, that there was no change in the admiralty, not above one or two in the lieutenancy, nor any other methods used to influence elections. The free, unextorted addresses, sent some time before from every part of the kingdom, plainly showed what sort of bent the people had taken, and from what motives. The election of members for this great city, carried contrary to all conjecture against the united interest of those two great bodies, the Bank and East India Company, was another convincing argument. Besides, the Whigs themselves have always confessed that the bulk of landed men in England was generally of Tories. So that this change must be allowed to be according to the natural genius and disposition of the people; whether it were just and reasonable in itself or not.

Notwithstanding all which, you shall frequently hear the partisans of the late men in power gravely and decisively pronounce, that the present ministry cannot possibly stand. Now they who affirm this, if they believe themselves, must ground their opinion upon the iniquity of the last being so far established and deeply rooted, that no endeavors of honest men will be able to restore things to their former state; or else these reasoners have been so misled by twenty years' mismanagement that they have forgot our constitution, and talk as if our monarchy and revolution began together. But the body of the people is wiser; and, by the choice they have made, show they do understand our constitution, and would bring it back to the old form; which, if the new ministers take care to maintain,

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they will and ought to stand; otherwise, they may fall like their predecessors. But I think we may easily foresee what a parliament, freely chosen, without threatening or corruption, is likely to do, when no man should be in any danger to lose his place by the freedom of his voice.

But, who are the advancers of this opinion that the present ministry cannot hold? It must be either such as are afraid to be called to an account in case it should hold, or those who keep offices from which others better qualified were removed, and may reasonably apprehend to be turned out for worthier men to come into their places; since perhaps it will be necessary to make some changes that the public business of the nation may go on: or lastly, stock-jobbers, who industriously spread such reports, that actions [stocks] may fall, and their friends buy to advantage.

Yet these hopes, thus freely expressed, as they are more sincere, so they are more supportable than when they appear under the disguise and pretence of fears. Some of these gentlemen are employed to shake their heads in proper companies; to doubt where all this will end; to be in mighty pain for the nation; to show how impossible it is that the public credit can be supported; to pray that all may do well, in whatever hands; but very much to doubt that the pretender is at the bottom. I know not anything so nearly resembling this behavior as what I have often seen among the friends of a sick man whose interest it is that he should die. The physicians protest they see no danger, the symptoms are good, the medicines answer expectation; yet still they are not to be comforted; they whisper he is a gone man, it is not possible he should hold out; he has perfect death in his face; they never liked his doctor. At last the patient recovers, and their joy is as false as their grief.

I believe there is no man so sanguine who did not apprehend some ill consequences from the late change, though not in any proportion to the good ones; but it is manifest the former have proved much fewer and lighter than were expected, either at home or abroad, by the fears of our friends or the hopes of our enemies. Those remedies that stir the humors in a diseased body are at first more painful than the malady itself, yet certain death is the consequence of deferring them too long. Actions have fallen, and the loans are said to come in slowly. But, beside that something of this must have been, whether there had been any change or not; beside, that the surprise of every change, for the better as well as the worse, is apt to affect credit for a while; there is a further reason, which is plain

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and scandalous. When the late party was at the helm, those who were called the Tories never put their resentments in balance with the safety of the nation, but cheerfully contributed to the common cause: now the scene is changed, the fallen party seems to act from very different motives; they have given the word about, they will keep their money and be passive, and in this point stand upon the same foot with papists and nonjurors. What would have become of the public if the present great majority had acted thus during the late administration, before the others were masters of that wealth they have squeezed out of the landed men, and with the strength of which they would now hold the kingdom at defiance?

Thus much I have thought fit to say, without pointing reflections upon any particular person, which I have hitherto but sparingly done, and that only toward those whose characters are too profligate for the managing of them to be of any consequence. Beside, as it is a talent I am not naturally fond of, so, in the subjects I treat, it is generally needless. If I display the effects of avarice and ambition, of bribery and corruption, of gross immorality and irreligion; those who are the least conversant in things will easily know where to apply them. Not that I lay any weight upon the objections of such who charge me with this proceeding: it is notorious enough that the writers of the other side were the first aggressors. Not to mention their scurrilous libels, many years ago, directly levelled at particular persons, how many papers do now come out every week full of rude invectives against the present ministry, with the first and last letters of their names, to prevent mistakes! It is good sometimes to let these people see that we neither want spirit nor materials to retaliate: and therefore in this point alone I shall follow their example whenever I find myself sufficiently provoked; only with one addition, that whatever charges I bring, either general or particular, shall be religiously true, founded either upon avowed facts which none can deny, or such as I can prove from my own knowledge.

Being resolved publicly to confess any mistakes I have been guilty of, I do hereby humbly desire the reader's pardon for one of mighty importance about a fact in one of my papers said to be done in the cathedral of Gloucester. A whole Hydra of errors in two words! For, as I am since informed, it was neither in the cathedral, nor city, nor county of Gloucester, but some other church of that diocese. If I had ever met any other objection of equal weight, although from the meanest hands, I should certainly have answered it.

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No. 26.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1711.

Διαλεξάμενοί τινα ἡσυχῇ, τὸ μὲν σῦμῶαν ἑῶί τε τῇ δυναστεία, καὶ κατα τῶν ἐχθρῶν συνώμοσαν.

Sumissa quædam voce collocuti sunt, quorum, summa erat de dominatione sibi confirmanda, accinimicis delendis, conjuratio.

They meet, they whisper together, and their whole design is to establish themselves in their ill-gotten power upon the ruin of their enemies.

NOT many days ago I observed a knot of discontented gentlemen cursing the Tories to hell for their uncharitableness in affirming that if the late ministry had continued to this time, we should have had neither church nor monarchy left. They are usually so candid as to call that the opinion of the party which they hear in a coffee-house, or over a bottle, from some warm young people, whom it is odds but they have provoked to say more than they believed, by some positions as absurd and ridiculous of their own. And so it proved in this very instance; for, asking one of these gentlemen what it was that provoked those he had been disputing with to advance such a paradox, he assured me, in a very calm manner, it was nothing in the world but that himself, and some others of the company, had made it appear that the design of the present parliament and ministry was to bring in popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; which I take to be an opinion fifty times more improbable, as well as more uncharitable, than what is charged upon the Whigs; because I defy our adversaries to produce one single reason for suspecting such designs in the persons now at the helm; whereas I can, upon demand, produce twenty to show that some late men had strong views toward a commonwealth, and the alteration of the church.

It is natural, indeed, when a storm is over, that has only untiled our houses, and blown down some of our chimneys, to consider what further mischiefs might have ensued if it had lasted longer. However, in the present case, I am not of the opinion above mentioned. I believe the church and state might have lasted somewhat longer, although the late enemies to both had done their worst. I can hardly conceive how things would have been so soon ripe for a new revolution. I am convinced that if they had offered to make such large and sudden strides, it must have come to blows; and according to the computation, we have now reason to think a right one, I can

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partly guess what would have been the issue. Besides, we are sure the queen would have interposed before they came to extremities; and as little as they regarded the regal authority, would have been a check in their career.

But instead of this question, what would have been the consequence if the late ministry had continued? I will propose another, which will be more useful for us to consider; and that is, what may we reasonably expect they will do if ever they come into power again? This we know is the design and endeavor of all those scribblers which daily fly about in their favor; of all the false, insolent, and scandalous libels against the present administration, and of all those engines set at work to sink the actions and blow up the public credit. As for those who show their inclinations by writing, there is one consideration which I wonder does not sometimes affect them; for how can they forbear having a good opinion of the gentleness and innocence of those who permit them to employ their pens as they do? It puts me in mind of an insolent pragmatical orator somewhere in Greece, who, railing with great freedom at the chief men in the state, was answered by one who had been very instrumental in recovering the liberty of the city, that he thanked the gods they had now arrived to the condition he always wished them in, when every man in that city might securely say what he pleased. I wish these gentlemen would, however, compare the liberty they take with what their masters used to give; how many messengers and warrants would have gone out against any who durst have opened their lips, or drawn their pens against the persons and proceedings of their juntoes and cabals? How would their weekly writers have been calling out for prosecution and punishment! We remember when a poor nickname,[1] borrowed from an old play of Ben Jonson, and mentioned in a sermon without any particular application, was made use of as a motive to spur on an impeachment. But after all it must be confessed they had reasons to be thus severe, which their successors have not: their faults would never endure the light; and to have exposed them sooner would have raised the kingdom against the actors before the proper time.

But to come to the subject I have now undertaken, which is, to examine what the consequences would be upon supposition that the Whigs were now restored to their power. I already imagine the present free parliament dissolved, and another of a different epithet met, by the force of money and management. I read immediately

[1] In Dr. Sacheverel's sermon, Godolphin bears the nickname of Volpone.

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a dozen or two of stinging votes against the proceedings of the late ministry. The bill[1] now to be repealed would then be re-enacted, and the birthright of an Englishman reduced again to the value of twelvepence. But to give the reader a strong imagination of such a scene, let me represent the designs of some men, lately endeavored and projected, in the form of a paper of votes.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for repealing the sacramental test.

"A petition of Tindal, Collins, Clendon, Coward, and Toland, in behalf of themselves and many hundreds of their disciples, some of whom are members of this honorable house, desiring that leave may be given to bring in a bill for qualifying atheists, deists, and Socinians, to serve their country in any employment, ecclesiastical, civil, or military.

"Ordered, That leave be given to bring in a bill according to the prayer of the said petition; and that Mr. Lechmere[2] do prepare and bring in the same.

"Ordered, That a bill be brought in for removing the education of youth out of the hands of the clergy.

"Another to forbid the clergy preaching certain duties in religion; especially obedience to princes.

"Another to take away the jurisdiction of bishops.

"Another for constituting a general for life; with instructions to the committee that care may be taken to make the war last as long as the life of the said general.

"A bill of attainder against Charles duke of Shrewsbury,[3] John duke of Buckingham, Laurence earl of Rochester, sir Simon Harcourt, knight, Robert Harley and William Shippen, esqrs., Abigail Masham, spinster, and others, for high treason against the junto.

"Resolved, That Sarah duchess of Marlborough has been a most dutiful, just, and grateful servant to her majesty.

"Resolved, That to advise the dissolution of a Whig parliament or the removal of a Whig ministry, was in order to bring in popery and the pretender; and that the same advice was high treason.

"Resolved, that by the original compact the government of this realm is by a junto, and a king, or queen; but the administration solely in the junto.

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[1] A bill for a general naturalization.

[2] One of the managers against Dr. Sacheverel, who summed up the evidence.

[3] Altered afterwards to James duke of Ormond.

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privileges remain, it is a hundred to one odds, that the encroachments are not on the inferior clergy's side; and no man can blame them for insisting on the small number that is left. There is one fact wherein I must take occasion to set this author right: that the person [earl of Oxford, lord-treasurer] who first moved the queen to remit the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, was an eminent instrument in the late turn of affairs; and, I am told, has lately prevailed to have the same favor granted for the clergy of Ireland.[1]

But I must beg leave to inform this author, that my paper is not intended for the management of controversy; which would be of very little import to most readers, and only misspend time that I would gladly employ to better purposes. For where it is a man's business to entertain a whole roomful, it is unmannerly to apply himself to a particular person, and turn his back upon the rest of the company.

No. 27.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1711.

Ea autem est gloria, laus recte factorum, magnorumque in rempublicam meritorum: quæ cum optimi cujusque, tum etiam multitudinis, testimonio comprobatur.

That is real honor and true praise for glorious actions to a meritorious state, when they gain the commendation and esteem of the great, and, at the same time, the love and approbation of the common people.

I AM thinking what a mighty advantage it is to be entertained as a writer to a ruined cause. I remember a fanatic preacher, who was inclined to come into the church and take orders: but, upon mature thoughts, was diverted from that design, when he considered, that the collections of the godly were a much heartier and readier penny than he could get by wrangling for tithes. He certainly had reason; and the two cases are parallel. If you write in defence of a fallen party, you are maintained by contribution, as a necessary person: you have little more to do than to carp and cavil at those who hold the pen on the other side; you are sure to be celebrated and caressed by all your party, to a man: you may affirm and deny what you please without truth or probability, since it is but loss of time to contradict you. Besides, commmiseration is often on your side; and you have a pretence to be thought honest and disinterested for adhering to friends in distress: after which, if your friends ever happen to turn up again, you have a strong fund of merit toward

[1] This was done by the solicitation of Swift.

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making your fortune. Then, you never fail to be well furnished with materials, every one bringing in his quota, and falsehood being naturally more plentiful than truth: not to mention the wonderful delight of libelling men in power and hugging yourself in a corner with mighty satisfaction for what you have done.

It is quite otherwise with us, who engage as volunteers in the service of a flourishing ministry, in full credit with the queen, and beloved by the people; because they have no sinister ends or dangerous designs, but pursue with steadiness and resolution the true interest of both. Upon which account they little want or desire our assistance; and we may write till the world is weary of reading, without having our pretences allowed, either to a place or a pension: besides, we are refused the common benefit of the party, to have our works cried up of course; the readers of our own side being as ungentle and hard to please as if we writ against them: and our papers never make their way in the world, but barely in proportion to their merit. The design of their labors who write on the conquered side is likewise of greater importance than ours: they are like cordials for dying men, which must be repeated; whereas ours are, in the Scripture phrase, but meat for babes: at least, all I can pretend is, to undeceive the ignorant and those at a distance; but their task is to keep up the sinking spirits of a whole party.

After such reflections I cannot be angry with those gentlemen for perpetually writing against me; it furnishes them largely with topics, and is, besides, their proper business; neither is it affectation or altogether scorn, that I do not reply. But as things are, we both act suitably to our several provinces; mine is, by laying open some corruptions in the late management, to set those that are ignorant right in their opinions of persons and things: it is theirs to cover with fig-leaves all the faults of their friends, as well as they can. When I have produced my facts, and offered my arguments, I have nothing further to advance; it is their office to deny and disprove and then let the world decide. If I were as they, my chief endeavor should certainly be to batter down the Examiner; therefore I cannot but approve their design. Besides, they have another reason for barking incessantly at this paper: they have in their prints openly taxed a most ingenious person as author of it; one who is in great and very deserved reputation with the world, both on account of his poetical works and his talents for public business. They were wise enough to consider what a sanction it would give their performances to fall under the animadversion of such a pen; and

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therefore used all the forms of provocation commonly practised by little obscure pedants, who are fond of distinguishing themselves by the fame of an adversary. So nice a taste have these judicious critics in pretending to discover an author by his style and manner of thinking! not to mention the justice and candor of exhausting all the stale topics of scurrility in reviling a paper, and then flinging, at a venture, the whole load upon one who is entirely innocent; and whose greatest fault, perhaps, is too much gentleness toward a party from whose leaders he has received quite contrary treatment.

The concern I have for the ease and reputation of so deserving a gentleman has at length forced me, much against my interest and inclination, to let these angry people know who is not the author of the Examiner. For I observed the opinion began to spread, and I chose rather to sacrifice the honor I received by it than let injudicious people entitle him to a performance that, perhaps, he might have reason to be ashamed of; still faithfully promising never to disturb those worthy advocates, but suffer them in quiet to roar on at the Examiner, if they or their party find any ease in it, as physicians say there is to people in torment, such as men in the gout, or women in labor.

However, I must acknowledge myself indebted to them for one hint, which I shall now pursue, although in a different manner. Since the fall of the late ministry, I have seen many papers filled with their encomiums, I conceive, in imitation of those who write the lives of famous men, where, after their deaths, immediately follow their characters. When I saw the poor virtues thus dealt at random, I thought the disposers had flung their names, like valentines, into a hat, to be drawn as fortune pleased by the junto and their friends. There Crassus drew liberty and gratitude; Fulvia, humility and gentleness; Clodius, piety and justice; Gracchus, loyalty to his prince; Cinna, love of his country and constitution; and so of the rest. Or, to quit this allegory, I have often seen, of late, the whole set of discarded statesmen celebrated by their judicious hirelings for those very qualities which their admirers owned they chiefly wanted. Did these heroes put off and lock up their virtues when they came into employment; and have they now resumed them since their dismissions? If they wore them, I am sure it was under their greatness, and without ever once convincing the world of their visibility or influence.

But why should not the present ministry find a pen to praise them, as well as the last? This is what I shall now undertake; and

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it may be more impartial in me, from whom they have deserved so little. I have without being called served them half a year in quality of champion; and, by help of the queen, and a majority of nine in ten of the kingdom, have been able to protect them against a routed cabal of hated politicians, with a dozen of scribblers at their head; yet so far have they been from rewarding me suitably to my deserts, that to this day they never so much as sent to the printer to inquire who I was, although I have known a time and ministry where a person of half my merit and consideration would have had fifty promises, and in the mean time a pension settled on him, whereof the first quarter should be honestly paid. Therefore, my resentments shall so far prevail, that in praising those who are now at the head of affairs, I shall, at the same time, take notice of their defects.

Was any man more eminent in his profession than the present lord-keeper,[1] or more distinguished by his eloquence and great abilities in the house of commons? and will not his enemies allow him to be fully equal to the great station he now adorns? But then it must be granted that he is wholly ignorant in the speculative as well as practical part of polygamy; he knows not how to metamorphose a sober man into a lunatic; he is no freethinker in religion, nor has courage to be patron of an atheistical book, while he is guardian of the queen's conscience. Although, after all, to speak my private opinion, I cannot think these such mighty objections to his character as some would pretend.

The person who now presides at the council[2] is descended from a great and honorable father, not from the dregs of the people; he was at the head of the treasury for some years, and rather chose to enrich his prince than himself. In the height of favor and credit, he sacrificed the greatest employment in the kingdom to his conscience and honor; he has been always firm in his loyalty and religion, zealous for supporting the prerogative of the crown and preserving the liberties of the people. But then his best friends must own that he is neither Deist nor Socinian; he has never conversed with Toland to open and enlarge his thoughts, and dispel the prejudices of education; nor was he ever able to arrive at that perfection of gallantry, to ruin and imprison the husband, in order to keep the wife without disturbance.

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[1] Sir Simon (afterwards lord) Harcourt.

[2] Laurence Hyde, late earl of Rochester.

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The present lord-steward[1] has been always distinguished for his wit and knowledge, is of consummate wisdom and experience in affairs, has continued constant to the true interest of the nation, which he espoused from the beginning, and is every way qualified to support the dignity of his office; but in point of oratory must give place to his predecessor.

The duke of Shrewsbury[2] was highly instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, in which service he freely exposed his life and fortune. He has ever been the favorite of the nation, being possessed of all the amiable qualities that can accomplish a great man; but in the agreeableness and fragrancy of his person, and the profoundness of his politics, must be allowed to fall very short of——.

Mr. Harley[3] had the honor of being chosen speaker successively to three parliaments. He was the first, of late years, who ventured to restore the forgotten custom of treating his prince with duty and respect; easy and disengaged in private conversation, with such a weight of affairs upon his shoulders; of great learning, and as great a favorer and protector of it; intrepid by nature as well as by the consciousness of his own integrity; and a despiser of money, pursuing the true interest of his prince and country against all obstacles; sagacious to view into the remotest consequences of things, by which all difficulties fly before him; a firm friend, and a placable enemy, sacrificing his justest resentments not only to public good, but to common intercession and acknowledgment. Yet, with all these virtues, it must be granted there is some mixture of human infirmity. His greatest admirers must confess his skill at cards and dice to be very low and superficial; in horse-racing he is utterly ignorant; then, to save a few millions to the public, he never regards how many worthy citizens he hinders from making up their plumb. And surely there is one thing never to be forgiven him, that he delights to have his table filled with black-coats, whom he uses as if they were gentlemen.

My lord Dartmouth[4] is a man of letters, full of good sense, good nature, and honor; of strict virtue and regularity in his life; but labors under one great defect, that he treats his clerks with more

[1] John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham and Normanby, in the room of the duke of Devonshire.

[2] Lord-chamberlain, in the room of Henry de Grey, earl, marquis, and duke of Kent.

[3] Chancellor of the exchequer, upon the removal of lord Godolphin.

[4] He succeeded the earl of Sunderland as secretary of state.

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civility and good manners than others in his station have done the queen.

Omitting some others, I shall close this character of the present ministry with that of Mr. St. John,[1] who, from his youth, applying those admirable talents of nature and improvements of art to public business, grew eminent in court and parliament at an age when the generality of mankind is employed in trifles and folly. It is to be lamented that he has not yet procured himself a busy, important countenance, nor learned that profound part of wisdom, to be difficult of access. Besides, he has clearly mistaken the true use of books, which he has thumbed and spoiled with reading, when he ought to have multiplied them on his shelves: not like a great man of my acquaintance, who knew a book by the back better than a friend by the face, although he had never conversed with the former and often with the latter.

No. 28.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1711.

Caput est in omni procuratione negotii et muneris publici, ut avaritiæ pellatur etiam minima suspicio.

In every employment in every public office, it is of the utmost importance to keep free from even the least suspicion of avarice.

THERE is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice. Those two which seem to rival it in this point are lust and ambition; but the former is checked by difficulties and diseases, destroys itself by its own pursuits, and usually declines with old age; and the latter requiring courage, conduct, and fortune in a high degree, and meeting with a thousand dangers and oppositions, succeeds too seldom in an age to fall under common observation. Or, avarice is perhaps the same passion with ambition, only placed in more ignoble and dastardly minds, by which the object is changed from power to money. Or it may be that one man pursues power in order to wealth, and another wealth in order to power, which last is the safer way, although longer about; and suiting with every period, as well as condition of life, is more generally followed.

However it be, the extremes of this passion are certainly more frequent than of any other; and often to a degree so absurd and ridiculous, that if it were not for their frequency, they could hardly

[1] Secretary of state, in the room of Mr. Henry Boyle.

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obtain belief. The stage, which carries other follies and vices beyond nature and probability, falls very short in the representations of avarice; nor are there any extravagances of this kind described by ancient or modern comedies, which are not outdone by a hundred instances commonly told among ourselves.

I am ready to conclude hence, that a vice which keeps so firm a hold upon human nature, and governs it with so unlimited a tyranny, since it cannot wholly be eradicated, ought at least to be confined to particular objects; to thrift and penury, to private fraud and extortion, and never suffered to prey upon the public; and should certainly be rejected as the most unqualifying circumstance for any employment where bribery and corruption can possibly enter.

If the mischiefs of this vice in a public station were confined to enriching only those particular persons employed, the evil would be more supportable: but it is usually quite otherwise. When a steward defrauds his lord, he must connive at the rest of the servants while they are following the same practice in their several spheres: so that in some families you may observe a subordination of knaves, in a link downward to the very helper in the stables, all cheating by concert, and with impunity. And even if this were all, perhaps the master could bear it without being undone; but it so happens that, for every shilling the servant gets by iniquity, the master loses twenty; the perquisites of servants being but small compositions for suffering shopkeepers to bring in what bills they please. It is exactly the same thing in a state: an avaricious man in office is in confederacy with the whole clan of his district or dependence; which in modern terms of art is called to live and let live; and yet their gains are the smallest part of the public's loss. Give a guinea to a knavish land-waiter, and he shall connive at the merchant for cheating the queen of a hundred. A brewer gives a bribe to have the privilege of selling drink to the navy: but the fraud is a hundred times greater than the bribe, and the public is at the whole loss.

Moralists make two kinds of avarice; that of Catiline, *alieni appetens, sui profusus;* and the other more generally understood by that name, which is the endless desire of hoarding. But I take the former to be more dangerous in a state, because it mingles with ambition, which I think the latter cannot; for, although the same breast may be capable of admitting both, it is not able to cultivate them; and where the love of heaping wealth prevails, there is not, in my opinion, much to be apprehended from ambition. The dis-

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grace of that sordid vice is sooner apt to spread than any other; and is always attended with the hatred and scorn of the people: so that whenever those two passions happen to meet in the same subject, it is not unlikely that Providence has placed avarice to be a check upon ambition; and I have reason to think some great ministers of state have been of my opinion.

The divine authority of holy writ, the precepts of philosophers, the lashes and ridicule of satirical poets, have been all employed in exploding this insatiable thirst of money; and all equally controlled by the daily practice of mankind. Nothing new remains to be said upon the occasion; and if there did, I must remember my character, that I am an Examiner only, and not a Reformer.

However, in those cases where the frailties of particular men do nearly affect the public welfare, such as a prime minister of state, or a great general of an army, methinks there should be some expedient contrived to let them know impartially what is the world's opinion in the point. Encompassed with a crowd of depending flatterers, they are many degrees blinder to their own faults than the common infirmities of human nature can plead in their excuse. Advice dares not to be offered, or is wholly lost, or returned with hatred: and whatever appears in public against their prevailing vice goes for nothing: being either not applied, or passing only for libel and slander, proceeding from the malice and envy of party.

I have sometimes thought that if I had lived at Rome in the time of the first triumvirate, I should have been tempted to write a letter, as from an unknown hand, to those three great men who had then usurped the sovereign power; wherein I would freely and sincerely tell each of them that fault which I conceived was most odious, and of worst consequence to the commonwealth. That to Crassus should have been sent to him after his conquests in Mesopotamia, and in the following terms:

"To Marcus Crassus, health.

"If you apply, as you ought, what I now write, you will be more obliged to me than to all the world, hardly excepting your parents or your country. I intend to tell you, without disguise or prejudice, the opinion which the world has entertained of you; and to let you see I write this without any sort of ill will, you shall first hear the sentiments they have to your advantage. No man disputes the gracefulness of your person; you are allowed to have a good and clear understanding, cultivated by the knowledge of men and manners, although not by literature; you are no ill orator in the senate;

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you are said to excel in the art of bridling and subduing your anger, and stifling or concealing your resentments; you have been a most successful general, of long experience, great conduct, and much personal courage; you have gained many important victories for the commonwealth, and forced the strongest towns in Mesopotamia to surrender, for which frequent supplications have been decreed by the senate. Yet with all these qualities, and this merit, give me leave to say, you are neither beloved by the patricians nor plebeians at home, nor by the officers or private soldiers of your own army abroad. And do you know, Crassus, that this is owing to a fault of which you may cure yourself by one minute's reflection? What shall I say? You are the richest person in the commonwealth; you have no male child; your daughters are all married to wealthy patricians; you are far in the decline of life, and yet you are deeply stained with that odious and ignoble vice of covetousness. It is affirmed that you descend even to the meanest and most scandalous degrees of it; and while you possess so many millions, while you are daily acquiring so many more, you are solicitous how to save a single sesterce; of which a hundred ignominious instances are produced, and in all men's mouths. I will only mention that passage of the buskins, which, after abundance of persuasion, you would hardly suffer to be cut from your legs, when they were so wet and cold, that to have kept them on would have endangered your life.

"Instead of using the common arguments to dissuade you from this weakness, I will endeavor to convince you that you are really guilty of it, and leave the cure to your own good sense. For perhaps you are not yet persuaded that this is your crime; you have probably never yet been reproached for it to your face; and what you are now told comes from one unknown, and it may be from an enemy. You will allow yourself indeed to be prudent in the management of your fortune; you are not a prodigal, like Clodius, or Catiline; but surely that deserves not the name of avarice. I will inform you how to be convinced. Disguise your person, go among the common people in Rome, introduce discourses about yourself, inquire your own character; do the same in your camp; walk about in the evening, hearken at every tent; and if you do not hear every mouth censuring, lamenting, cursing this vice in you, and even you for this vice, conclude yourself innocent. If you be not yet persuaded, send for Atticus, Servius Sulpicius, Cato, or Brutus; they are all your friends: conjure them to tell you ingenuously which is your great fault, and which they would chiefly wish you to correct;

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if they do not agree in their verdict, in the name of all the gods you are acquitted.

"When your adversaries reflect how far you are gone in this vice, they are tempted to talk as if we owed our successes not to your courage or conduct but to those veteran troops you command, who are able to conquer under any general, with so many brave and experienced officers to lead them. Besides, we know the consequences your avarice has often occasioned. The soldier has been starving for bread, surrounded with plenty, and in an enemy's country; but all under safeguards and contributions, which, if you had sometimes pleased to have exchanged for provisions, might, at the expense of a few talents in a campaign, have so endeared you to the army, that they would have desired you to lead them to the utmost limits of Asia. But you rather choose to confine your conquests within the fruitful country of Mesopotamia, where plenty of money might be raised. How far that fatal greediness of gold may have influenced you in breaking off the treaty with the old Parthian king Orodes, you best can tell; your enemies charge you with it; your friends offer nothing material in your defence; and all agree there is nothing so pernicious which the extremes of avarice may not be able to inspire.

"The moment you quit this vice, you will be a truly great man; and still there will imperfections enough remain to convince us you are not a god. Farewell."

Perhaps a letter of this nature, sent to so reasonable a man as Crassus, might have put him upon examining into himself, and correcting that little sordid appetite, so utterly inconsistent with all pretences to heroism. A youth in the heat of blood may plead, with some show of reason, that he is not able to subdue his lusts. An ambitious man may use the same arguments for his love of power; or perhaps other arguments to justify it. But excess of avarice has neither of these pleas to offer; it is not to be justified, and cannot pretend temptation for excuse. Whence can the temptation come? Reason disclaims it altogether, and it cannot be said to lodge in the blood or the animal spirits. So that I conclude no man of true valor and true understanding, upon whom this vice has stolen unawares, when he is convinced he is guilty will suffer it to remain in his breast an hour.

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No. 29.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1711.

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia?

Shall you Cotytto's feasts deride,
Yet safely triumph in your pride?

[In answer to the Letter to the Examiner.]

London, Feb. 15, 1711.

SIR—Although I have wanted leisure to acknowledge the honor of a letter you were pleased to write to me about six months ago, yet I have been very careful in obeying some of your commands, and am going on as fast as I can with the rest. I wish you had thought fit to have conveyed them to me by a more private hand than that of the printing-house; for, although I was pleased with a pattern of style and spirit which I proposed to imitate, yet I was sorry the world should be a witness how far I fell short in both.

I am afraid you did not consider what an abundance of work you have cut out for me; neither am I at all comforted by the promise you are so kind to make, that when I have performed my task, "D—n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone shall feel some remorse." How the gentleman in his grave may have kept his countenance I cannot inform you, having no acquaintance at all with the sexton; but for the other two, I take leave to assure you there have not yet appeared the least signs of blushing or remorse in either, although some very good opportunities have offered, if they had thought fit to accept them; so that, with your permission, I would rather engage to continue this work until they be in their graves too; which I am sure will happen much sooner than the other.

You desire I would collect some of those indignities offered last year to her majesty. I am ready to oblige you; and have got a pretty tolerable collection by me, which I am in doubt whether to publish by itself in a large volume in folio, or scatter them here and there occasionally in my papers; although, indeed, I am sometimes thinking to stifle them altogether; because such a history will be apt to give foreigners a monstrous opinion of our country. But since it is your absolute opinion that the world should be informed, I will, with the first occasion, pick out a few choice instances, and let them take their chance in the ensuing papers. I have likewise in my cabinet certain quires of paper filled with facts of corruption,

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mismanagement, cowardice, treachery, avarice, ambition, and the like; with an alphabetical table to save trouble. And perhaps you will not wonder at the care I take to be so well provided, when you consider the vast expense I am at. I feed weekly two or three wit-starved writers, who have no visible support; besides several others who live upon my offals. In short, I am like a nurse who suckles twins at one time, and has besides one or two whelps constantly to draw her breasts.

I must needs confess (and it is with grief I speak it) that I have been the innocent cause of a great circulation of dulness; at the same time, I have often wondered how it has come to pass that these industrious people, after poring so constantly upon the Examiner, a paper writ with plain sense and in a tolerable style, have made so little improvement. I am sure it would have fallen out quite otherwise with me; for, by what I have seen of their performances (and I am credibly informed they are all of a piece), if I had perused them until now I should have been fit for little but to make an advocate in the same cause.

You, sir, perhaps will wonder, as most others do, what end these angry folks propose in writing perpetually against the Examiner: it is not to beget a better opinion of the late ministry, or with any hope to convince the world that I am in the wrong in any one fact I relate; they know all that to be lost labor, and yet their design is important enough: they would fain provoke me, by all sorts of methods within the length of their capacity, to answer their papers; which would render mine wholly useless to the public; for, if it once came to rejoinder and reply, we should be all upon a level; and then their work would be done.

There is one gentleman,[1] who has written three small pamphlets upon the management of the war, and the treaty of peace. These I had intended to have bestowed a paper in examining; and could easily have made it appear that whatever he says of truth relates not at all to the evils we complain of, or controls one syllable of what I have ever advanced. Nobody that I know of did ever dispute the duke of Marlborough's courage, conduct, or success; they have been always unquestionable, and will continue to be so, in spite of the malice of his enemies, or, which is yet more, the weakness of his advocates. The nation only wishes to see him taken out of ill hands, and put into better. But what is all this to the conduct of the late ministry, the shameful mismanagements in Spain, or the

[1] Dr. Hare, afterwards bishop of Chichester, chaplain to the duke of Marlborough.

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wrong steps in the treaty of peace; the secret of which will not bear the light, and is consequently by this author very poorly defended? These, and many other things, I would have shown; but, upon second thoughts, determined to have it done in a discourse by itself, rather than take up room here, and break into the design of this paper, whence I have resolved to banish controversy as much as possible. But the postscript to his third pamphlet was enough to disgust me from having any dealings at all with such a writer; unless that part was left to some footman he has picked up among the boys who follow the camp, whose character it would suit much better than that of the supposed author: at least, the foul language, the idle, impotent menaces, and tne gross perverting of an innocent expression in the fourth Examiner, joined to that respect I shall ever have for the function of a divine, would incline me to believe so. But, when he turns off his footman and disclaims that postscript, I will tear it out and see how far the rest deserves to be considered.

But, sir, I labor under a much greater difficulty, upon which I should be glad to hear your advice. I am worried on one side by the Whigs for being too severe, and by the Tories on the other for being too gentle. I have formerly hinted a complaint of this, but having lately received two peculiar letters, among many others, I thought nothing could better represent my condition, or the opinion which the warm men of both sides have of my conduct, than to send you a transcript of each. The former is exactly in these words:—

"To the Examiner.

"MR. EXAMINER,—By your continual reflecting upon the conduct of the late ministry, and by your encomiums on the present, it is as clear as the sun at noonday that you are a jesuit, or nonjuror, employed by the friends of the pretender to endeavor to introduce popery, and slavery, and arbitrary power, and to infringe the sacred act for toleration of dissenters. Now, sir, since the most ingenious authors, who write weekly against you, are not able to teach you better manners, I would have you to know that those great and excellent men, as low as you think them at present, do not want friends that will take the first proper occasion to cut your throat, as all such enemies to moderation ought to be served. It is well you have cleared another person from being author of your cursed libels; although, d—n me, perhaps after all that may be a bamboozle too.

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However, I hope we shall soon ferret you out. Therefore I advise you as a friend to let fall your pen, and retire by times; for our patience is now at an end. It is enough to lose our power and employments, without setting the whole nation against us. Consider, three years is the life of a party; d—n me, every dog has his day, and it will be our turn next; therefore take warning, and learn to sleep in a whole skin; or, whenever we are uppermost, by G—d, you shall find no mercy."

The other letter was in the following terms:

"To the Examiner.

"SIR, I am a country member, and constantly send a dozen of your papers down to my electors. I have read them all, but, I confess, not with the satisfaction I expected. It is plain you know a great deal more than you write; why will you not let us have it all out? We are told that the queen has been a long time treated with insolence by those she has most obliged. Pray, sir, let us have a few good stories upon that head. We have been cheated of several millions; why will you not set a mark on the knaves who are guilty, and show us what ways they took to rob the public at such a rate? inform us how we came to be disappointed of peace about two years ago. In short, turn the whole mystery of iniquity inside out, that everybody may have a few of it. But, above all, explain to us what was the bottom of that same impeachment; I am sure I never liked it; for at that very time a dissenting preacher in our neighborhood came often to see our parson; it could be for no good, for he would walk about the barns and the stables, and desired to look into the church, as who should say, These will shortly be mine: and we all believed he was then contriving some alterations, against he got into possession. And I shall never forget that a Whig justice offered me then very high for my bishop's lease. I must be so bold to tell you, sir, that you are too favorable; I am sure there was no living in quiet for us, while they were in the saddle. I was turned out of the commission, and called a Jacobite, although it cost me a thousand pounds in joining with the prince of Orange at the Revolution. The discoveries I would have you make are of some facts for which they ought to be hanged; not that I value their heads, but I would see them exposed, which may be done upon the owner's shoulders as well as upon a pole," &c.

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These, sir, are the sentiments of a whole party on one side, and of considerable numbers on the other: however, taking the medium between these extremes, I think to go on as I have hitherto done, although I am sensible my paper would be more popular if I did not lean too much on the favorable side. For nothing delights the people more than to see their oppressors humbled, and all their actions painted with proper colors, set out in open view; *exactos tyrannos densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.*

But as for the Whigs, I am in some doubt whether this mighty concern they show for the honor of the late ministry may not be affected; at least whether their masters will thank them for their zeal in such a cause. It is, I think, a known story of a gentleman, who fought another for calling him a son of a whore, that the lady desired her son to make no more quarrels upon that subject, because it was true. For pray, sir, does it not look almost like a jest, that such a pernicious crew, after draining our wealth, and discovering the most destructive designs against our church and state, instead of thanking fortune that they are got off safe in their persons and plunder, should hire these bullies of the pen to defend their reputations? I remember I thought it the hardest case in the world, when a poor acquaintance of mine, having fallen in among sharpers, where he lost all his money, and then, complaining he was cheated, got a good beating into the bargain, for offering to affront gentlemen. I believe the only reason why these purloiners of the public cause such a clutter to be made about their reputation is, to prevent inquisitions that might tend toward making them refund; like those women they call shoplifters, who, when they are challenged for their thefts, appear to be mighty angry and affronted, for fear of being searched.

I will dismiss you, sir, when I have taken notice of one particular. Perhaps you may have observed in the tolerated factious papers of the week, that the earl of Rochester is frequently reflected on for having been ecclesiastical commissioner and lord-treasurer in the reign of the late king James. The fact is true; and it will not be denied, to his immortal honor, that, because he could not comply with the measures then taking, he resigned both those employments; of which the latter was immediately supplied by a commission composed of two popish lords, and the present earl of Godolphin.

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No. 30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1711.

Laus summa in fortunæ bonis, non extulisse se in potestate, non fuisse insolentem in pecunia, non se prætulisse aliis propter abundantiam fortunæ.

In the goods of fortune it is the highest commendation to say that he was not elated in power, insolent in riches, or contemptuous amid the overflowing of fortune.

I AM conscious to myself that I write this paper with no other intention but of doing good. I never received injury from the late ministry, nor advantage from the present, further than in common with every good subject. There were among the former one or two who must be allowed to have possessed very valuable qualities; but proceeding by a system of politics which our constitution could not suffer, and discovering a contempt of all religion, especially of that which has been so happily established among us ever since the Reformation, they seem to have been justly suspected of no very good inclinations to either.

It is possible that a man may speculatively prefer the constitution of another country, or a Utopia of his own, before that of the nation where he is born and lives; yet, from considering the dangers of innovation, the corruptions of mankind, and the frequent impossibility of reducing ideas to practice, he may join heartily in preserving the present order of things and be a true friend to the government already settled. So in religion, a man may perhaps have little or none of it at heart; yet if he conceals his opinions, if he endeavors to make no proselytes, advances no impious tenets in writing or discourse; if according to the common atheistical notion he believes religion to be only a contrivance of politicians for keeping the vulgar in awe, and that the present model is better adjusted than any other to so useful an end; although the condition of such a man as to his own future state be very deplorable, yet Providence, which often works good out of evil, can make even such a man an instrument for contributing toward the preservation of the church.

On the other side, I take a state to be truly in danger, both as to its religion and government, when a set of ambitious politicians, bred up in hatred to the constitution and a contempt for all religion, are forced upon exerting these qualities, in order to keep or increase their power, by widening their bottom and taking in (like Mahomet) some principles from every party that is in any way discontented

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at the present faith and settlement; which was manifestly our case. Upon this occasion I remember to have asked some considerable Whigs whether it did not bring a disreputation upon their body to have the whole herd of presbyterians, independents, atheists, anabaptists, deists, quakers, and socinians, openly and universally listed under their banners? They answered that all this was absolutely necessary in order to make a balance against the Tories; and all little enough: for indeed it was as much as they could possibly do, although assisted with the absolute power of disposing of every employment, while the bulk of the English gentry kept firm to their old principles in church and state.

But notwithstanding what I have hitherto said, I am informed several among the Whigs continue still so refractory, that they will hardly allow the heads of their party to have entertained any designs of ruining the constitution; or that they would have endeavored it if they had continued in power. I beg their pardon if I have discovered a secret; but who could imagine they ever intended it should be one, after those overt acts with which they thought fit to conclude their farce? But perhaps they now find it convenient to deny vigorously; that the question may remain, why was the old ministry changed, which they urge on without ceasing, as if no occasion in the least had been given, but that all were owing to the insinuations of crafty men practising upon the weakness of an easy prince: I shall therefore offer, among an hundred, one reason for this change, which I think would justify any monarch who ever reigned for the like proceeding.

It is notorious enough how highly princes have been blamed in the histories of all countries, particularly of our own, upon the account of their minions; who have been ever justly odious to the people for their insolence and avarice, and engrossing the favors of their masters. Whoever has been the least conversant in the English story cannot but have heard of Gaveston, the Spencers, and the earl of Oxford; who by the excess and abuse of their power cost the princes they served, or rather governed, their crowns and lives. However, in the case of minions it must at least be acknowledged that the prince is pleased and happy, although his subjects be aggrieved; and he has the plea of friendship to excuse him, which is a disposition of generous minds. Besides, a wise minion, although he be haughty to others, is humble and insinuating to his master, and cultivates his favor by obedience and respect. But our misfortune has been a great deal worse; we have suffered for some years

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under the oppression, the avarice, and insolence of those for whom the queen had neither esteem nor friendship; who rather seemed to snatch their own dues than receive the favor of their sovereign; and were so far from returning respect, that they forgot common good manners. They imposed on their prince by urging the necessity of affairs of their own creating: they first raised difficulties, and then offered them as arguments to keep themselves in power. They united themselves, against nature and principle, to a party they had always abhorred, and which was now content to come in upon any terms, leaving them and their creatures in full possession of the court: then they urged the formidable strength of that party, and the dangers which must follow by disobliging it. So that it seems almost a miracle how a princess thus besieged on all sides could alone have courage and prudence enough to extricate herself.

And, indeed, there is a point of history relating to this matter which well deserves to be considered. When her majesty came to the crown she took into favor and employment several persons who were esteemed the best friends of the old constitution; among whom none were reckoned further gone in the high church principles (as they are usually called) than two or three who had at that time most credit, and ever since, until within these few months, possessed all power at court. So that the first umbrage given to the Whigs, and the pretences for clamoring against France and the pretender, were derived from them. And I believe nothing appeared then more unlikely than that such different opinions should ever incorporate; that party having, upon former occasions, treated those very persons with enmity enough. But some lords then about court, and in the queen's good graces, not able to endure those growing impositions upon the prince and people, presumed to interpose, and were, consequently, soon removed and disgraced. However, when a most exorbitant grant was proposed, antecedent to any visible merit, it miscarried in parliament for want of being seconded by those who had most credit in the house; and who, having always opposed the like excesses in a former reign, thought it their duty to do so still, to show to the world that the dislike was not against persons, but things. But this was to cross the oligarchy in the tenderest point; a point which outweighed all considerations of duty and gratitude to their prince or regard to the constitution; and therefore, after having in several private meetings concerted measures with their old enemies, and granted as well as received conditions, they began to change their style and their countenance, and to put it as a maxim

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in the mouths of their emissaries, that England must be saved by Whigs. This unnatural league was afterward cultivated by another incident, I mean the act of security, and the consequences of it, which everybody knows; when (to use the words of my correspondent[1]) the sovereign authority was parcelled out among the faction, and made the purchase of indemnity for an offending minister. Thus the union of the two kingdoms improved that between the ministry and the junto, which was afterward cemented by their mutual danger in that storm they so narrowly escaped about three years ago, but, however, was not quite perfected till prince George's[2] death; and then they went lovingly on together, both satisfied with their several shares, and at full liberty to gratify their predominant inclinations; the first, their avarice and ambition; the other, their models of innovation in church and state.

Therefore, whoever thinks fit to revive that baffled question, why was the late ministry changed? may receive the following answer, that it was become necessary by the insolence and avarice of some about the queen, who, in order to perpetuate their tyranny, had made a monstrous alliance with those who profess principles destructive to our religion and government. If this will not suffice, let him make an abstract of all the abuses I have mentioned in my former papers, and view them together; after which, if he still remain unsatisfied, let him suspend his opinion a few weeks longer. Although, after all, I think the question as trifling as that of the papists, when they ask us, where was our religion before Luther? And, indeed, the ministry was changed for the same reasons that religion was reformed; because a thousand corruptions had crept into the discipline and doctrine of the state by the pride, the avarice, the fraud, and the ambition of those who administered to us in secular affairs.

I heard myself censured the other day in a coffeehouse for seeming to glance in the letter to Crassus against a great man who is still in employment, and likely to continue so. What if I had really intended that such an application should be given it? I cannot perceive how I could be justly blamed for so gentle a reproof. If I saw a handsome young fellow going to a ball at court with a great smut upon his face, could he take it ill in me to point out the place, and desire him, with abundance of good words, to pull out his handkerchief and wipe it off, or bring him to a glass, where he might plainly see it with his own eyes? Does any man think I shall suffer my pen

[1] Letter to the Examiner. [2] Prince George of Denmark favored the Tories.

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to inveigh against vices, only because they are charged upon persons who are no longer in power? Everybody knows that certain vices are more or less pernicious according to the stations of those who possess them. For example, lewdness and intemperance are not of so bad consequences in a town-rake as in a divine; cowardice in a lawyer is more supportable than in an officer of the army. If I should find fault with an admiral because he wanted politeness, or an alderman for not understanding Greek, that indeed would be to go out of the way for occasion of quarrelling. But excessive avarice in a general is, I think, the greatest defect he can be liable to next to the want of courage and conduct, and may be attended with the most ruinous consequences, as it was in Crassus, who to that vice alone owed the destruction of himself and his army. It is the same thing in praising men's excellencies which are more or less valuable, as the person you commend has occasion to employ them. A man may perhaps mean honestly; yet, if he be not able to spell, he shall never have my vote to be a secretary. Another may have wit and learning, in a post where honesty with plain common sense are of much more use. You may praise a soldier for his skill at chess, because it is said to be a military game, and the emblem of drawing up an army; but this to a treasurer would be no more a compliment than if you called him a gamester or a jockey.

P. S. I have received a letter relating to Mr. Greenshields; the person that sent it may know that I will say something to it in the next paper.

No. 31.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1711.

Quæ enim domus tam stabilis, quæ tam firma civitas est, quæ non odiis atque dissidiis funditus possit everti?

What family so established, what society so firmly united, that it cannot be broken and dissolved by intestine quarrels and divisions?

If we examine what societies of men are in closest union among themselves, we shall find them either to be those who are engaged in some evil design, or who labor under one common misfortune. Thus the troops of banditti in several countries abroad, the knots of highwaymen in our own nation, the several tribes of sharpers, thieves, and pickpockets, with many others, are so firmly knit together, that nothing is more difficult than to break or dissolve their several gangs; so likewise those who are fellow-sufferers under any

misfortune, whether it be in reality or opinion, are usually contracted into a very strict union; as we may observe in the papists throughout the kingdom, under those real difficulties which are justly put on them; and in the several schisms of presbyterians and other sects under that grievous persecution of the modern kind called want of power. And the reason why such confederacies are kept so sacred and inviolable is very plain; because in each of those cases I have mentioned the whole body is moved by one spirit in pursuit of one general end, and the interest of individuals is not crossed by each other, or by the whole.

Now both these motives are joined to unite the high-flying Whigs at present: they have been always engaged in an evil design, and of late they are faster riveted by that terrible calamity, the loss of power. So that, whatever designs a mischievous crew of dark confederates may possibly entertain, who will stop at no means to compass them, may be justly apprehended from these.

On the other side, those who wish well to the public, and would gladly contribute to its service, are apt to differ in their opinions about the methods of promoting it; and when their party flourishes are sometimes envious at those in power; ready to overvalue their own merit, and be impatient until it be rewarded by the measure they have prescribed for themselves. There is a further topic of contention, which a ruling party is apt to fall into in relation to retrospections, and inquiry into past miscarriages; wherein some are thought too warm and zealous, others too cool and remiss; while, in the mean time, these divisions are industriously fomented by the discarded faction, which, although it be an old practice, has been much improved in the schools of the jesuits, who, when they despaired of perverting this nation to popery by arguments or plots against the state, sent their emissaries to subdivide us into schisms. And this expedient is now, with great propriety, taken up by our men of incensed moderation, because they suppose themselves able to attack the strongest of our subdivisions, and to subdue us one after another. Nothing better resembles this proceeding than that famous combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, where, two of the former being killed, the third, who remained entire and untouched, was able to kill his three wounded adversaries, after he had divided them by a stratagem. I well know with how tender a hand all this should be touched; yet, at the same time, I think it my duty to warn the friends as well as expose the enemies of the public weal,

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and to begin preaching up union upon the first suspicion that any steps are made to disturb it.

But the two chief subjects of discontent, which, upon most great changes in the management of public affairs, are apt to breed differences among those who are in possession, are what I have just now mentioned; a desire of punishing the corruption of former managers, and rewarding merit among those who have been any way instrumental or consenting to the change. The first of these is a point so nice that I shall purposely waive it; but the latter I take to fall properly within my district. By merit I here understand that value which every man puts upon his own deservings from the public. And I believe there could not be a more difficult employment found out than that of paymaster-general to this sort of merit; or a more noisy crowded place than a court of judicature erected to settle and adjust every man's claim upon that article. I imagine, if this had fallen into the fancy of the ancient poets, they would have dressed it up after their manner into an agreeable fiction, and given us a genealogy and description of merit, perhaps not very different from that which follows.

A poetical Genealogy and Description of MERIT.

"THAT true Merit was the son of Virtue and Honor; but that there was likewise a spurious child, who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. That at a distance there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. That the bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful that he could not speak at all. That in all great assemblies the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in this way; was constantly at court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. That the more you fed him the more hungry and importunate he grew. That he often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honor, and the genuine for an impostor. That he was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and that none but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. That the true Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false for his credit with those in

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power, and to keep himself from starving. That false Merit filled the ante-chambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as projectors, schematists, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starveling writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty orators, and the like; who all owned him for their patron, and he grew discontented if they were not immediately fed."

This metaphorical description of false Merit is, I doubt, calculated for most countries in Christendom: as to our own, I believe it may be said, with a sufficient reserve of charity, that we are fully able to reward every man among us according to his real deservings; and I think I may add, without suspicion of flattery, that never any prince had a ministry with a better judgment to distinguish between false and real merit than that which is now at the helm; or whose inclination, as well as interest, was greater to encourage the latter. And it ought to be observed, that those great and excellent persons we see at the head of affairs are of the queen's own personal, voluntary choice; not forced upon her by any insolent overgrown favorite, or by the pretended necessity of complying with an unruly faction.

Yet these are the persons whom those scandals to the press, in their daily pamphlets and papers, openly revile at so ignominious a rate as I believe was never tolerated before under any government. For surely no lawful power derived from a prince should be so far affronted as to leave those who are in authority exposed to every scurrilous libeller: because in this point I make a mighty difference between those who are in and those who are out of power; not upon any regard to their persons, but the stations they are placed in by the sovereign. And if my distinction be right I think I might appeal to any man whether, if a stranger were to read the invectives which are daily published against the present ministry, and the outrageous fury of the authors against me for censuring the last, he would not conclude the Whigs to be at this time in full possession of power and favor, and the Tories entirely at their mercy. But all this now ceases to be a wonder, since the queen herself is no longer spared; witness the libel published some days ago, under the title of "A Letter to Sir Jacob Banks," where the reflections upon her sacred majesty are much more plain and direct than ever the Examiner thought fit to publish against the most obnoxious persons in a ministry discarded for endeavoring the ruin of their prince and country. Cæsar, indeed, threatened to hang the pirates

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for presuming to disturb him, while he was their prisoner aboard their ship: but it was Cæsar who did so, and he did it to a crew of public robbers; and it became the greatness of his spirit, for he lived to execute what he had threatened. Had they been in his power and sent such a message, it could be imputed to nothing but the extremes of impudence, folly, or madness.

I had a letter last week relating to Mr. Greenshields, an episcopal clergyman of Scotland: and the writer seems to be a gentleman of that part of Britain. I remember formerly to have read a printed account of Mr. Greenshields' case, who has been prosecuted and silenced, for no other reason beside reading divine service after the manner of the church of England to his own congregation, who desired it; though, as the gentleman who writes to me says, there is no law in Scotland against those meetings; and he adds that the sentence pronounced against Mr. Greenshields will soon be affirmed, if some care be not taken to prevent it. I am altogether uninformed in the particulars of this case, and, besides, to treat it justly would not come within the compass of my paper; therefore I could wish the gentleman would undertake it in a discourse by itself; and I should be glad he would inform the public in one fact, whether episcopal assemblies are freely allowed in Scotland? It is notorious that abundance of their clergy fled from thence some years ago into England and Ireland, as from a persecution; but it was alleged by their enemies that they refused to take the oaths to the government, which, however, none of them scrupled when they came among us. It is somewhat extraordinary to see our Whigs and fanatics keep such a stir about the sacred act of toleration, while their brethren will not allow a connivance in so near a neighborhood; especially if what the gentleman insists on in his letter be true, that nine parts in ten of the nobility and gentry, and two in three of the commons, are episcopal; of which, one argument he offers is, the present choice of their representatives in both houses, though opposed to the utmost by the preachings, threatenings, and anathemas of the kirk. Such usage to a majority may, as he thinks, be of dangerous consequence; and I entirely agree with him. If these be the principles of the high kirk, God preserve at least the southern parts from their tyranny!

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No 32.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1711.

——— Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.

——— Never fails
To cheer our converse with his pithy tales.

I HAD last week sent me, by an unknown hand, a passage out of Plato, with some hints how to apply it. That author puts a fable into the mouth of Aristophanes, with an account of the original of love; that mankind was at first created with four arms and legs, and all other parts double to what they are now; till Jupiter, as a punishment for his sins, cleft him in two with a thunderbolt; since which time we are always looking out for our other half; and this is the cause of love. But Jupiter threatened, that if they did not mend their manners he would give them t'other slit, and leave them to hop about in the shape of figures in *basso relievo*. The effect of this last threatening, my correspondent imagines, is now come to pass; and that, as the first splitting was the original of love, by inclining us to search for our other half; so the second was the cause of hatred, by prompting us to fly from our other side, and, dividing the same body into two, gave each slice the name of a party.

I approve the fable and application, with this refinement upon it: for parties do not only split a nation, but every individual among them, leaving each but half their strength and wit, and honesty, and good nature; but one eye and ear for their sight and hearing, and equally lopping the rest of the senses. Where parties are pretty equal in a state no man can perceive one bad quality in his own, or good one in his adversaries. Besides, party being a dry, disagreeable subject, it renders conversation insipid or sour, and confines invention. I speak not here of the leaders, but the insignificant crowd of followers in a party, who have been the instruments of mixing it in every condition and circumstance of life. As the zealots among the Jews bound the law about their forehead, and wrists, and hems of their garments, so the women among us have got the distinguished marks of party in their muffs, their fans, and their furbelows. The Whig ladies put on their patches in a different manner from the Tories. They have made schisms in the playhouse, and each have their particular sides at the opera; and when a man changes his party he must infallibly count upon the loss of

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his mistress. I asked a gentleman the other day how he liked such a lady; but he would not give me his opinion till I had answered him whether she were a Whig or a Tory. Mr. Prior, since he is known to visit the present ministry, and lay some time under a suspicion of writing the Examiner, is no longer a man of wit; his very poems have contracted a stupidity many years after they were printed.

Having lately ventured upon a metaphorical genealogy of Merit, I thought it would be proper to add another of Party, or rather of Faction (to avoid mistake), not telling the reader whether it be my own or a quotation, till I know how it is approved. But whether I read or dreamt it, the fable is as follows:—

"Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter, called Faction; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in her birth, out of envy to the mother, whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty; who doted on this daughter to such a degree that by her good will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up she became so termagant and froward, that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone; and her mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed first in Greece; was expelled by degrees through all the cities by her daughter's ill conduct; fled afterwards to Italy, and, being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but, being driven out everywhere, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself; so that, at this time, she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother and the rest of her children. She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company; valuing nobody but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought fit to take up; and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was, to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and

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allow them to have neither honor, wit, beauty, learning, honesty, or common sense. She intruded into all companies at the most unseasonable times; mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffeehouse and bookseller's shop; and by her perpetual talking filled all places with disturbance and confusion: she buzzed about the merchant in the Exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shopkeeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends as they spoke."

If I understand this fable of Faction right, it ought to be applied to those who set themselves up against the true interest and constitution of their country, which I wish the undertakers for the late ministry would please to take notice of, or tell us by what figure of speech they pretend to call so great and unforced a majority, with the queen at their head, by the name of the Faction, which is not unlike the phrase of the Nonjurors, who, dignifying one or two deprived bishops, and half a score clergymen of the same stamp, with the title of the Church of England, exclude all the rest as schismatics; or like the presbyterians, laying the same accusation, with equal justice, against the established religion.

And here it may be worth inquiring what are the true characteristics of a faction, or how it is to be distinguished from that great body of the people who are friends to the constitution? The heads of a faction are usually a set of upstarts, or men ruined in their fortunes, whom some great change in a government did at first, out of their obscurity, produce upon the stage. They associate themselves with those who dislike the old establishment, religious and civil. They are full of new schemes in politics and divinity; they have an incurable hatred against the old nobility, and strengthen their party by dependants raised from the lowest of the people. They have several ways of working themselves into power; but they are sure to be called when a corrupt administration wants to be supported against those who are endeavoring at a reformation; and they firmly observe that celebrated maxim of preserving power by the same arts by which it is attained. They act with the spirit of those who believe their time is but short; and their first care is to heap up immense riches at the public expense, in which they have two ends beside that common one of insatiable avarice, which are, to make themselves necessary, and to keep the commonwealth in dependence. Thus they hope to compass their design, which is, instead of fitting their principles to the constitution, to alter and adjust the constitution to their own pernicious principles.

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It is easy determining by this test to which side the name of faction most properly belongs. But, however, I will give them any system of law or regal government, from William the Conqueror to this present time, to try whether they can tally it with their late models; excepting only that of Cromwell, whom, perhaps, they will reckon for a monarch.

If the present ministry, and so great a majority in the parliament and kingdom, be only a faction, it must appear by some actions which answer the idea we usually conceive from that word. Have they abused the prerogatives of the prince, or invaded the rights and liberties of the subject? Have they offered at any dangerous innovations in church or state? Have they broached any doctrines of heresy, rebellion, or tyranny? Have any of them treated their sovereign with insolence, engrossed and sold all her favors, or deceived her by base, gross misrepresentations of her most faithful servants? These are the arts of a faction, and whoever has practised them, they and their followers must take up with the name.

It is usually reckoned a Whig principle to appeal to the people; but that is only when they have been so wise as to poison their understandings beforehand. Will they now stand to this appeal, and be determined by their *vox populi* to which side their title of faction belongs? And that the people are now left to the natural freedom of their understanding and choice I believe their adversaries will hardly deny. They will now refuse this appeal, and it is reasonable they shonld; and I will further add, that, if our people resembled the old Grecians, there might be danger in such a trial. A pragmatical orator told a great man at Athens, that whenever the people were in their rage they would certainly tear him to pieces: Yes, says the other, and they will do the same to you whenever they are in their wits. But, God be thanked, our populace is more merciful in their nature, and at present under better direction; and the orators among us have attempted to confound both prerogative and law in their sovereign's presence, and before the highest court of judicature, without any hazard to their persons.

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No. 33.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1711.

Non est ea medicina, cum sanæ parti corporis scalpellum adhibetur, atque integræ; carnificina est ista, et crudelitas. Hi medentur reipublicæ, qui exsecant pestem aliquam, tanquam strumam civitatis.

To apply the knife in a sound and healthy part of the body is butchery and cruelty, not real surgery. Those are the true physicians and surgeons of a state who cut off the pests of society, like wens from the human body.

I AM diverted from the general subject of my discourses, to reflect upon an event of a very extraordinary and surprising nature. A great minister, in high confidence with the queen, under whose management the weight of affairs at present is in a great measure supposed to lie, sitting in council, in a royal palace, with a dozen of the chief officers of the state, is stabbed at the very board in the execution of his office by the hand of a French papist, then under examination for high treason; the assassin redoubles his blow to make sure work, and, concluding the chancellor[1] was despatched, goes on with the same rage to murder a principal secretary of state;[2] and that whole noble assembly are forced to rise and draw their swords in their own defence, as if a wild beast had been let loose among them.

This fact has some circumstances of aggravation not to be paralleled by any of the like kind we meet with in history. Cæsar's murder, being performed in the senate, comes nearest to the case; but that was an affair concerted by great numbers of the chief senators, who were likewise the actors in it, and not the work of a vile single ruffian. Harry the Third of France was stabbed by an enthusiastic friar, whom he suffered to approach his person while those who attended him stood at some distance. His successor met the same fate in a coach, where neither he nor his nobles, in such a confinement, were able to defend themselves. In our own country we have, I think, but one instance of this sort which has made any noise; I mean that of Felton about fourscore years ago, but he took the opportunity to stab the duke of Buckingham in passing through a dark lobby from one room to another. The blow was neither seen nor heard, and the murderer might have escaped if his own concern and horror, as it is usual in such cases, had not betrayed him. Besides, that act of Felton will admit of some extenuation, from the

[1] Mr. Harley, then chancellor of the exchequer, afterward earl of Oxford.
[2] Mr. Henry St. John, afterward lord Bolingbroke.

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motives he is said to have had; but this attempt of Guiscard seems to have outdone them all in every heightening circumstance, except the difference of persons between a king and a great minister: for I give no allowance at all to the difference of success (which, however, is yet uncertain and depending), nor think it the least alleviation to the crime, whatever it may be to the punishment.

I am sensible it is ill arguing from particulars to generals, and that we ought not to charge upon a nation the crimes of a few desperate villains it is so unfortunate to produce; yet at the same time it must be avowed that the French have, for these last centuries, been somewhat too liberal of their daggers upon the persons of their greatest men, such as the admiral de Coligny, the dukes of Guise, father and son, and the two kings I last mentioned. I have sometimes wondered how a people whose genius seems wholly turned to singing and dancing and prating, to vanity and impertinence; who lay so much weight upon modes and gestures; whose essentialities are generally so very superficial; who are usually so serious upon trifles, and so trifling upon what is serious, have been capable of committing such solid villanies, more suitable to the gravity of a Spaniard, or the silence and thoughtfulness of an Italian: unless it be, that in a nation naturally so full of themselves, and of so restless imaginations, when any of them happen to be of a morose and gloomy constitution, that huddle of confused thoughts, for want of evaporating, usually terminates in rage or despair. D'Avila observes that Jacques Clement[1] was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport with; but at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering his king.

But in the marquis de Guiscard there seems to have been a complication of ingredients for such an attempt. He had committed several enormities in France, was extremely prodigal and vicious, of a dark melancholy complexion and cloudy countenance, such as in vulgar physiognomy is called an ill look. For the rest, his talents were very mean, having a sort of inferior cunning, but very small abilities; so that a great man of the late ministry, by whom he was invited over, and with much discretion raised at first step from a profligate popish priest to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, was at last forced to drop him for shame.

Had such an accident happened under that ministry, and to so considerable a member of it, they would have immediately charged

[1] The monk who assassinated Henry III. of France.

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it upon the whole body of those they are pleased to call the faction. This would have been styled a high-church principle; the clergy would have been accused as promoters and abettors of the fact; committees would have been sent to promise the criminal his life provided they might have liberty to direct and dictate his confession; and a black list would have been printed of all those who had been ever seen in the murderer's company. But the present men in power hate and despise all such detestable arts, which they might now turn upon their adversaries with much more plausibility than ever these did their honorable negotiations with Greg.[1]

And here it may be worth observing how unanimous a concurrence there is between some persons once in great power and a French papist; both agreeing in the great end of taking away Mr. Harley's life, though differing in their methods; the first proceeding by subornation, the other by violence; wherein Guiscard seems to have the advantage, as aiming no further than his life, while the others designed to destroy at once both that and his reputation. The malice of both against this gentleman seems to have risen from the same cause—his discovering designs against the government. It was Mr. Harley who detected the treasonable correspondence of Greg, and secured him betimes, when a certain great man who shall be nameless had, out of the depth of his politics, sent him a caution to make his escape, which would certainly have fixed the appearance of guilt upon Mr. Harley; but when that was prevented, they would have enticed the condemned criminal with promise of a pardon, to write and sign an accusation against the secretary: but, to use Greg's own expression, his death was nothing near so ignominious as would have been such a life that must be saved by prostituting his conscience. The same gentleman now lies stabbed by his other enemy, a popish spy, whose treason he has discovered. God preserve the rest of her majesty's ministers from such protestants, and from such papists!

I shall take occasion to hint at some particularities in this surprising fact for the sake of those at a distance, or who may not be thoroughly informed. The murderer confessed in Newgate that his chief design was against Mr. secretary St. John, who happened to change seats with Mr. Harley for more convenience of examining

[1] William Greg, an under-clerk to Mr. secretary Harley, was detected in a correspondence with Monsieur Chamillard, one of the French king's ministers, to whom he transmitted the proceedings of both houses of parliament with respect to the augmentation of the British forces, and other papers of great importance.

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the criminal: and being asked what provoked him to stab the chancellor, he said that, not being able to come at the secretary as he intended, it was some satisfaction to murder the person whom he thought Mr. St. John loved best.

And here, if Mr. Harley has still any enemies left, whom his blood spilt in the public service cannot reconcile, I hope they will at least admire his magnanimity, which is a quality esteemed even in an enemy; and I think there are few greater instances of it to be found in story. After the wound was given he was observed neither to change his countenance nor discover any concern or disorder in his speech. He rose up and walked about the room while he was able with the greatest tranquillity during the height of the confusion. When the surgeon came, he took him aside and desired he would inform him freely whether the wound were mortal, because in that case he said he had some affairs to settle relating to his family. The blade of the penknife, broken by the violence of the blow against the rib, within a quarter of an inch of the handle, was dropped out (I know not whether from the wound or his clothes) as the surgeon was going to dress him: he ordered it to be taken up, and wiping it himself gave it to somebody to keep, saying he thought it now properly belonged to him. He showed no sort of resentment, nor spoke one violent word against Guiscard, but appeared all the while the least concerned of any in the company; a state of mind which in such an exigency nothing but innocence can give, and is truly worthy of a christian philosopher.

If there be really so great a difference in principle between the high-flying Whigs and the friends of France, I cannot but repeat the question, how came they to join in the destruction of the same man? Can his death be possibly for the interest of both? Or have they both the same quarrel against him, that he is perpetually discovering and preventing the treacherous designs of our enemies? However it be, this great minister may now say, with St. Paul, that he has been in perils by his own countrymen, and in perils by strangers.

In the midst of so melancholy a subject, I cannot but congratulate with our own country that such a savage monster as the marquis de Guiscard is none of her production: a wretch perhaps more detestable in his own nature than even this barbarous act has been yet able to represent him to the world. For there are good reasons to believe, from several circumstances, that he had intentions of a deeper dye than those he happened to execute: I mean such as every

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good subject must tremble to think on. He has of late been frequently seen going up the back stairs at court, and walking alone in an outer room adjoining to her majesty's bed-chamber. He has often and earnesty pressed for some time to have access to the queen, even since his correspondence with France. And he has now given such a proof of his disposition as leaves it easy to guess what was before in his thoughts, and what he was capable of attempting.

It is humbly to be hoped that the legislature will interpose on so extraordinary an occasion as this, and direct a punishment some way proportionable to so execrable a crime.

Et quicunque tuum violavit vulnere corpus,
Morte luat meritâ ———

No. 34.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1711.

De libertate retinenda, qua certe nihil est dulcius, tibi assentior.

I agree with you in respect to your sentiments for preserving our liberty, than which nothing can be more pleasing to a human mind.

THE apologies of the ancient fathers are reckoned to have been the most useful parts of their writings, and to have done greatest service to the christian religion; because they removed those misrepresentations which had done it most injury. The methods these writers took were openly and freely to discover every point of their faith, to detect the falsehood of their accusers, and to charge nothing upon their adversaries but what they were sure to make good. This example has been ill followed of later times: the papists, since the Reformation, using all arts to palliate the absurdities of their tenets, and loading the reformers with a thousand calumnies; the consequence of which has been only a more various, wide, and inveterate separation. It is the same thing in civil schisms: a Whig forms an image of a Tory just after the thing he most abhors, and that image serves to represent the whole body.

I am not sensible of any material difference there is between those who call themselves the old Whigs and a great majority of the present Tories; at least by all I could ever find from examining several persons of each denomination. But it must be confessed that the present body of Whigs, as they now constitute that party, is a very odd mixture of mankind, being forced to enlarge their bottom by taking in every heterodox professor, either in religion or

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government, whose opinions they were obliged to encourage for fear of lessening their number; while the bulk of the landed men and people were entirely of the old sentiments. However, they still pretended a due regard to the monarchy and the church, even at the time when they were making the largest steps toward the ruin of both; but, not being able to wipe off the many accusations laid to their charge, they endeavored, by throwing scandal to make the Tories appear blacker than themselves: and so the people might join with them, as the smaller evil of the two.

But among all the reproaches which the Whigs have flung upon their adversaries, there is none has done them more service than that of passive obedience, as they represent it with the consequences of non-resistance, arbitrary power, indefeasible right, tyranny, popery, and what not. There is no accusation which has passed with more plausibility than this, or any that is supported with less justice. In order, therefore, to undeceive those who have been misled by false representations, I thought it would be no improper undertaking to set this matter in a fair light, which I think has not yet been done. A Whig asks whether you hold passive obedience? you affirm it: he then immediately cries out, "You are a Jacobite, a friend of France and the pretender!" because he makes you answerable for the definition he has formed of that term, however different it be from what you understand. I will, therefore, give two descriptions of passive obedience; the first, as it is falsely charged by the Whigs; the other, as it is really professed by the Tories; at least by nineteen in twenty of all I ever conversed with.

Passive obedience, as charged by the Whigs.

THE doctrine of passive obedience is, to believe that a king, even in a limited monarchy, holding his power only from God, is only answerable to him; that such a king is above all law; that the cruelest tyrant must be submitted to in all things; and if his commands be ever so unlawful, you must neither fly nor resist, nor use any other weapons than prayers and tears. Although he should force your wife and daughters, murder your children before your face, or cut off five hundred heads in a morning for his diversion, you are still to wish him a long, prosperous reign, and to be patient under all his cruelties, with the same resignation as under a plague or a famine; because to resist him would be to resist God, in the person of his vicegerent. If a king of England should go through the streets of London in order to murder every man he met, passive

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obedience commands them to submit. All laws made to limit him signify nothing, although passed by his own consent, if he thinks fit to break them. God will, indeed, call him to a severe account; but the whole people, united to a man, cannot presume to hold his hands, or offer him the least active disobedience: the people were certainly created for him, and not he for the people. His next heir, although worse than what I have described, although a fool or a madman, has a divine indefeasible right to succeed him, which no law can disannul; nay, although he should kill his father upon the throne, he is immediately king to all intents and purposes; the possession of the crown wiping off all stains. But whosoever sits on the throne without this title, though ever so peaceably, and by consent of former kings and parliaments, is a usurper while there is anywhere in the world another person who has a nearer hereditary right; and the whole kingdom lies under mortal sin till that heir be restored, because he has a divine title which no human law can defeat.

This and a great deal more has, in a thousand papers and pamphlets, been laid to that doctrine of passive obedience which the Whigs are pleased to charge upon us. This is what they are perpetually instilling into the people as the undoubted principle by which the present ministry and a great majority in parliament do at this time proceed. This is what they accuse the clergy of delivering from the pulpits, and of preaching up as a doctrine absolutely necessary to salvation. And whoever affirms in general that passive obedience is due to the supreme power, he is presently loaded by our candid adversaries with such consequences as these. Let us therefore see what this doctrine is when stripped of such misrepresentations, by describing it as really taught and practised by the Tories; and then it will appear what grounds our adversaries have to accuse us upon this article.

Passive obedience, as professed and practised by the Tories.

They think that in every government, whether monarchy or republic, there is placed a supreme, absolute, unlimited power, to which passive obedience is due. That wherever is intrusted the power of making laws, that power is without all bounds, can repeal or enact at pleasure whatever laws it thinks fit, and justly demand universal obedience and non-resistance. That among us, as everybody knows, this power is lodged in the king or queen, together with the lords and commons of the kingdom; and, therefore, all de-

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crees whatsoever made by that power are to be actively or passively obeyed. That the administration, or executive part of this power, is, in England, solely intrusted with the prince; who in administering those laws ought to be no more restrained than the legislative power itself. But they do not conceive the same absolute passive obedience to be due to a limited prince's commands, when they are directly contrary to the laws he has consented to and sworn to maintain. The crown may be sued as well as a private person; and if an arbitrary king of England should send his officers to seize my lands or goods against law, I can lawfully resist them. The ministers by whom he acts are liable to prosecution and impeachment, although his own person be sacred. But, if he interpose royal authority to support their insolence, I see no remedy until it grows a general grievance, or until the body of the people have reason to apprehend it will be so; after which it becomes a case of necessity; and then, I suppose, a free people may assert their own rights, yet without any violation to the person or lawful power of the prince. But, although the Tories allow all this, and did justify it by the share they had in the Revolution, yet they see no reason for entering upon so ungrateful a subject, or raising controversies upon it, as if we were in daily apprehensions of tyranny, under the reign of so excellent a princess, and while we have so many laws of late years made to limit the prerogative; when, according to the judgment of those who know our constitution best, things rather seem to lean to the other extreme, which is equally to be avoided. As to the succession, the Tories think an hereditary right to be the best in its own nature, and most agreeable to our old constitution; yet, at the same time, they allow it to be defeasible by act of parliament; and so is Magna Charta too, if the legislature think fit: which is a truth so manifest, that no man who understands the nature of government can be in doubt concerning it.

These I take to be the sentiments of a great majority among the Tories with respect to passive obedience: and if the Whigs insist, from the writings or common talk of warm and ignorant men, to form a judgment of the whole body, according to the first account I have here given, I will engage to produce as many of their side who are utterly against passive obedience even to the legislature; who will assert the last resort of power to be in the people, against those whom they have chosen and trusted as their representatives, with the prince at the head; and who will put wild improbable cases to show the reasonableness and necessity of resisting the legislative

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power in such imaginary junctures: than which, however, nothing can be more idle; for I dare undertake in any system of government, either speculative or practic, that was ever yet in the world, from Plato's Republic to Harrington's Oceana, to put such difficulties as cannot be answered.

All the other calumnies raised by the Whigs may be as easily wiped off; and I have the charity to wish that they could as fully answer the just accusations we have against them. Dodwell, Hickes, and Lesley, are gravely quoted to prove that the Tories design to bring in the pretender; and if I should quote them to prove that the same thing is intended by the Whigs, it would be full as reasonable; since I am sure they have at least as much to do with Nonjurors as we. But our objections against the Whigs are built upon their constant practice for many years, whereof I have produced a hundred instances, against any single one of which no answer has yet been attempted, although I have been curious enough to look into all the papers I could meet with that are written against the Examiner; such a task as, I hope, no man thinks I would undergo for any other end but that of finding an opportunity to own and rectify my mistakes: as I would be ready to do upon the call of the meanest adversary. Upon which occasion I shall take leave to add a few words.

I flattered myself last Thursday, from the nature of my subject, and the inoffensive manner I handled it, that I should have one week's respite from those merciless pens whose severity will some time break my heart: but I am deceived, and find them more violent than ever. They charge me with two lies and a blunder. The first lie is a truth, that Guiscard was invited over; but it is of no consequence. I do not tax it as a fault; such sort of men have often been serviceable: I only blamed the indiscretion of raising a profligate abbot, at the first step, to a lieutenant-general and colonel of a regiment of horse, without staying some reasonable time, as is usual in such cases, until he had given some proofs of his fidelity as well as of that interest and credit he pretended to have in his country. But that is said to be another lie; for he was a papist, and could not have a regiment; however, this other lie is a truth too; for a regiment he had, and paid by us to his agent, Monsieur le Bas, for his use. The third is a blunder; that I say Guiscard's design was against Mr. secretary St. John, and yet my reasonings upon it are as if it were personally against Mr. Harley. But I say no such thing, and my reasonings are just. I relate only what Guiscard said

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in Newgate, because it was a particularity the reader might be curious to know, and accordingly it lies in a paragraph by itself, after my reflections; but I never meant to be answerable for what Guiscard said, or thought it of weight enough for me to draw conclusions thence, when I had the address of both houses to direct me better: where it is expressly said that Mr. Harley's fidelity to her majesty, and zeal for her service, have drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. This is what I believe, and what I shall stick to.

But, alas! these are not the passages which have raised so much fury against me. One or two mistakes in facts of no importance, or a single blunder, would not have provoked them; they are not so tender of my reputation as a writer. All their outrage is occasioned by those passages in that paper which they do not in the least pretend to answer, and with the utmost reluctancy are forced to mention. They take abundance of pains to clear Guiscard from a design against Mr. Harley's life; but offer not one argument to clear their other friends, who, in the business of Greg, were equally guilty of the same design against the same person; whose tongues were very swords, and whose penknives were axes.

No. 35.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

—— Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

——— See
The palm that virtue yields! in scenes like these
We trace humanity, and man with man
Related by the kindred sense of woe.

I BEGIN to be heartily weary of my employment as Examiner; which I wish the ministry would consider with half so much concern as I do, and assign me some other, with less pains and a larger pension. There may soon be a vacancy either on the bench, in the revenue, or the army, and I am equally qualified for each; but this trade of examining, I apprehend, may at one time or other go near to sour my temper. I did lately propose that some of those ingenious pens which are engaged on the other side might be employed to succeed me; and I undertook to bring them over for t'other crown; but it was answered, that those gentlemen do much better service in

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the stations where they are. It was added that abundance of abuses yet remained to be laid open to the world, which I had often promised to do, but was too much diverted by other subjects that came into my head. On the other side, the advices of some friends, and the threats of many enemies, have put me upon considering what would have become of me if times should alter; this I have done very maturely, and the result is, that I am in no manner of pain. I grant that what I have said upon occasion, concerning the late men in power, may be called satire by some unthinking people, as long as that faction is down; but if ever they come into play again, I must give them warning beforehand that I shall expect to be a favorite, and that those pretended advocates of theirs will be pilloried for libellers. For I appeal to any man whether I ever charged that party, or its leaders, with one single action or design which (if we may judge by their former practices) they will not openly profess, be proud of, and score up for merit when they come again to the head of affairs. I said they were insolent to the queen; will they not value themselves upon that as an argument to prove them bold assertors of the people's liberty? I affirmed they were against a peace; will they be angry with me for setting forth the refinements of their politics, in pursuing the only method left to preserve them in power? I said they had involved the nation in debts, and engrossed much of its money; they go beyond me, and boast they have got it all, and the credit too. I have urged the probability of their intending great alterations in religion and government; if they destroy both at their next coming, will they not reckon my foretelling it rather as a panegyric than an affront? I said they had formerly a design against Mr. Harley's life; if they were now in power would they not immediately cut off his head, and thank me for justifying the sincerity of their intentions? In short, there is nothing I ever said of those worthy patriots which may not be as well excused; therefore, as soon as they resume their places I positively design to put in my claim; and, I think, may do it with a much better grace than many of that party who now make their court to the present ministry. I know two or three great men, at whose levees you may daily observe a score of the most forward faces, which everybody is ashamed of, except those who wear them. But I conceive my pretensions will be upon a very different foot.

Let me offer a parallel case:—Suppose king Charles the First had entirely subdued the rebels at Naseby, and reduced the kingdom to his obedience; whoever had gone about to reason from the former

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conduct of those saints, that if the victory had fallen on their side they would have murdered their prince, destroyed monarchy and the church, and made the king's party compound for their estates as delinquents, would have been called a false uncharitable libeller by those very persons who afterward gloried in all this, and called it the work of the Lord when they happened to succeed. I remember there was a person fined and imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, because he said the duke of York was a papist; but when that prince came to be king, and made open profession of his religion, he had the justice immediately to release his prisoner, who, in his opinion, had put a compliment upon him, and not a reproach; and therefore colonel Titus,[1] who had warmly asserted the same thing in parliament, was made a privy-counsellor.

By this rule, if that which for some public reasons is now called scandal upon the late ministry, proves one day to be only an abstract of such a character as they will assume and be proud of, I think I may fairly offer my pretensions, and hope for their favor; and I am the more confirmed in this notion by what I have observed in those papers that come out weekly against the Examiner. The authors are perpetually telling me of my ingratitude to my masters; that I blunder and betray the cause, and write with more bitterness against those who hire me than against the Whigs. Now I took all this at first only for so many strains of wit, and pretty paradoxes, to divert the reader; but, upon further thinking, I find they are serious. I imagined I had complimented the present ministry for their dutiful behavior to the queen, for their love of the old constitution in church and state, for their generosity and justice, and for their desire of a speedy honorable peace; but it seems I am mistaken, and they reckon all this for satire, because it is directly contrary to the practice of all those whom they set up to defend, and utterly against all their notions of a good ministry. Therefore I cannot but think they have reason on their side; for, suppose I should write the character of an honest, a religious, and a learned man, and send the first to Newgate, the second to the Grecian coffeehouse, and the last to White's, would they not all pass for satires, and justly enough, among the companies to whom they were sent?

Having therefore employed several papers in such sort of panegyric, and but very few on what they understand to be satires, I shall henceforth upon occasion be more liberal of the latter; of

[1] Author of the tract against Oliver Cromwell, "Killing no Murder."

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which they are likely to have a taste in the remainder of this present paper.

Among all the advantages which the kingdom has received by the late change of ministry, the greatest must be allowed to be the calling of the present parliament upon the dissolution of the last. It is acknowledged that this excellent assembly has entirely recovered the honor of parliaments, which had been unhappily prostituted for some years past by the factious proceedings of an unnatural majority, in concert with a most corrupt administration. It is plain, by the present choice of members, that the electors of England, when left to themselves, do rightly understand their true interest. The moderate Whigs begin to be convinced that we have been all this while in the wrong hands, and that things are now as they should be. And as the present house of commons is the best representative of the nation that has ever been summoned in our memories, so they have taken care in their first session, by that noble bill of qualification, that future parliaments should be composed of landed men; and our properties lie no more at the mercy of those who have none themselves, or at least only what is transient or imaginary. If there be any gratitude in posterity, the memory of this assembly will be always celebrated; if otherwise, at least we, who share in the blessings they derive to us, ought with grateful hearts to acknowledge them.

I design in some following papers to draw up a list (for I can do no more) of the great things this parliament has already performed; the many abuses they have detected; their justice in deciding elections without regard to party; their cheerfulness and address in raising supplies for the war, and at the same time providing for the nation's debts; their duty to the queen, and their kindness to the church.

In the mean time I cannot forbear mentioning two particulars which, in my opinion, do discover in some measure the temper of the present parliament, and bear analogy to those passages related by Plutarch in the lives of certain great men, which, as himself observes, although they be not of actions which make any great noise or figure in history, yet give more light into the characters of persons than we could receive from an account of their most renowned achievements.

Something like this may be observed from two late instances of decency and good nature in that illustrious assembly I am speaking

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of. The first was when, after that inhuman attempt upon Mr. Harley, they were pleased to vote an address to the queen, wherein they express their utmost detestation of the fact, their high esteem and great concern for that able minister, and justly impute his misfortunes to that zeal for her majesty's service which had drawn upon him the hatred of all the abettors of popery and faction. I dare affirm that so distinguishing a mark of honor and good will from such a parliament was more acceptable to a person of Mr. Harley's generous nature than the most bountiful grant that was ever yet made to a subject; as her majesty's answer, filled with gracious expressions in his favor, adds more to his real glory than any titles she could bestow. The prince and representatives of the whole kingdom join in their concern for so important a life; these are the true rewards of virtue; and this is the commerce between noble spirits, in a coin which the giver knows where to bestow, and the receiver how to value, although neither avarice nor ambition would be able to comprehend its worth.

The other instance I intend to produce, of decency and good nature in the present house of commons, relates to their most worthy speaker;[1] who having unfortunately lost his eldest son, the assembly, moved with a generous pity for so sensible an affliction, adjourned themselves for a week, that so good a servant for the public might have some interval to wipe away a father's tears. And, indeed, that gentleman has too just an occasion for his grief, by the death of a son who had already acquired so great a reputation for every amiable quality, and who might have lived to be so great an honor and an ornament to his ancient family.

Before I conclude, I must desire one favor of the reader; that, when he thinks it worth his while to peruse any paper written against the Examiner, he will not form his judgment by any mangled quotation out of it which he finds in such papers, but be so just as to read the paragraph referred to, which I am confident will be found a sufficient answer to all that ever those papers can object; at least I have seen above fifty of them, and never yet observed one single quotation transcribed with common candor.

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[1] William Bromley, esq., elected speaker Nov. 23, 1710; and sworn of the privy council June 23, 1711.

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No. 36.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Nullo suo peccato impediantur, quo minus alterius peccata demonstrare possint.

No fault or crime in themselves hinders them from searching into and pointing out the faults of others.

I HAVE been considering the old constitution of this kingdom; comparing it with the monarchies and republics whereof we meet so many accounts in ancient story, and with those at present in most parts of Europe. I have considered our religion, established here by the legislature soon after the Reformation. I have likewise examined the genius and disposition of the people under that reasonable freedom they possess. Then I have turned my reflections upon those two great divisions of Whig and Tory (which some way or other take in the whole kingdom), with the principles they both profess, as well as those wherewith they reproach one another. From all this I endeavor to determine from which side her present majesty may reasonably hope for most security to her person and government, and to which she ought in prudence to trust the administration of her affairs. If these two rivals were really no more than parties according to the common acceptation of the word, I should agree with those politicians who think a prince descends from his dignity by putting himself at the head of either, and that his wisest course is to keep them in a balance, raising or depressing either as it best suits with his designs. But when the visible interest of his crown and kingdom lies on one side, and when the other is but a faction, raised and strengthened by incidents and intrigues, and by deceiving the people with false representations of things, he ought in prudence to take the first opportunity of opening his subjects' eyes, and declaring himself in favor of those who are for preserving the civil and religious rights of the nation, wherewith his own are so interwoven.

This was certainly our case: for I do not take the heads, advocates, and followers of the Whigs, to make up, strictly speaking, a national party; being patched of heterogeneous, inconsistent parts, whom nothing served to unite but the common interest of sharing in the spoil and plunder of the people; the present dread of their adversaries, by whom they apprehended to be called to an account; and that general conspiracy of endeavoring to overturn the church and state, which, however, if they could have compassed, they would

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certainly have fallen out among themselves, and broke in pieces, as their predecessors did after they destroyed the monarchy and religion. For how could a Whig, who is against all discipline, agree with a presbyterian, who carries it higher than the papists themselves? How could a Socinian adjust his models to either? Or how could any of these cement with a deist, or freethinker, when they came to consult upon points of faith? Neither would they have agreed better in their systems of government, where some would have been for a king under the limitations of a duke of Venice; others for a Dutch republic; a third party for an aristocracy; and most of all for some new fabric of their own contriving.

But, however, let us consider them as a party, and under those general tenets wherein they agreed and which they publicly owned, without charging them with any that they pretend to deny. Then, let us examine those principles of the Tories which their adversaries allow them to profess, and do not pretend to tax them with any actions contrary to those professions: after which, let the reader judge which of these two parties a prince has most to fear; and whether her majesty did not consider the ease, the safety, and dignity of her person, the security of her crown, and the transmission of monarchy to her protestant successors, when she put her affairs into the present hands.

Suppose the matter were now entire, the queen to make her choice, and for that end should order the principles on both sides to be fairly laid before her. First, I conceive the Whigs would grant that they have naturally no very great veneration for crowned heads; that they allow the person of the prince may, upon many occasions, be resisted by arms; and they do not condemn the war raised against king Charles the First, or own it to be a rebellion, although they would be thought to blame his murder. They do not think the prerogative to be yet sufficiently limited, and have therefore taken care (as a particular mark of their veneration for the illustrious house of Hanover) to clip it still closer against the next reign; which consequently they would be glad to see done in the present; not to mention that the majority of them, if it were put to the vote, would allow that they prefer a commonwealth before a monarchy. As to religion, their universal undisputed maxim is, that it ought to make no distinction at all among protestants; and in the word protestant they include everybody who is not a papist, and who will by an oath give security to the government. Union in discipline and doctrine, the offensive sin of schism, the notion

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of a church and a hierarchy, they laugh at, as foppery, cant, and priestcraft. They see no necessity at all that there should be a national faith: and what we usually call by that name they only style "the religion of the magistrate." Since the dissenters and we agree in the main, why should the difference of a few speculative points or modes of dress incapacitate them from serving their prince and country in a juncture when we ought to have all hands up against the common enemy? And why should they be forced to take the sacrament from our clergy's hands, and in our posture; or, indeed, why compelled to receive it at all, when they take an employment which has nothing to do with religion?

These are the notions which most of that party avow, and which they do not endeavor to disguise or set off with false colors, or complain of being misrepresented about. I have here placed them on purpose in the same light which themselves do in the very apologies they make for what we accuse them of; and how inviting even these doctrines are for such a monarch to close with, as our law, both statute and common, understands a king of England to be, let others decide. But then, if to these we should add other opinions, which most of their own writers justify, and which their universal practice has given a sanction to, they are no more than what a prince might reasonably expect as the natural consequence of those avowed principles. For when such persons are at the head of affairs, the low opinion they have of princes will certainly lead them to violate that respect they ought to bear; and at the same time their own want of duty to their sovereign is largely made up by exacting greater submissions to themselves from their fellow-subjects; it being indisputably true that the same principle of pride and ambition makes a man treat his equals with insolence in the same proportion as he affronts his superiors; as both prince and people have sufficiently felt from the late ministry.

Then, from their confessed notions of religion, as above related, I see no reason to wonder why they countenanced not only all sorts of dissenters, but the several gradations of freethinkers among us, all which are openly enrolled in their party; nor why they were so averse from the present established form of worship, which, by prescribing obedience to princes from the topic of conscience, would be sure to thwart all their schemes of innovation.

One thing I might add, as another acknowledged maxim in that party, and in my opinion as dangerous to the constitution as any I have mentioned; I mean that of preferring on all occasions the

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moneyed interest before the landed; which they were so far from denying, that they would gravely debate the reasonableness and justice of it; and, at the rate they went on, might in a little time have found a majority of representatives fitly qualified to lay those heavy burdens on the rest of the nation which themselves would not touch with one of their fingers.

However, to deal impartially, there are some motives which might compel a prince, under the necessity of affairs, to deliver himself over to that party. They were said to possess the great bulk of cash, and consequently of credit in the nation; and the heads of them had the reputation of presiding over those societies who have the great direction of both; so that all applications for loans to the public service, upon any emergency, must be made through them; and it might prove highly dangerous to disoblige them, because, in that case, it was not to be doubted that they would be obstinate and malicious, ready to obstruct all affairs, not only by shutting their own purses, but by endeavoring to sink credit, although with some present imaginary loss to themselves, only to show it was a creature of their own.

From this summary of Whig principles and dispositions we find what a prince may reasonably fear and hope from that party. Let us now very briefly consider the doctrines of the Tories, which their adversaries will not dispute. As they prefer a well-regulated monarchy before all other forms of government, so they think it next to impossible to alter that institution here without involving our whole island in blood and desolation. They believe that the prerogative of a sovereign ought at least to be held as sacred and inviolable as the rights of his people; if only for this reason, because, without a due share of power, he will not be able to protect them. They think that by many known laws of this realm, both statute and common, neither the person nor lawful authority of the prince ought, upon any pretence whatsoever, to be resisted or disobeyed. Their sentiments in relation to the church are known enough, and will not be controverted, being just the reverse to what I have delivered as the doctrine and practice of the Whigs upon that article.

But here I must likewise deal impartially too, and add one principle as a characteristic of the Tories which has much discouraged some princes from making use of them in affairs. Give the Whigs but power enough to insult their sovereign, engross his favors to themselves, and to oppress and plunder their fellow-subjects; they presently grow into good humor and good language toward the

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crown; profess they will stand by it with their lives and fortunes; and, whatever rudenesses they may be guilty of in private, yet they assure the world that there never was so gracious a monarch. But to the shame of the Tories it must be confessed that nothing of all this has been ever observed in them; in or out of favor, you see no alteration further than a little cheerfulness or cloud in their countenances; the highest employments can add nothing to their loyalty; but their behavior to their prince, as well as their expressions of love and duty, are in all conditions exactly the same.

Having thus impartially stated the avowed principle of Whig and Tory, let the reader determine as he pleases to which of these two a wise prince may, with most safety to himself and the public, trust his person and his affairs: and whether it were rashness or prudence in her majesty to make those changes in the ministry which have been so highly extolled by some and condemned by others.

No. 37.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta:
Una dies dedit exitio ———

Such different forms of various threads combined,
One day destroy'd, in common ruin join'd.

I WRITE this paper for the sake of the dissenters, whom I take to be the most spreading branch of the Whig party that professes christianity, and the only one that seems to be zealous for any particular system of it; the bulk of those we call the Low Church being generally indifferent and undetermined in that point, and the other subdivisions having not yet taken either the Old or the New Testament into their scheme. By the dissenters therefore it will easily be understood that I mean the presbyterians, as they include the sects of anabaptists, independents, and others, which have been melted down into them since the Restoration. This sect, in order to make itself national, having gone so far as to raise a rebellion, murder their king, destroy monarchy and the church, was afterward broken in pieces by its own divisions, which made way for the king's return from his exile. However, the zealous among them did still entertain hopes of recovering the dominion of grace: whereof I have read a remarkable passage in a book published about the year 1661, and written by one of their own side. As one of the regicides was

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going to his execution, a friend asked him whether he thought the cause would revive? He answered, The cause is in the bosom of Christ; and as sure as Christ rose from the dead, so sure will the cause revive also. And therefore the Nonconformists were strictly watched, and restrained by penal laws, during the reign of king Charles the Second; the court and kingdom looking on them as a faction, ready to join in any design against the government in church or state. And sure this was reasonable enough while so many continued alive who had voted, and fought, and preached against both, and gave no proof that they had changed their principles. The Nonconformists were then exactly upon the same foot with our Nonjurors now, whom we double-tax, forbid their conventicles, and keep under hatches, without thinking ourselves possessed with a persecuting spirit, because we know they want nothing but the power to ruin us. This, in my opinion, should altogether silence the dissenters' complaints of persecution under king Charles the Second, or make them show us wherein they differed at that time from what our Jacobites are now.

Their inclinations to the church were soon discovered when king James the Second succeeded to the crown; with whom they unanimously joined in its ruin, to revenge themselves for that restraint they had most justly suffered in the foregoing reign; not from the persecuting temper of the clergy, as their clamors would suggest, but the prudence and caution of the legislature. The same indulgence against law was made use of by them and the papists; and they amicably employed their power, as in defence of one common interest.

But the revolution happening soon after served to wash away the memory of the rebellion: upon which the run against popery was no doubt as just and seasonable as that of fanaticism after the restoration: and the dread of popery being then our latest danger, and consequently the most fresh upon our spirits, all mouths were open against that; the dissenters were rewarded with an indulgence by law; the rebellion and king's murder were now no longer a reproach; the former was only a civil war, and whoever durst call it a rebellion was a Jacobite and friend to France. This was the more unexpected, because, the revolution being wholly brought about by church-of-England hands, they hoped one good consequence of it would be the relieving us from the encroachments of dissenters as well as those of papists; since both had equally confederated toward our ruin: and therefore when the crown was new settled, it was hoped at least

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that the rest of the constitution would be restored. But this affair took a very different turn: the dissenters had just made a shift to save a tide and join with the prince of Orange, when they found all was desperate with their protector king James; and observing a party then forming against the old principles in church and state under the name of Whigs and low churchmen, they listed themselves of it, where they have ever since continued. It is therefore upon the foot they now are that I would apply myself to them and desire they would consider the different circumstances at present from what they were under when they began their designs against the church and monarchy about seventy years ago. At that juncture they made up the body of the party; and whosoever joined with them from principles of revenge, discontent, ambition, or love of change, were all forced to shelter under their denomination; united heartily in the pretences of a farther and purer reformation in religion and of advancing the great work (as the cant was then) that God was about to do in these nations; received the systems of doctrine and discipline prescribed by the Scots, and readily took the covenant; so that there appeared no division among them till after the common enemy was subdued.

But now their case is quite otherwise: and I can hardly think it worth being of a party upon the terms they have been received of late years. For suppose the whole faction should at length succeed in their design of destroying the church; are they so weak as to imagine that the new modelling of religion would be put into their hands? would their brethren, the low churchmen and freethinkers, submit to their discipline, their synods, and their classes; and divide the lands of bishops, or deans and chapters, among them? How can they help observing that their allies, instead of pretending more sanctity than other men, are some of them for levelling all religion, and the rest for abolishing it? Is it not manifest that they have been treated by their confederates exactly after the same manner as they were by king James the Second; made instruments to ruin the church; not for their own sakes, but under a pretended project of universal freedom in opinion to advance the dark designs of those who employ them? For excepting the antimonarchical principle and a few false notions about liberty, I see but little agreement between them; and even in these I believe it would be impossible to contrive a frame of government that would please them all if they had it now in their power to try. But however, to be sure, the presbyterian institution would never obtain. For suppose they

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should, in imitation of their predecessors, propose to have no king but our Savior Christ; the whole clan of freethinkers would immediately object and refuse his authority. Neither would their low church brethren use them better, as well knowing what enemies they are to that doctrine of unlimited toleration whenever they are suffered to preside. So that upon the whole I do not see, as their present circumstances stand, where the dissenters can find better quarter than from the church of England.

Besides, I leave it to their consideration whether, with all their zeal against the church, they ought not to show a little decency; and how far it consists with their reputation to act in concert with such confederates. It was reckoned a very infamous proceeding in the present most christian king to assist the Turk against the emperor: policy and reasons of state were not allowed sufficient excuses for taking part with an infidel against a believer. It is one of the dissenters' quarrels against the church that she is not enough reformed from popery; yet they boldly entered into a league with papists and a popish prince to destroy her. They profess much sanctity, and object against the wicked lives of some of our members; yet they have been long and still continue in strict combination with libertines and atheists to contrive our ruin. What if the Jews should multiply and become a formidable party among us? Would the dissenters join in alliance with them likewise because they agree already in some general principles, and because the Jews are allowed to be a stiff-necked and rebellious people?

It is the part of wise men to conceal their passions when they are not in circumstances of exerting them to purpose: the arts of getting power and preserving indulgence are very different. For the former the reasonable hopes of the dissenters seem to be at an end; their comrades, the Whigs and freethinkers, are just in a condition proper to be forsaken; and the parliament, as well as the body of the people, will be deluded no longer. Besides, it sometimes happens for a cause to be exhausted and worn out, as that of the Whigs in general seems at present to be; the nation had felt enough of it. It is as vain to hope restoring that decayed interest as for a man of sixty to talk of entering on a new scene of life, that is only proper for youth and vigor. New circumstances and new men must arise, as well as new occasions, which are not likely to happen in our time. So that the dissenters have no game left at present but to secure their indulgence: in order to which I will be so bold as to offer them some advice,

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First, That until some late proceedings are a little forgot, they would take care not to provoke, by any violence of tongue or pen, so great a majority as there is now against them; nor keep up any longer that combination with their broken allies; but disperse themselves, and lie dormant against some better opportunity. I have shown they could have got no advantage if the late party had prevailed; and they will certainly lose none by its fall unless through their own fault. They pretend a mighty veneration to the queen; let them give proof of it by quitting the ruined interest of those who have used her so ill; and by a due respect to the persons she is pleased to trust at present with her affairs. When they can no longer hope to govern, when struggling can do them no good, and may possibly hurt them, what is left but to be silent and passive?

Secondly, Although there be no law (beside that of God Almighty) against occasional conformity, it would be prudence in the dissenters to use it as tenderly as they can: for besides the infamous hypocrisy of the thing itself, too frequent practice would perhaps make a remedy necessary. And after all they have said to justify themselves in this point, it still continues hard to conceive how those consciences can pretend to be scrupulous upon which an employment has more power than the love of unity.

In the last place, I am humbly of opinion that the dissenters would do well to drop that lesson they have learned from their directors, of affecting to be under horrible apprehensions that the Tories are in the interest of the pretender, and would be ready to embrace the first opportunity of inviting him over. It is with the worst grace in the world that they offer to join in the cry upon this article; as if those who alone stood in the gap against all the encroachments of popery and arbitrary power are not more likely to keep out both than a set of schismatics; who, to gratify their ambition and revenge, did, by the meanest compliances, encourage and spirit up that unfortunate prince to fall upon such measures as must at last have ended in the ruin of our liberty and religion.

P. S.—I wish those who give themselves the trouble to write to the Examiner would consider whether what they send would be proper for such a paper to take notice of. I had one letter last week, written as I suppose by a divine, to desire I would offer some reasons against a bill now before the parliament for ascertaining the tithe of hops; from which the writer apprehends great damage to the clergy, especially the poorer vicars. If it be as he says (and he seems to argue very reasonably upon it), the convocation now sitting

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will, no doubt, upon due application, represent the matter to the house of commons; and, he may expect all justice and favor from that great body, who have already appeared so tender of their rights.

A gentleman likewise who has sent me several letters relating to personal hardships he received from some of the late ministry, is advised to publish a narrative of them, they being too large and not proper for this paper.

No. 38.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

Semper causæ eventorum magis movent quam ipsa eventa.

We are always more moved at the causes of events than at the events themselves.

I AM glad to observe that several among the Whigs have begun very much to change their language of late. The style is now among the reasonable part of them, when they meet a man in business, or a member of parliament, Well, gentlemen, if you go on as you have hitherto done, we shall no longer have any pretence to complain: they find it seems that there have been yet no overtures made to bring in the pretender, nor any preparatory steps toward it. They read no enslaving votes, nor bills brought in to endanger the subject. The indulgence to scrupulous consciences is again confirmed from the throne, inviolably preserved, and not the least whisper offered that may affect it. All care is taken to support the war; supplies cheerfully granted, and funds readily subscribed to, in spite of the little arts made use of to discredit them. The just resentments of some which are laudable in themselves, and to which at another juncture it might be proper to give way, have been softened or diverted by the calmness of others; so that, upon the article of present management, I do not see how any objection of weight can well be raised.

However, our adversaries still allege that this great success was wholly unexpected, and out of all probable view; that in public affairs we ought least of all others to judge by events; that the attempt of changing a ministry during the difficulties of a long war was rash and inconsiderate; that if the queen were disposed, by her inclinations, or from any personal dislike, for such a change, it might have been done with more safety in a time of peace; that if it had miscarried by any of those incidents which in all appearance might have intervened, the consequences would perhaps have ruined the

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whole confederacy; and therefore, however it has now succeeded, the experiment was too dangerous to try.

But this is what we can by no means allow them. We never will admit rashness or chance to have produced all this harmony and order. It is visible to the world that the several steps toward this change were slowly taken, and with the utmost caution. The movers observed, as they went on, how matters would bear; and advanced no further at first than so as they might be able to stop or go back if circumstances were not mature. Things were grown to such a height that it was no longer the question whether a person who aimed at an employment were a Whig or Tory; much less whether he had merit or proper abilities for what he pretended to; he must owe his preferment only to the favorites; and the crown was so far from nominating, that they would not allow it a negative.

This the queen was resolved no longer to endure; and began to break into their prescription, by bestowing one or two places of consequence, without consulting her ephori, after they had fixed them for others, and concluded as usual that all their business was to signify their pleasure to her majesty. But although the persons the queen had chosen were such as no objection could well be raised against upon the score of party, yet the oligarchy took the alarm; their sovereign authority was it seems called in question; they grew into anger and discontent, as if their undoubted rights were violated. All former obligations to their sovereign now became cancelled; and they put themselves upon the foot of the people who are hardly used after the most eminent services.

I believe all men who know anything in politics will agree that a prince thus treated by those he has most confided in, and perpetually loaded with his favors, ought to extricate himself as soon as possible, and is then only blamable in his choice of time when he defers one minute after it is in his power; because, from the monstrous encroachments of exorbitant avarice and ambition, he cannot tell how long it may continue to be so. And it will be found upon inquiring into history that most of those princes who have been ruined by favorites have owed their misfortune to the neglect of earlier remedies; deferring to struggle until they were quite sunk.

The Whigs are every day cursing the ungovernable rage, the haughty pride, and insatiable covetousness of a certain person, as the cause of their fall; and are apt to tell their thoughts, that one single removal might have set all things right. But the interests of that single person were found, upon experience, so complicated

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and woven with the rest, by love, by awe, by marriage, by alliance, that they would rather confound heaven and earth than dissolve such an union.

I have always heard and understood that a king of England, possessed of his people's hearts, at the head of a free parliament, and in full agreement with a great majority, made the true figure in the world that such a monarch ought to do, and pursued the real interest of himself and his kingdom. Will they allow her majesty to be in those circumstances at present? And was it not plain, by the addresses sent from all parts of the island, and by the visible disposition of the people, that such a parliament would undoubtedly be chosen? and so it proved, without the court's using any arts to influence elections.

What people then are these in a corner to whom the constitution must truckle? If the whole nation's credit cannot supply funds for the war without humble applications from the entire legislature to a few retailers of money, it is high time we should sue for a peace. What new maxims are these, which neither we nor our forefathers ever heard of before, and which no wise institution would ever allow? must our laws from henceforward pass the Bank and East India Company, or have their royal assent before they are in force?

To hear some of those worthy reasoners talking of credit, that she is so nice, so squeamish, so capricious, you would think they were describing a lady troubled with vapors or the cholic, to be removed only by a course of steel, or swallowing a bullet. By the narrowness of their thoughts, one would imagine they conceived the world to be no wider than Exchange-alley. It is probable they may have such a sickly dame among them; and it is well if she has no worse diseases, considering what hands she passes through. But the national credit is of another complexion; of sound health and an even temper; her life and existence being a quintessence drawn from the vitals of the whole kingdom; and we find these money politicians, after all their noise, to be of the same opinion, by the court they paid her when she lately appeared to them in the form of a lottery.

As to that mighty error in politics they charge upon the queen for changing her ministry in the height of war, I suppose it is only looked upon as an error under a Whiggish administration: otherwise the late king had much to answer for, who did it pretty frequently. And it is well known that the late ministry, of famous memory, was brought in during the present war: only with this

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circumstance, that two or three of the chief did first change their own principles, and then took in suitable companions.

But, however, I see no reason why the Tories should not value their wisdom by events as well as the Whigs. Nothing was ever thought a more precipitate, rash counsel, than that of altering the coin at the juncture it was done; yet the prudence of the undertaking was sufficiently justified by the success. Perhaps it will be said that the attempt was necessary, because the whole species of money was so grievously clipped and counterfeit: and is not her majesty's authority as sacred as her coin? And has not that been most scandalously clipped and mangled, and often counterfeited too?

It is another grievous complaint of the Whigs, that their late friends and the whole party are treated with abundance of severity in print, and in particular by the Examiner. They think it hard that, when they are wholly deprived of power, hated by the people, and out of all hope of establishing themselves, their infirmities should be so often displayed, in order to render them yet more odious to mankind. This is what they employ their writers to set forth in their papers of the week; and it is humorous enough to observe one page taken up in railing at the Examiner for his invectives against a discarded ministry; and the other side filled with the falsest and vilest abuses against those who are now in the highest power and credit with their sovereign, and whose least breath would scatter them in silence and obscurity. However, although I have indeed often wondered to see so much licentiousness taken and connived at, and am sure it would not be suffered in any other country of Christendom, yet I never once invoked the assistance of the jail or pillory, which, upon the least provocation, was the usual style during their tyranny. There has not passed a week these twenty years without some malicious paper scattered in every coffeehouse by the emissaries of that party, whether it were down or up. I believe they will not pretend to object the same thing to us: nor do I remember any constant weekly paper with reflections on the late ministry or junto. They have many weak defenceless parts; they have not been used to a regular attack, and therefore it is that they are so ill able to endure one when it comes to be their turn; so that they complain more of a few months' truths from us than we did of all their scandal and malice for twice as many years.

I cannot forbear observing upon this occasion that those worthy authors I am speaking of seem to me not fairly to represent the sentiments of their party; who, in disputing with us, do generally

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give up several of the late ministry, and freely own many of their failings. They confess the monstrous debt upon the navy to have been caused by most scandalous mismanagement; they allow the insolence of some, the avarice of others, to have been insupportable: but these gentlemen are most liberal in their praises to those persons and upon those very articles where their wisest friends give up the point. They gravely tell us that such a one was the most faithful servant that ever any prince had; another the most dutiful; a third, the most generous; a fourth, of the greatest integrity; so that I look upon these champions rather as retained by a cabal than a party; which I desire the reasonable men among them would please to consider.

No. 39.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

Indignum est in ea civitate, quæ legibus continetur, discedi a legibus.

It is shameful and unworthy in a state, whose support and preservation is founded on laws, that the laws should be rendered useless and evaded.

I HAVE been often considering how it comes to pass that the dexterity of mankind in evil should always outgrow, not only the prudence and caution of private persons, but the continual expedience of the wisest laws contrived to prevent it. I cannot imagine a knave to possess a greater share of natural wit or genius than an honest man. I have known very notable sharpers at play, who upon other occasions were as great dunces as human shape can well allow; and I believe the same might be observed among the other knots of thieves and pickpockets about this town. The proposition however is certainly true, and to be confirmed by a hundred instances. A scrivener, an attorney, a stock-jobber, and many other retailers of fraud, shall not be able to overreach others much wiser than themselves, but find out new inventions to elude the force of any law made against them. I suppose the reason of this may be, that, as the aggressor is said to have generally the advantage of the defender, so the makers of the law, which is to defend our rights, have usually not so much industry or vigor as those whose interest leads them to attack it. Besides, it rarely happens that men are rewarded by the public for their justice and virtue; neither do those who act upon such principles expect any recompense until the next world; whereas fraud, where it succeeds, gives present pay; and this is

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allowed the greatest spur imaginable both to labor and invention. When a law is made to stop some growing evil, the wits of those whose interest it is to break it with secrecy or impunity are immediately at work; and even among those who pretend to fairer characters, many would gladly find means to avoid what they would not be thought to violate. They desire to reap the advantage, if possible, without the shame, or at least without the danger. This art is what I take that dexterous race of men, sprung up soon after the Revolution, to have studied with great application ever since, and to have arrived at great perfection in. According to the doctrine of some Romish casuists, they have found out *quam propè ad peccatum sine peccato possint accedere;* they can tell how to go within an inch of an impeachment, and yet come back untouched. They know what degree of corruption will just forfeit an employment, and whether the bribe you receive be sufficient to set you right, and put something in your pocket besides; how much to a penny you may safely cheat the queen, whether forty, fifty, or sixty per cent., according to the station you are in, and the dispositions of the persons in office below and above you. They have computed the price you may securely take or give for a place, or what part of the salary you ought to reserve; they can discreetly distribute five hundred pounds in a small borough, without any danger from the statutes against bribing at elections. They can manage a bargain for an office by a third, fourth, or fifth hand, so that you shall not know whom to accuse; they can win a thousand guineas at play in spite of the dice, and send away the loser satisfied. They can pass the most exorbitant accounts, overpay the creditor with half his demands and sink the rest.

It would be endless to relate, or rather indeed impossible to discover, the several arts which curious men have found out to enrich themselves by defrauding the public, in defiance of the law. The military men, both by sea and land, have equally cultivated this most useful science; neither has it been altogether neglected by the other sex; of which, on the contrary, I could produce an instance that would make ours blush to be so far outdone.

Besides, to confess the truth, our laws themselves are extremely defective in many articles, which I take to be one ill effect of our best possession, liberty. Some years ago the ambassador of a great prince[1] was arrested, and outrages committed on his person in our

[1] To Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, who was arrested for debt by a merchant of London in the open street, and detained in a sponging-house.

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streets, without any possibility of redress from Westminster-hall or the prerogative of the sovereign; and the legislature was forced to provide a remedy against the like evils in time to come. A commissioner of the stamped paper was lately discovered to have notoriously cheated the public of great sums for many years, by counterfeiting the stamps, which the law has made capital; but the aggravation of his crime proved to be the cause that saved his life, and that additional heightening circumstance of betraying his trust was found to be a legal defence. I am assured that the notorious cheat of the brewers at Portsmouth, detected about two months ago in parliament, cannot by any law now in force be punished in any degree equal to the guilt and infamy of it. Nay, what is almost incredible, had Guiscard survived his detestable attempt upon Mr. Harley's person, all the inflaming circumstances of the fact would not have sufficed, in the opinion of many lawyers, to have punished him with death; and the public must have lain under this dilemma, either to condemn by a law *ex post facto* (which would have been of dangerous consequence, and form an ignominious precedent), or undergo the mortification to see the greatest villain upon earth escape unpunished, to the infinite triumph and delight of popery and faction. But even this is not to be wondered at when we consider that, of all the insolences offered to the queen since the act of indemnity (at least that ever came to my ears), I can hardly instance above two or three which by the letter of the law could amount to high treason.

From these defects in our laws, and the want of some discretionary power, safely lodged, to exert upon emergencies, as well as from the great acquirements of able men to elude the penalties of those laws they break, it is no wonder that the injuries done to the public are so seldom redressed. But, besides, no individual suffers by any wrong he does to the commonwealth in proportion to the advantage he gains by doing it. There are seven or eight millions who contribute to the loss, while the whole gain is sunk among a few. The damage suffered by the public is not so immediately or heavily felt by particular persons; and the zeal of prosecutions is apt to drop and be lost among numbers.

But imagine a set of politicians for many years at the head of affairs, the game visibly their own, and by consequence acting with great security; may not these be sometimes tempted to forget their caution by length of time, by excess of avarice and ambition, by the insolence or violence of their nature, or, perhaps, by a mere con-

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tempt for their adversaries? May not such motives as these put them often upon actions directly against the law, such as no evasions can be found for, and which will lay them fully open to the vengeance of a prevailing interest whenever they are out of power? It is answered in the affirmative. And here we cannot refuse the late ministry their due praises, who, foreseeing a storm, provided for their own safety by two admirable expedients, by which, with great prudence, they have escaped the punishments due to pernicious counsels and corrupt management. The first was to procure, under pretences hardly specious, a general act of indemnity, which cuts off all impeachments. The second was yet more refined: suppose, for instance, a counsel is to be pursued which is necessary to carry on the dangerous designs of a prevailing party, to preserve them in power, to gratify the unmeasurable appetites of a few leaders, civil and military, although by hazarding the ruin of the whole nation; this counsel, desperate in itself, unprecedented in its nature, they procure a majority to form into an address, which makes it look like the sense of the nation. Under that shelter they carry on their work, and lie secure against after-reckonings.

I must be so free to tell my meaning in this, that, among other things, I understand it of the address made to the queen about three years ago, to desire that her majesty would not consent to a peace without the entire restitution of Spain; a proceeding which, to people abroad, must look like the highest strain of temerity, folly, and gasconade. But we at home, who allow the promoters of that advice to be no fools, can easily comprehend the depth and mystery of it. They were assured by this means to pin down the war upon us; consequently, to increase their own power and wealth, and multiply difficulties on the queen and kingdom, until they had fixed their party too firmly to be shaken whenever they should find themselves disposed to reverse their address, and give us leave to wish for a peace.

If any man entertains a more favorable opinion of this monstrous step in politics, I would ask him what we must do in case we find it impossible to recover Spain? Those among the Whigs who believe in a God will confess that the events of war lie in his hands; and the rest of them, who acknowledge no such power, will allow that fortune has too great a share in the good or ill success of military actions to let a wise man reason upon them as if they were entirely in his power. If Providence should think fit to refuse success to our arms, with how ill a grace, with what shame and confusion.

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shall we be obliged to recant that precipitate address, unless the world will be so charitable to consider that parliaments among us differ as much as princes; and that, by the fatal conjunction of many unhappy circumstances, it is very possible for our island to be represented sometimes by those who have the least pretensions. So little truth or justice there is in what some pretend to advance, that the actions of former senates ought always to be treated with respect by the latter; that those assemblies are equally venerable, and no one to be preferred before another; by which argument the parliament that began the rebellion against king Charles I., voted his trial, and appointed his murderers, ought to be remembered with respect.

But to return from this digression; it is very plain that, considering the defectiveness of our laws, the variety of cases, the weakness of the prerogative, the power or cunning of ill-designing men, it is possible that many great abuses may be visibly committed which cannot be legally punished; especially if we add to this that some inquiries might probably involve those whom upon other accounts it is not thought convenient to disturb. Therefore it is very false reasoning, especially in the management of public affairs, to argue that men are innocent because the law has not pronounced them guilty.

I am apt to think it was to supply such defects as these that satire was first introduced into the world; whereby those whom neither religion, nor natural virtue, nor fear of punishment, were able to keep within the bounds of their duty, might be withheld by the shame of having their crimes exposed to open view in the strongest colors, and themselves rendered odious to mankind. Perhaps all this may be little regarded by snch hardened and abandoned natures as I have to deal with; but, next to taming or binding a savage animal, the best service you can do the neighborhood is to give them warning either to arm themselves or not come in its way.

Could I have hoped for any signs of remorse from the leaders of that faction, I should very gladly have changed my style, and forgot, or passed by, their million of enormities. But they are every day more fond of discovering their impotent zeal and malice; witness their conduct in the city about a fortnight ago, which had no other end imaginable beside that of perplexing our affairs, and endeavoring to make things desperate, that themselves may be thought necessary. While they continue in this frantic mood I shall not forbear to treat them as they deserve; that is to say, as the inveterate irreconcilable enemies to our country and its constitution.

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No. 40.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

———in vain
The Gracchi of sedition will complain.

THERE have been certain topics of reproach liberally bestowed, for some years past, by the Whigs and Tories upon each other. We charge the former with a design of destroying the established church, and introducing fanaticism and freethinking in its stead. We accuse them as enemies to monarchy; as endeavoring to undermine the present form of government, and to build a commonwealth, or some new scheme of their own, upon its ruins. On the other side, their clamors against us may be summed up in those three formidable words, popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender. Our accusations against them we endeavor to make good by certain overt acts; such as their perpetually abusing the whole body of the clergy; their declared contempt for the very order of priesthood; their aversion against episcopacy; the public encouragement and patronage they give to Tindal, Toland, and other atheistical writers; their appearing as professed advocates retained by the dissenters, excusing their separation, and laying the guilt of it to the obstinacy of the church; their frequent endeavors to repeal the test, and their setting up the indulgence to scrupulous consciences as a point of greater importance than the established worship. The regard they bear to our monarchy has appeared by their openly ridiculing the martyrdom of king Charles I. in their calves'-head clubs, their common discourses, and their pamphlets; their denying the unnatural war raised against that prince to have been a rebellion; their justifying his murder in the allowed papers of the week, their industry in publishing and spreading seditious and republican tracts, such as Ludlow's Memoirs, Sidney on Government, and many others; their endless lopping of the prerogative, and mincing into nothing her majesty's titles to the crown.

What proofs they bring for our endeavoring to introduce popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender, I cannot readily tell, and would be glad to hear; however, these important words having, by dexterous management, been found of mighty service to their cause, although applied with little color either of reason or justice, I have

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been considering whether they may not be adapted to more proper objects.

As to popery, which is the first of these; to deal plainly, I can hardly think there is any set of men among us, except the professors of it, who have any direct intention to introduce it here; but the question is, whether the principles and practices of us or the Whigs be most likely to make way for it? It is allowed on all hands that, among the methods concerted at Rome for bringing over England into the bosom of the catholic church, one of the chief was to send jesuits and other emissaries, in lay habits, who, personating tradesmen and mechanics, should mix with the people, and, under the pretence of a further and purer reformation, endeavor to divide us into as many sects as possible; which would either put us under the necessity of returning to our old errors to preserve peace at home, or, by our divisions, make way for some powerful neighbor, with the assistance of the pope's permission and a consecrated banner, to convert and enslave us at once. If this has been reckoned good politics (and it was the best the jesuit schools could invent), I appeal to any man whether the Whigs, for many years past, have not been employed in the very same work? They professed on all occasions that they knew no reason why any one system of speculative opinions (as they term the doctrines of the church) should be established by law more than another; or why employments should be confined to the religion of the magistrate and that called the church established. The grand maxim they laid down was, that no man, for the sake of a few notions and ceremonies, under the names of doctrine and discipline, should be denied the liberty of serving his country: as if places would go a-begging unless Brownists, familists, sweet-singers, quakers, anabaptists, and Muggletonians, would take them off our hands.

I have been sometimes imagining this scheme brought to perfection, and how diverting it would be to see half a dozen sweet-singers on the bench in their ermines, and two or three quakers with their white staves at court. I can only say this project is the very counterpart of the late king James's design, which he took up as the best method for introducing his own religion, under the pretext of a universal liberty of conscience, and that no difference in religion should make any in his favor. Accordingly, to save appearances, he dealt some employments among dissenters of most denominations; and what he did was, no doubt, in pursuance of the best advice he could get at home or abroad; but the church thought it the most

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dangerous step he could take for her destruction. It is true king James admitted papists among the rest, which the Whigs would not: but this is sufficiently made up by a material circumstance, wherein they seem to have much outdone that prince, and to have carried their liberty of conscience to a higher point, having granted it to all the classes of freethinkers (which the nice conscience of a popish prince would not give him leave to do), and were therein mightily overseen; because it is agreed by the learned that there is but a very narrow step from atheism to the other extreme, superstition. So that, upon the whole, whether the Whigs had any real design of bringing in popery or not, it is very plain that they took the most effectual step toward it; and if the jesuits had been their immediate directors, they could not have taught them better, nor have found apter scholars.

Their second accusation is, that we encourage and maintain arbitrary power in princes; and promote enslaving doctrines among the people. This they go about to prove by instances; producing the particular opinions of certain divines in king Charles II.'s reign, a decree of Oxford university, and some few writers since the revolution. What they mean is the principle of passive obedience and non-resistance, which those who affirm did, I believe, never intend should include arbitrary power. However, although I am sensible that it is not reckoned prudent in a dispute to make any concessions without the last necessity, yet I do agree that, in my own private opinion, some writers did carry that tenet of passive obedience to a height which seemed hardly consistent with the liberties of a country whose laws can neither be enacted nor repealed without the consent of the whole people: I mean not those who affirm it due in general, as it certainly is, to the legislature; but such as fix it entirely in the prince's person. This last has, I believe, been done by a very few; but when the Whigs quote authors to prove it upon us, they bring in all who mention it as a duty in general, without applying it to princes abstracted from their senate.

By thus freely declaring my own sentiments of passive obedience, it will at least appear that I do not write for a party; neither do I upon any occasion pretend to speak their sentiments, but my own. The majority of the two houses and the present ministry (if those be a party) seem to me in all their proceedings to pursue the real interest of church and state; and if I should happen to differ from particular persons among them in a single notion about government, I suppose they will not, upon that account, explode me and my

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paper. However, as an answer, once for all, to the tedious scurrilities of those idle people who affirm I am hired and directed what to write, I must here inform them that their censure is an effect of their principles. The present ministry are under no necessity of employing prostitute pens; they have no dark designs to promote by advancing heterodox opinions.

But (to return), suppose two or three private divines under king Charles the Second did a little overstrain the doctrine of passive obedience to princes; some allowance might be given to the memory of that unnatural rebellion against his father, and the dismal consequences of resistance. It is plain, by the proceedings of the churchmen before and at the revolution, that this doctrine was never designed to introduce arbitrary power.

I look upon the Whigs and dissenters to be exactly of the same political faith; let us therefore see what share each of them had in advancing arbitrary power. It is manifest that the fanatics made Cromwell the most absolute tyrant in Christendom. The Rump abolished the house of lords, the army abolished the Rump, and by this army of saints he governed. The dissenters took liberty of conscience and employments from the late king James, as an acknowledgment of his dispensing power; which makes a king of England as absolute as the Turk. The Whigs under the late king perpetually declared for keeping up a standing army in times of peace; which has, in all ages, been the first and great step to the ruin of liberty. They were besides discovering every day their inclinations to destroy the rights of the church, and declared their opinion in all companies against the bishops sitting in the house of peers; which was exactly copying after their predecessors of 1641. I need not say their real intentions were to make the king absolute; but, whatever be the designs of innovating men, they usually end in a tyranny; as we may see by a hundred examples in Greece, and in the later commonwealths of Italy mentioned by Machiavel.

In the third place, the Whigs accuse us of a design to bring in the pretender; and to give it a greater air of probability, they suppose the queen to be a party in this design; which, however, is no very extraordinary supposition in those who have advanced such singular paradoxes concerning Greg and Guiscard. Upon this article their charge is general, without ever offering to produce an instance. But I verily think and believe it will appear no paradox, that, if ever he be brought in, the Whigs are his men. For, first, it is an undoubted truth that, a year or two after the revolution,

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several leaders of that party had their pardons sent them by the late king James, and had entered upon measures to restore him, on account of some disobligation they received from king William. Besides, I would ask whether those who were under the greatest ties of gratitude to king James are not at this day become the most zealous Whigs? And of what party those are now who kept a long correspondence with St. Germains?

It is likewise very observable of late that the Whigs upon all occasions profess their belief of the pretender's being no impostor, but a real prince, born of the late queen's body; which, whether it be true or false, is very unseasonably advanced, considering the weight such an opinion must have with the vulgar, if they once thoroughly believe it. Neither is it at all improbable that the pretender himself puts his chief hopes in the friendship he expects from the dissenters and Whigs, by his choice to invade the kingdom when the latter were most in credit; and he had reason to count upon the former, from the gracious treatment they received from his supposed father, and their joyful acceptance of it. But further, what could be more consistent with the Whiggish notion of a revolution principle than to bring in the pretender? A revolution principle, as their writings and discourses have taught us to define it, is a principle perpetually disposing men to revolutions; and this is suitable to the famous saying of a great Whig, that the more revolutions the better; which, how odd a maxim soever in appearance, I take to be the true characteristic of the party.

A dog loves to turn round often; yet after certain revolutions he lies down to rest: but heads under the dominion of the moon are for perpetual changes and perpetual revolutions; besides, the Whigs owe all their wealth to wars and revolutions; like the girl at Bartholomew fair, who gets a penny by turning round a hundred times with swords in her hands.

To conclude: the Whigs have a natural faculty of bringing in pretenders, and will therefore probably endeavor to bring in the great one at last. How many pretenders to wit, honor, nobility, politics, have they brought in these last twenty years! In short, they have been sometimes able to procure a majority of pretenders in parliament, and wanted nothing to render the work complete except a pretender at their head.

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No. 41.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Dos est magna parentum virtus.

The virtue of parents is a large dowry to their children.

I TOOK up a paper[1] some days ago in a coffeehouse; and if the correctness of the style, and a superior spirit in it, had not immediately undeceived me, I should have been apt to imagine I had been reading an Examiner. In this paper there were several important propositions advanced. For instance, "that Providence had raised up Mr. Harley to be an instrument of great good, in a very critical juncture, when it was much wanted; that his very enemies acknowledge his eminent abilities and distinguished merit, by their unwearied and restless endeavors against his person and reputation; that they have had an inveterate malice against both; that he has been wonderfully preserved from some unparalleled attempts;" with more to the same purpose. I immediately computed, by rules of arithmetic, that in the last-cited words there was something more intended than the attempt of Guiscard, which, I think, can properly pass but for one of the some. And although I dare not pretend to guess the author's meaning, yet the expression allows such a latitude that I would venture to hold a wager, most readers, both Whig and Tory, have agreed with me that this plural number must, in all probability, among other facts, take in the business of Greg.

See now the difference of styles. Had I been to have told my thoughts on this occasion, instead of saying how Mr. Harley "was treated by some persons, and preserved from some unparalleled attempts," I should, with intolerable bluntness and ill manners, have told a formal story of a committee sent to a condemned criminal in Newgate, to bribe him with pardon on condition he would swear high treason against his master, who discovered his correspondence and secured his person, when a certain grave politician had given him warning to make his escape: and by this means I should have drawn a whole swarm of hedge-writers to exhaust their catalogue of scurrilities against me as a liar and slanderer. But, with submission to the author of that forementioned paper, I think he has carried that expression to the utmost it will bear; for after all this notice I know of but two attempts against Mr. Harley that can really be

[1] The speaker's congratulation of Mr. Harley in the name of the house on his escape and recovery.

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called unparalleled, which are those aforesaid of Greg and Guiscard; and as to the rest, I will engage to parallel them from the story of Catiline and others I could produce.

However, I cannot but observe with infinite pleasure that a great part of what I have charged upon the late prevailing faction, and for affirming which I have been adorned with so many decent epithets, has been sufficiently confirmed at several times by the resolutions of one or the other house of parliament. I may therefore now say, I hope with good authority, that there have been some unparalleled attempts against Mr. Harley; that the late ministry were justly to blame in some managements, which occasioned the unfortunate battle of Almanza and the disappointment at Toulon; that the public has been grievously wronged by most notorious frauds during the Whig administration; that those who advised the bringing in the Palatines were enemies to the kingdom; that the late managers of the revenue have not duly passed their accounts for a great part of thirty-five millions, and ought not to be trusted in such employments any more. Perhaps in a little time I may venture to affirm some other paradoxes of this kind, and produce the same vouchers. And perhaps also, if it had not been so busy a period, instead of one Examiner the late ministry might have had above four hundred, each of whose little fingers would be heavier than my loins. It makes me think of Neptune's threat to the winds:—

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Thus, when the sons of Æolus had almost sunk the ship with the tempests they raised, it was necessary to smooth the ocean and secure the vessel, instead of pursuing the offenders.

But I observe the general expectation at present, instead of dwelling any longer upon conjectures who is to be punished for past miscarriages, seems bent upon the rewards intended to those who have been so highly instrumental in rescuing our constitution from its late dangers. It is the observation of Tacitus, in the life of Agricola, that his eminent services had raised a general opinion of his being designed by the emperor for prætor of Britain: *Nullis in hoc suis sermonibus, sed quia par videbatur;* and then he adds, *Non semper errat fama, aliquando et eligit.* The judgment of a wise prince, and a general disposition of the people, do often point at the same person; and sometimes the popular wishes do often foretell the reward intended for some superior merit. Thus among several deserving persons there are two whom the public vogue has in a peculiar manner singled out, as designed very soon to receive the choicest

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marks of the royal favor; one of them to be placed in a very high station, and both to increase the number of our nobility [Harley and St. John]. This, I say, is the general conjecture; for I pretend to none, nor will be chargeable if it be not fulfilled; since it is enough for their honor that the nation thinks them worthy of the greatest rewards.

Upon this occasion I cannot but take notice that, of all the heresies in politics profusely scattered by the partisans of the late administration, none ever displeased me more, or seemed to have more dangerous consequences to monarchy, than that pernicious talent so much affected of discovering a contempt for birth, family, and ancient nobility. All the threadbare topics of poets and orators were displayed to discover to us that merit and virtue were the only nobility; and that the advantages of blood could not make a knave or a fool either honest or wise. Most popular commotions we read of in the histories of Greece and Rome took their rise from unjust quarrels to the nobles; and, in the latter, the plebeians' encroachments on the patricians were the first cause of their ruin.

Suppose there be nothing but opinion in the difference of blood, everybody knows that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with, not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance, the enlarging of thought and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel, the example of ancestors inciting to great and good actions; these are usually some of the opportunities that fall in the way of those who are born of what we call the better families: and, allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who, by the appearance of merit or favor of fortune, have risen to great stations from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some sordid vices of their parentage or education; either insatiable avarice or ignominious falsehood and corruption.

To say the truth, the great neglect of education in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth in vice and idleness, have too much lessened their reputation: but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and high-church doctrines.

I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever

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they are to be found, but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value, though it be found in a dunghill; but, however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go further, and admit that a man of quality, without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality; which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But on the other side, I doubt those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born: because this is a secret too easily discovered: for no men's parentage is so nicely inquired into as that of assuming upstarts, especially when they affect to make it better that it is (as they often do), or behave themselves with insolence.

But whatever may be the opinion of others upon this subject, whose philosophical scorn for blood and families reaches even to those that are royal, or perhaps took its rise from a Whiggish contempt of the latter, I am pleased to find two such instances of extraordinary merit as I have mentioned joined with ancient and honorable birth; which, whether it be of real or imaginary value, has been held in veneration by all wise polite states, both ancient and modern. And as much a foppery as men pretend to think it, nothing is more observable in those who rise to great place or wealth from mean originals than their mighty solicitude to convince the world that they are not so low as is commonly believed. They are glad to find it made out, by some strained genealogy, that they have a remote alliance with better families. Cromwell himself was pleased with the impudence of a flatterer who undertook to prove him descended from a branch of the royal stem. I know a citizen who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plum he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel[1] to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy;[2] and that perhaps he may contrive to be done by a mistake of the graver upon his tombstone.

When I am upon this subject of nobility, I am sorry for the occasion given me to mention the loss of a person who is so great an ornament to it as the late lord-president [earl of Rochester, who began early to distinguish himself in the public service, and passed through the highest employments of state, in the most difficult times,

[1] Sir Henry Furnese. [2] Farnese.

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with great abilities and untained honor. As he was of a good old age, his principles of religion and loyalty had received no mixture from late infusions, but were instilled into him by his illustrious father and other noble spirits, who had exposed their lives and fortunes for the royal martyr:—

——— Pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis.

His first great action was like Scipio, to defend his father when oppressed by numbers; and his filial piety was not not only rewarded with long life, but with a son who, upon the like occasion, would have shown the same resolution. No man ever preserved his dignity better when he was out of power, nor showed more affability while he was in. To conclude, his character (which I do not here pretend to draw) is such as his nearest friends may safely trust to the most impartial pen; nor wants the least of that allowance which, they say, is required for those who are dead.

No 42.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1711.

———Quem cur distringere coner,
Tutus ab infestis latronibus?

——— Safe it lies
Within the sheath, till thieves and villains rise.

I NEVER let slip an opportunity of endeavoring to convince the world that I am not partial, and to confound the idle reproach of my being hired or directed what to write in defence of the present ministry, or for detecting the practices of the formor. When I first undertook this paper I firmly resolved that if ever I observed any gross neglect, abuse, or corruption in the public management, which might give any just offence to reasonable people, I would take notice of it with that innocent boldness which becomes an honest man and a true lover of his country; at the same time preserving the respect due to persons so highly intrusted by so wise and excellent a queen. I know not how such a liberty might have been resented; but I thank God there has been no occasion given me to exercise it: for I can safely affirm that I have with the utmost rigor examined all the actions of the present ministry, as far as they fall under general cognisance, without being able to accuse them of one ill or mistaken step. Observing, indeed, some time ago, that seeds of dissension

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had been plentifully scattered from a certain corner, and fearing they began to rise and spread, I immediately writ a paper on the subject, which I treated with that warmth I thought it required; but the prudence of those at the helm soon prevented this growing evil, and at present it seems likely to have no consequences.

I have had indeed for some time a small occasion of quarrelling, which I thought too inconsiderable for a formal subject of complaint, although I have hinted at it more than once. But it is grown at present to so great a height as a matter of that nature can possibly bear; and therefore I conceive it high time that an effectual stop should be put to it. I have been amazed at the flaming licentiousness of several weekly papers, which, for some months past, have been chiefly employed in barefaced scurrilities against those who are in the greatest trust and favor with the queen, with the first and last letters of their names frequently printed, or some periphrasis describing their station, or other innuendoes contrived too plain to be mistaken. The consequence of which is (and it is natural it should be so) that their long impunity has rendered them still more audacious.

At this time I particularly intend a paper called the Medley,[1] whose indefatigable incessant railings against me I never thought convenient to take notice of, because it would have diverted my design, which I intended to be of public use. Besides, I never yet observed that writer, or those writers (for it is every way a Medley), to argue against any one material point or fact that I had advanced, or make one fair quotation. And after all, I knew very well how soon the world grow weary of controversy. It is plain to me that three or four hands at least have been joined at times in that worthy composition; but the outlines, as well as the finishing, seem to have been always the work of the same pen, as it is visible from half a score beauties of style inseparable from it. But who these meddlers are, or where the judicious leaders have picked them up, I shall never go about to conjecture: factious rancor, false wit, abandoned scurrility, impudent falsehood, and servile pedantry, having so many fathers and so few to own them, that curiosity herself would not be at the pains to guess. It is the first time I ever did myself the honor to mention that admirable paper; nor could I imagine any occasion likely to happen that would make it necessary for me to engage with such an adversary. This paper is weekly published, and, as appears by the number, has been so for several months; and is, next to the

[1] Published in answer to the Examiner.

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Observator, allowed to be the best production of the party. Last week my printer brought me that of May 7, No. 32, where there are two paragraphs relating to the speaker of the house of commons, and to Mr. Harley, which, as little as I am inclined to engage with such an antagonist, I cannot let pass without failing in my duty to the public; and if those in power will suffer such infamous insinuations to pass with impunity, they act without precedent from any age or country of the world.

I desire to open this matter, and leave the Whigs themselves to determine upon it. The house of commons resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the speaker should congratulate Mr. Harley's escape and recovery, in the name of the house, upon his first attendance on their service. This is accordingly done; and the speech, together with the chancellor of the exchequer's, are printed by order of the house. The author of the Medley takes this speech to task the very next week after it is published; telling us in the aforesaid paper that the speaker's commending Mr. Harley for being an instrument of great good to the nation was ill-chosen flattery; because Mr. Harley had brought the nation under great difficulties, to say no more. He says that, when the speaker tells Mr. Harley that Providence has wonderfully preserved him from some unparalleled attempts (for that the Medley alludes to), he only revives a false and groundless calumny upon other men, which is an instance of impotent but inveterate malice, that makes him (the speaker) still appear more vile and contemptible. This is an extract from his first paragraph. In the next, this writer says that the speaker's praying to God for the continuance of Mr. Harley's life, as an invaluable blessing, was a fulsome piece of insincerity, which exposes him to shame and derision: because he is known to bear ill-will to Mr. Harley, to have an extreme bad opinion of him, and to think him an obstructor of those fine measures he would bring about.

I now appeal to the Whigs themselves whether a great minister of state, in high favor with the queen, and a speaker of the house of commons, were ever publicly treated after so extraordinary a manner in the most licentious times? For this is not a clandestine libel stolen into the world, but openly printed and sold with the bookseller's name and place of abode at the bottom: and the juncture is admirable, when Mr. Harley is generally believed upon the very point to be made an earl, and promoted to the most important station of the kingdom; nay, the very marks of esteem he has so lately received from the whole representative body of the people are called

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ill-chosen flattery, and a fulsome piece of insincerity, exposing the donors to shame and derision.

Does this intrepid writer think he has sufficiently disguised the matter by that stale artifice of altering the story, and putting it as a supposed case? Did any man who ever saw the congratulatory speech read either of those paragraphs in the Medley without interpreting them just as I have done? Will the author declare upon his great sincerity that he never had any such meaning? Is it enough that a jury at Westminster-hall would perhaps not find him guilty of defaming the speaker and Mr. Harley in that paper? which, however, I am much in doubt of too; and must think the law very defective if the reputation of such persons must lie at the mercy of such pens. I do not remember to have seen any libel, supposed to be writ with caution and double meaning in order to prevent prosecution, delivered under so thin a cover, or so unartificially made up, as this; whether it were from an apprehension of his readers' dulness, or an effect of his own. He has transcribed the very phrases of the speaker, and put them in a different character, for fear they might pass unobserved, and prevent all possibility of being mistaken. I shall be pleased to see him have recourse to the old evasion, and say that I who make the application am chargeable with the abuse; let the reader of either party be judge. But I cannot forbear asserting as my opinion, that for a ministry to endure such open calumny, without calling the author to account, is next to deserving it. And this is an omission I venture to charge upon the present ministry, who are too apt to despise little things, which, however, have not always little consequences.

When this paper was first undertaken, one design among others was, to examine some of those writings so frequently published with an evil tendency either to religion or government; but I was long diverted by other inquiries, which I thought more immediately necessary; to animadvert upon men's actions, rather than their speculations; to show the necessity there was of changing the ministry, that our constitution in church and state might be preserved; to expose some dangerous principles and practices under the former administration, and prove by many instances that those who are now at the helm are entirely in the true interest of prince and people. This I may modestly hope has in some measure been already done, sufficient to answer the end proposed, which was to inform the ignorant and those at a distance, and to convince such as are engaged in party from no other motive than that of conscience. I know not

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whether I shall have any appetite to continue this work much longer; if I do, perhaps some time may be spent in exposing and overturning the false reasonings of those who engage their pens on the other side, without losing time in vindicating myself against their scurrilities, much less in retorting them. Of this sort there is a certain humble companion, a French *maître des langues* [Abel Boyer], who every month publishes an extract from votes, newspapers, speeches, and proclamations, larded with some insipid remarks of his own, which he calls "The Political State of Great Britain." This ingenious piece, he tells us himself, is constantly translated into French, and printed in Holland, where the Dutch, no doubt, conceive most noble sentiments of us, conveyed through such a vehicle. It is observable in his account for April that the vanity so predominant in many of his nation has made him more concerned for the honor of Guiscard than the safety of Mr. Harley. And for fear we should think the worse of his country upon that assassin's account, he tells us there have been more murders, parricides, and villanies committed in England than in any other part of the world. I cannot imagine how an illiterate foreigner, who is neither master of our language, nor, indeed, of common sense, and who is devoted to a faction I suppose for no other reason but his having more Whig customers than Tories, should take it into his head to write politic tracts of our affairs. But I presume he builds upon the foundation of having been called to an account for his insolence in one of his monthly former productions, which is a method that seldom fails of giving some vogue to the foolishest composition. If such a work must be done, I wish some tolerable hand would undertake it; and that we would not suffer a little whiffling Frenchman to neglect his trade of teaching his language to our children, and presume to instruct foreigners in our politics.

No. 43.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes deorum.

You of your father's crimes the guilt shall bear,
Unless the sacred temples you repair.

SEVERAL letters have been lately sent me, desiring I would make honorable mention of the pious design of building fifty churches in

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several parts of London and Westminster, where they are most wanted, occasioned by an address of the convocation to the queen, and recommended by her majesty to the house of commons, who immediately promised they would enable her to accomplish so excellent a design, and are now preparing a bill accordingly. I thought to have deferred any notice of this important affair until the end of the session; at which time I proposed to deliver a particular account of the great and useful things already performed by this present parliament. But, in compliance to those who give themselves the trouble of advising me, and partly convinced by the reasons they offer, I am content to bestow a paper upon a subject that, indeed, so well deserves it.

The clergy, and whoever else have a true concern for the constitution of the church, cannot but be highly pleased with one prospect in this new scene of public affairs. They may very well remember the time when every session of parliament was like a cloud hanging over their heads; and if it happened to pass without bursting into some storm upon the church, we thanked God, and thought it a happy escape until the next meeting; upon which we resumed our secret apprehensions, although we were not allowed to believe any danger. Things are now altered; the parliament takes the necessities of the church into consideration, receives the proposals of the clergy met in convocation, and amid all the exigencies of a long expensive war, and under the pressure of heavy debts, finds a supply for erecting fifty edifices for the service of God. And it appears by the address of the commons to her majesty upon this occasion (wherein they discovered a true spirit of religion), that applying the money granted to accomplish so excellent a design would, in their opinion, be the most effectual way of carrying on the war; that it would (to use their own words) be a means of drawing down blessings on her majesty's undertakings, as it adds to the number of those places where the prayers of her devout and faithful subjects will be daily offered up to God for the prosperity of her government at home and the success of her arms abroad.

I am sometimes hoping that we are not naturally so bad a people as we have appeared for some years past. Faction, in order to support itself, is generally forced to make use of such abominable instruments, that, as long as it prevails, the genius of a nation is over-pressed, and cannot appear to exert itself; but, when that is broken and suppressed, when things return to the old course, mankind will naturally fall to act from principles of reason and religion.

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The Romans, upon a great victory or escape from public danger, frequently built a temple in honor of some god, to whose peculiar favor they imputed their success or delivery; and sometimes the general did the like, at his own expense, to acquit himself of some pious vow he had made. How little of anything resembling this has been done by us after all our victories! And perhaps for that reason, among others, they have turned to so little account. But what could we expect? We acted all along as if we believed nothing of a God, or his providence; and, therefore, it was consistent to offer up our edifices only to those whom we looked upon as givers of all victory in his stead.

I have computed that fifty churches may be built, by a medium, at six thousand pounds for a church, which is somewhat under the price of a subject's palace; yet, perhaps, the care of above two hundred thousand souls, with the benefit of their prayers for the prosperity of their queen and country, may be almost put in the balance with the domestic convenience, or even magnificence, of any subject whatsoever.

Sir William Petty, who, under the name of capt. Graunt, published some observations upon the bills of mortality above five years after the restoration, tells us the parishes in London were even then so unequally divided, that some were two hundred times larger than others. Since that time the increase of trade, the frequency of parliaments, the desire of living in the metropolis, together with that genius for building which began after the fire, and has ever since continued, have prodigiously enlarged this town on all sides where it was capable of increase; and those tracts of land built into streets have generally continued of the same parish they belonged to while they lay in fields; so that the care of about thirty thousand souls has been sometimes committed to one minister, whose church would hardly contain the twentieth part of his flock; neither, I think, was any family in those parishes obliged to pay above a groat a-year to their spiritual pastor. Some few of those parishes have been since divided; in others were erected chapels of ease, where a preacher is maintained by general contribution. Such poor shifts and expedients, to the infinite shame and scandal of so vast and flourishing a city, have been thought sufficient for the service of God and religion, as if they were circumstances wholly indifferent.

This defect, among other consequences of it, has made schism a sort of necessary evil; there being at least three hundred thousand inhabitants in this town whom the churches would not be able to

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contain if the people were ever so well disposed: and in a city not overstocked with zeal, the only way to preserve any degree of religion is to make all attendance upon the duties of it as easy and cheap as possible: whereas, on the contrary, in the larger parishes, the press is so great, and the pew-keepers' tax so exorbitant, that those who love to save trouble and money either stay at home or retire to the conventicles. I believe there are few examples in any christian country of so great a neglect of religion; and the dissenting teachers have made their advantage largely by it, sowing tares among the wheat while men slept, being much more expert at procuring contributions, which is a trade they are bred up in, than men of a liberal education.

And, to say truth, the way practised by several parishes in and about this town of maintaining their clergy by voluntary subscriptions is not only an indignity to the character, but has many pernicious consequences attending it; such a precarious dependence subjecting a clergyman who has not more than ordinary spirit and resolution to many inconveniences which are obvious to imagine; but this defect will, no doubt, be remedied by the wisdom and piety of the present parliament, and a tax laid upon every house in a parish for the support of their pastor. Neither, indeed, can it be conceived why a house, whose purchase is not reckoned above one-third less than land of the same yearly rent, should not pay a twentieth part annually (which is half tithe) to the support of the minister. One thing I could wish, that, in fixing the maintenance to the several ministers in these new intended parishes, no determinate sum of money may be named; which, in all perpetuities, ought by any means to be avoided; but rather a tax in proportion to the rent of each house, although it be but a twentieth or even a thirtieth part. The contrary of this, I am told, was done in several parishes of the city after the fire, where the incumbent and his successors were to receive for ever a certain sum: for example, one or two hundred pounds a-year. But the lawgivers did not consider that what we call at present one hundred pounds will not, in process of time, have the intrinsic value of twenty; as twenty pounds now are hardly equal to forty shillings three hundred years ago. There are a thousand instances of this all over England, in reserved rents applied to hospitals, in old chiefries, and even among the clergy themselves, in those payments which I think they call a *modus*.

As no prince had ever better dispositions than her present

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majesty for the advancement of true religion, so there never was any age that produced greater occasions to employ them on. It is an unspeakable misfortune, that any design of so excellent a queen should be checked by the necessities of a long and ruinous war, which the folly or corruption of modern politicians have involved us in, against all the maxims whereby our country flourished so many hundred years; else her majesty's care of religion would certainly have reached even to her American plantations. Those noble countries, stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us until some better care be taken for cultivating christianity among them. If the governors of those several colonies were obliged, at certain times, to transmit an exact representation of the state of religion in their several districts, and the legislature here would, in a time of leisure, take that affair under their consideration, it might be perfected with little difficulty, and be a great addition to the glories of her majesty's reign.

But, to waive further speculations upon so remote a scene, while we have subjects enough to employ them on at home; it is to be hoped the clergy will not let slip any proper opportunity of improving the pious dispositions of the queen and kingdom for the advantage of the church; when, by the example of times past, they consider how rarely such conjunctures are likely to happen. What if some method were thought on toward the repairing of churches; for which there is likely to be too frequent occasion, those ancient Gothic structures throughout this kingdom going every year to decay? That expedient of repairing or rebuilding them by charitable collections seems in my opinion not very suitable either to the dignity and usefulness of the work, or to the honor of our country; since it might be so easily done, with very little charge to the public, in a much more decent and honorable manner, while parliaments are so frequently called. But these and other regulations must be left to a time of peace, which I shall humbly presume to wish may soon be our share, however offensive it may be to any, either abroad or at home, who are gainers by the war.

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No. 44.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1711.

Scilicet, ut posses curvo dignoscere rectum.

That hence you may distinguish right from wrong.

HAVING been forced in my papers to use the cant words of Whig and Tory, which have so often varied their significations for twenty years past, I think it necessary to say something of the several changes those two terms have undergone since that period; and then to tell the reader what I have always understood by each of them since I undertook this work. I reckon that these sorts of conceited appellations are usually invented by the vulgar; who, not troubling themselves to examine thoroughly the merits of a cause, are consequently the most violent partisans of what they espouse, and in their quarrels usually proceed to their beloved argument of calling names, until at length they light upon one which is sure to stick: and in time each party grows proud of that appellation, which their adversaries at first intended for a reproach. Of this kind were the Prasini and Veneti, the Guelphs and Gibelines, huguenots and papists, Roundheads and Cavaliers, with many others of ancient and modern date. Among us of late there seems to have been a barrenness of invention in this point; the words Whig and Tory, although they be not much above thirty years old, having been pressed to the service of many successions of parties, with very different ideas fastened to them. This distinction, I think, began toward the latter part of king Charles II.'s reign, was dropped during that of his successor, and then revived at the revolution; since which it has perpetually flourished, although applied to very different kinds of principles and persons. In that convention of lords and commons, some of both houses were for a regency to the prince of Orange, with a reservation of style and title to the absent king, which should be made use of in all public acts: others, when they were brought to allow the throne vacant, thought the succession should immediately go to the next heir, according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, as if the last king were actually dead. And although the dissenting lords (in whose house the chief opposition was) did at last yield both those points, took the oaths to the new king, and many of them employments, yet they were looked upon with an evil eye by the warm zealots of the other side; neither did the court ever heartily favor any of them, although some of

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them were of the most eminent for abilities and virtue, and served that prince both in his councils and his army with untainted faith. It was apprehended at the same time, and perhaps it might have been true, that many of the clergy would have been better pleased with the scheme of a regency, or at least an uninterrupted lineal succession, for the sake of those whose consciences were truly scrupulous; and they thought there were some circumstances in the case of the deprived bishops that looked a little hard, or at least deserved commiseration.

These and other the like reflections did, as I conceive, revive the denominations of Whig and Tory.

Some time after the revolution the distinction of high and low church came in, which was raised by the dissenters in order to break the church party by dividing the members into high and low; and the opinions raised, that the high joined with the papists, inclined the low to fall in with the dissenters.

And here I shall take leave to produce some principles which, in the several periods of the late reign, served to denote a man of one or the other party. To be against a standing army in time of peace was all high-church, Tory, and Tantivy; to differ from a majority of bishops was the same. To raise the prerogative above law for serving a turn was low-church and Whig. The opinion of the majority in the house of commons, especially of the country party or landed interest, was high-flying and rank Tory. To exalt the king's supremacy beyond all precedent was low-church, Whiggish, and moderate. To make the least doubt of the pretended prince's being suppositious, and a tiler's son, was in their phrase top and topgallant, and perfect jacobitism. To resume the most exorbitant grants that were ever given to a set of profligate favorites, and apply them to the public, was the very quintessence of Toryism; notwithstanding those grants were known to be acquired by sacrificing the honor and the wealth of England.

In most of these principles the two parties seem to have shifted opinions since their institution under king Charles II., and, indeed, to have gone very different from what was expected from each, even at the time of the revolution. But as to that concerning the pretender, the Whigs have so far renounced it, that they are grown the great advocates for his legitimacy; which gives me the opportunity of vindicating a noble duke, who was accused of a blunder in the house, when, upon a certain lord's mentioning the pretended prince, his grace told the lords he must be plain with them, and call that

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person not the pretended prince, but the pretended impostor; which was so far from a blunder in that polite lord, as his ill-willers give out, that it was only a refined way of delivering the avowed sentiments of his whole party.

But to return; this was the state of principles when the queen came to the crown; some time after which, it pleased certain great persons, who had been all their lives in the altitude of Tory profession, to enter into a treaty with the Whigs, from whom they could get better terms than from their old friends, who began to be resty, and would not allow monopolies of power and favor, nor consent to carry on the war entirely at the expense of this nation, that they might have pensions from abroad; while another people, more immediately concerned in the war, traded with the enemy as in times of peace; whereas the other party, whose case appeared then as desperate, was ready to yield to any conditions that would bring them into play. And I cannot help affirming that this nation was made a sacrifice to the unmeasurable appetite of power and wealth in a very few that shall be nameless, who, in every step they made, acted directly against what they had always professed. And if his royal highness [prince George of Denmark] had died some years sooner (who was a perpetual check in their career), it is dreadful to think how far they might have proceeded.

Since that time the bulk of the Whigs appears rather to be linked to a certain set of persons than any certain set of principles; so that, if I were to define a member of that party, I should say he was one who believed in the late ministry. And therefore whatever I have affirmed of Whigs in any of these papers, or objected against them, ought to be understood, either of those who were partisans of the late men in power, and privy to their designs; or such who joined with them from a hatred to our monarchy and church, as unbelievers and dissenters of all sizes; or men in office, who had been guilty of much corruption, and dreaded a change which would not only put a stop to further abuses for the future, but might perhaps introduce examinations of what was past; or those who had been too highly obliged to quit their supporters with any common decency; or lastly, the money-traders, who could never hope to make their markets so well of premiums, and exorbitant interest, and high remittances, under any other administration.

Under these heads may be reduced the whole body of those whom I have all along understood for Whigs; for I do not include within this number any of those who have been misled by ignorance, or

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seduced by plausible pretences, to think better of that sort of men than they deserve, and to apprehend mighty danger from their disgrace; because I believe the greatest part of such well-meaning people are now thoroughly converted.

And, indeed, it must be allowed that the two fantastic names of Whig and Tory have at present very little relation to those opinions which were at first thought to distinguish them. Whoever formerly professed himself to approve the revolution, to be against the pretender, to justify the succession in the house of Hanover, to think the British monarchy not absolute, but limited by laws which the executive power could not dispense with, and to allow an indulgence to scrupulous consciences; such man was content to be called a Whig. On the other side, whoever asserted the queen's hereditary right, that the persons of princes were sacred, their lawful authority not to be resisted on any pretence, nor even their usurpations without the most extreme necessity, that breaches in the succession were highly dangerous, that schism was a great evil, both in itself and its consequences, that the ruin of the church would probably be attended with that of the state, that no power should be trusted with those who are not of the established religion; such a man was usually called a Tory. Now, although the opinions of both these are very consistent, and, I really think, are maintained at present by a great majority of the kingdom, yet, according as men apprehend the danger greater, either from the pretender and his party, or from the violence and cunning of other enemies to the constitution, so their common discourses and reasonings turn either to the first or second set of these opinions I have mentioned; and they are consequently styled either Whigs or Tories. Which is as if two brothers apprehended their house would be set upon, but disagreed about the place whence they thought the robbers would come, and therefore would go on different sides to defend it; they must needs weaken and expose themselves by such a separation; and so did we, only our case was worse, for in order to keep off a weak remote enemy, from whom we could not suddenly apprehend any danger, we took a nearer and a stronger one into the house. I make no comparison at all between the two enemies; popery and slavery are, without doubt, the greatest and most dreadful of any; but I may venture to affirm that the fears of these have not, at least since the revolution, been so close and pressing upon us as that from another faction, excepting only one short period, when the leaders of that very faction invited the abdicating king to return, of which I have formerly taken notice.

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Having thus declared what sort of persons I have always meant under the denomination of Whigs, it will be easy to show whom I understand by Tories. Such whose principles in church and state are what I have above related; whose actions are derived thence, and who have no attachment to any set of ministers further than as they are friends to the constitution in all its parts; but who will do their utmost to save their prince and country, whoever be at the helm.

By these descriptions of Whig and Tory, I am sensible those names are given to several persons very undeservedly; and that many a man is called by one or the other who has not the least title to the blame or praise I have bestowed on each of them throughout my papers.

No. 45.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

Magna vis est, magnum nomen, unum et idem sentientis senatus.

Great is the name and authority of a senate in which unanimity prevails.

WHOEVER calls to mind the clamor and the calumny, the artificial fears and jealousies, the shameful misrepresentation of persons and of things, that were raised and spread by the leaders and instruments of a certain party upon the change of the last ministry and dissolution of the parliament, if he be a true lover of his country, must feel a mighty pleasure, although mixed with some indignation, to see the wishes, the conjectures, the endeavors of an inveterate faction entirely disappointed, and this important period wholly spent in restoring the prerogative of the prince, and liberty to the subject; in reforming past abuses, and preventing future; supplying old deficiencies, providing for debts, restoring the clergy to their rights, and taking care of the necessities of the church; and all this unattended with any of those misfortunes which some men hoped for, while they pretended to fear.

For my own part, I must confess the difficulties appeared so great to me, from such a noise and show of opposition, that I thought nothing but the absolute necessity of affairs could ever justify so daring an attempt. But a wise and good prince, at the head of an able ministry and of a senate freely chosen, all united to pursue the true interest of their country, is a power against which the little inferior politics of any faction will be able to make no long resistance.

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To this we may add one additional strength, which, in the opinion of our adversaries, is the greatest and justest of any; I mean the *vox populi*, so indisputably declarative on the same side. I am apt to believe, when these discarded politicians begin seriously to consider all this, they will think it proper to give out, and reserve their wisdom for some more convenient juncture.

It is pleasant enough to observe that those who were the chief instruments of raising the noise, who started fears, bespoke dangers, and formed ominous prognostics, in order to scare the allies, to spirit the French, and fright ignorant people at home, made use of those very opinions themselves had broached for arguments to prove that the change of ministers was dangerous and unseasonable. But if a house be swept, the more occasion there is for such a work, the more dust it will raise; if it be going to ruin, the repairs, however necessary, will make a noise and disturb the neighborhood a while. And as to the rejoicings made in France, if it be true that they had any, upon the news of those alterations among us, their joy was grounded upon the same hopes with that of the Whigs, who comforted themselves that the change of ministry and parliament would infallibly put us all into confusion, increase our divisions, and destroy our credit, wherein I suppose by this time they are equally undeceived.

But this long session being in a manner ended, which several circumstances, and one accident altogether unforeseen, have drawn out beyond the usual time, it may be some small piece of justice to so excellent an assembly barely to mention a few of those great things they have done for the service of their queen and country, which I shall take notice of just as they come to my memory.

The coedit of the nation began mightily to suffer by a discount upon exchequer-bills, which have been generally reckoned the surest and most sacred of all securities. The present lord-treasurer, then a member of the house of commons, proposed a method, which was immediately complied with, of raising them to a par with species; and so they have ever since continued.

The British colonies of Nevis and St. Christopher's had been miserably plundered by the French, their houses burnt, their plantations destroyed, and many of the inhabitants carried away prisoners; they had often, for some years past, applied in vain for relief from hence, until the present parliament, considering their condition as a case of justice and mercy, voted them one hundred thousand pounds by way of recompense in some manner for their sufferings.

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Some persons whom the voice of the nation authorizes me to call her enemies, taking advantage of the general naturalization act, had invited over a great number of foreigners of all religions, under the name of Palatines, who understood no trade or handicraft, yet rather chose to beg than labor, who, beside infesting our streets, bred contagious diseases, by which we lost in natives thrice the number of what we gained in foreigners. The house of commons, as a remedy against this evil, brought in a bill for repealing that act of general naturalization, which, to the surprise of most people, was rejected by the lords. And upon this occasion I must allow myself to have been justly rebuked by one of my weekly monitors, for pretending in a former paper to hope that law would be repealed, wherein the commons being disappointed, took care however to send many of the Palatines away, and to represent their being invited over as a pernicious counsel.

The qualification-bill, incapacitating all men to serve in parliament who have not some estate in land either in possession or certain reversion, is perhaps the greatest security that ever was contrived for preserving the constitution, which otherwise might in a little time lie wholly at the mercy of the moneyed interest. And since much the greatest part of the taxes is paid either immediately from land or from its production, it is but common justice that those who are the proprietors should appoint what portion of it ought to go to the support of the public; otherwise the engrossers of money would be apt to lay heavy loads on others, which themselves never touch with one of their fingers.

The public debts were so prodigiously increased by the negligence and corruption of those who had been managers of the revenue, that the late ministers, like careless men who run out their fortunes, were so far from any thoughts of payment that they had not the courage to state or compute them. The parliament found that thirty-five millions had never been accounted for; and that the debt on the navy, wholly unprovided for, amounted to nine millions. The late chancellor of the exchequer [earl of Oxford], suitable to his transcendent genius for public affairs, proposed a fund to be security for that immense debt, which is now confirmed by a law, and is likely to prove the greatest restoration and establishment of the kingdom's credit. Not content with this, the legislature has appointed commissioners of accompts to inspect into past mismanagements of the public money, and prevent them for the future.

I have in a former paper mentioned the act for building fifty new

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desire you will take the first opportunity to give him a troop, and you will oblige me mightily." The lieutenant-general answered, "He had served very well, and had very good pretensions to a troop, and that he would give him the first that fell." With this the gentleman was mighty well satisfied, returned thanks, and withdrew. Upon which his excellency said immediately, "I was forced to speak for him, as a great many of his friends have votes at elections; but, d—n him, he is a rogue, therefore take no care for him."

He brought one May to the duke of Ormond, and recommended him as a very honest gentleman, and desired his grace would provide for him; which his grace promised him. So May withdrew. As soon as he was gone his lordship immediately said to the duke, "That fellow is the greatest rogue in Christendom."

Colonel Coward having received pay for some time in two or three regiments as captain, but never done any other service to the crown than eating and drinking in the expedition to Cadiz under the duke of Ormond, finding he had not pretensions enough to rise, after he had sold the last employment he had, applied to his excellency, who represented him in such a light that he got above 900*l.* as an arrear of half pay, which he had no title to, and a pension of 10*s.* a-day; but he reckoned this as much too little for his wants as everybody else did too much for his pretensions, gave in a second petition to the queen for a further addition of 10*s.* a-day, which being referred to his excellency, he gave him a favorable report, by means whereof, it is hoped, his merit will be still further rewarded.

He turned out the poor gatekeeper of Chapelizod-gate, though he and his wife were each above sixty years old, without assigning any cause, and they are now starving.

As for the business of the arsenal, it was the product of chance, and never so much as thought of by the persons who of late have given so many good reasons for the building of it, till upon inquiring into the funds they were found to hold out so well that there was a necessity of destroying sixty or seventy thousand pounds, otherwise his excellency, for that time, could hardly have had the credit of taxing the kingdom. Upon this occasion many projects were proposed, all which at last gave way to the proposal of a worthy person who had often persuaded the nation to do itself a great deal of harm by attempting to do itself a little good; which was, that forty thousand arms should be provided for the militia, and ammunition in proportion, to be kept in four arsenals, to be built for that purpose: this was accordingly put into the heads of a

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bill, and then this worthy patriot, with his usual sincerity, declared he would not consent to the giving of money for any other use, as everybody thought by the words he spoke; though afterward he showed them that his meaning was not to be known by the vulgar acceptation of words; for he not only gave his consent to the bill, but used all the art and industry he was master of to have it pass; though the money was applied in it to the building of one arsenal only, and ammunition and other stores proportionable, without one word of the militia. So the arsenal was conceived and afterward formed in a proper manner; but when it came to be brought forth his excellency took it out of the hands that had formed it, as far as he could, and, contrary to all precedents, put it out of the care of the ordnance board, who were properly to have taken care of the receipt and payment of the money without any further charge to the public, and appointed his second secretary, Mr. Denton, to be paymaster, whose salary was a charge of above five hundred pounds in the whole: then, thinking this was too small a charge to put the public to for nothing, he made an establishment for that work, consisting of one superintendent at three pounds per week, eight overseers at seven pounds four shillings a-week, and sixteen assistants at seven pounds four shillings a-week, making in all seventeen pounds eight shillings a-week; and these were, for the greatest part, persons who had no knowledge of such business; and their honesty was equal to their knowledge, as it has since appeared by the notorious cheats and neglects that have been made out against them; insomuch that the work they have overseen, which, with their salaries, has cost near three thousand pounds, might have been done for less than eighteen hundred pounds, if it had been agreed for by the yard, which is the usual method, and was so proposed in the estimate: and this is all a certainty, because all that has been done is only removing earth, which has been exactly computed by the yard, and might have been so agreed for.

Philip Savage, esq., as chancellor of the exchequer, demanded fees of the commissioners of the revenue for sealing writs in the queen's business, and showed them for it some sort of precedents; but they, not being well satisfied with them, wrote to Mr. South, one of the commissioners (then in London), to inquire the practice there. He sent them word, upon inquiry, that fees were paid there upon the like cases; so they adjusted it for him, and constantly paid him fees. If therefore there was a fault, it must lie at their door, for he never offered to stop the business; yet his excellency

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knew so well how to choose an attorney and solicitor-general, that when the case was referred to them they gave it against the chancellor, and said he had forfeited his place by it, and ought to refund the money (being about two hundred pounds per annum), but never found any fault in the commissioners, who adjudged the case for him, and might have refused him the money if they had thought fit.

Captain Robert Fitzgerald, father to the present earl of Kildare, had a grant from king Charles the Second of the office of comptroller of the musters, during the lives of captain Chambre Brabazon, now earl of Meath, and George Fitzgerald, elder brother to the present earl of Kildare; which the said Robert Fitzgerald enjoyed with a salary of three hundred pounds per annum; and after his death his son George enjoyed it, till my lord Galway did, by threats, compel him to surrender the said patent for a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, which he enjoyed during his life. Some time ago the present earl of Kildare, as heir to his father and brother, looked upon himself to be injured by the surrender of the said patent, which should have come to him, the earl of Meath being still living; therefore, in order to right himself, did petition her majesty; which petition, as usual, was referred to the earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, who, being at that time in London, referred it, according to the common method on such occasions, to the lord chancellor and lieutenant-general Ingoldsby, the then lords-justices of this kingdom: who for their information ordered the attorney-general to inquire whether the earl of Kildare had any legal title to the said patent, which he, in a full report, said he had: and they referred it to the deputy vice-treasurer to inquire into the nature of the office, and to give them his opinion whether he thought it was useful or necessary for her majesty's service. He gave in his report, and said he thought it both useful and necessary, and, with more honesty than wit, gave the following reasons: first, that the muster-master-general computed the pay of the whole military list, which is above 200,000*l.* per annum; so, having no check on him, might commit mistakes, to the great prejudice of the crown: and, secondly, because he had himself found out several of those mistakes, which a comptroller might prevent. The lords-justices approved of these reasons, and so sent over their report to my lord-lieutenant, that they thought the office useful and necessary: but colonel P——r, the muster-master-general, being then in London, and having given my lord-lieutenant one thousand pounds for his consent to enjoy that office, after he had got her majesty's orders for a patent,

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thought a check upon his office would be a troublesome spy upon him; so he pleaded the merit of his thousand pounds, and desired, in consideration thereof, that his excellency would free him from an office that would put it out of his power to wrong the crown; and, to strengthen his pretensions, put my lady in mind of what money he had lost to her at play; who immediately, out of a grateful sense of benefits received, railed as much against the lords-justices' report as ever she had done against the Tories; and my lord-lieutenant, prompted by the same virtue, made his report that there needed no comptroller to that office, because he controlled it himself; which (now having given his word for it) he will, beyond all doubt, effectually do for the future; although since it has been plainly made appear that, for want of some control on that office, her majesty has been wronged of many hundred pounds by the roguery of a clerk, and that during the time of his excellency's government; of which there has been but a small part refunded, and the rest has not been inquired after, lest it should make it plainly appear that a comptroller in that office is absolutely necessary.

His excellency being desirous, for a private reason, to provide for the worthless son or a worthless father, who had lately sold his company, and of course all pretension to preferment in the army, took this opportunity: a captain in the oldest regiment in the kingdom, being worn out with service, desired leave to sell, which was granted him; and, accordingly, for a consideration agreed upon, he gave a resignation of his company to a person approved of by the commander of the regiment, who at the same time applied to his excellency for leave for another captain of his regiment, who is an engineer in her majesty's service in Spain, and absent by her majesty's license: his excellency, hearing that, said they might give him a company in Spain, for he would dispose of his here; and so, notwithstanding all the commanders of the regiment could urge, he gave the company, which was regularly surrendered, to his worthy favorite; and the other company, which was a disputable title, to the gentleman who had paid his money for that which was surrendered.

Talking one morning, as he was dressing (at least a dozen people present), of the debates in council about the affair of Trim, he said the lord chief-justice Dolben[1] had laid down as law a thing for which a man ought to have his gown stripped off and be whipped at the cart's a—e; and in less than a quarter of an hour repeated

[1] Lord chief-justice of the common pleas, 1714-1720.

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the expression again: yet, some days after, sent Dr. Lambert [his principal chaplain] to assure his lordship he said no such thing. Some time after, while he was in England, he used his utmost efforts with the queen to turn him out, but could not: so when he came once again he took an opportunity (when the judges were to wait on him) to say to them, particularly to lord chief-justice Dolben, that perhaps some officious persons would spread stories that he had endeavored to do some of them a prejudice in England, which he assured them he never had; but, on the contrary, would always without distinction show his regard according to merit; which the lord chief-justice Broderick was pleased to approve of, by saying, "that was very honorable, that was very gracious;" though he knew the contrary himself.

In England he bid Mr. Deering assure all his friends and acquaintances here that they, and everybody without distinction, might depend upon his favor as they behaved themselves; with which Mr. Deering was much pleased, and wrote over to his friends accordingly; and as soon as his back was turned, he jeeringly said, "D—n me, how easily he is bit!"

When the duke of Ormond was in the government, he gave to Mr. Anderson Saunders the government of Wicklow castle, which has no salary, but a perquisite of some land worth about 12*l.* per annum, which Mr. Saunders gave to the free-school of the town; but his excellency, not liking either the person or the use, without any ceremonies or reason given superseded him, by giving a commission for it to Jennings the horse-courser, who lies under several odious and scandalous reflections, particularly of very narrowly escaping the gallows for coining.

Some time after his excellency's landing the second time, he sent for Mr. Saunders among others, desiring their good offices in the ensuing session, and that Mr. Saunders would not take amiss his giving that place to Jennings, for he assured him he did not know it belonged to him; which is highly probable, because men of his knowledge usually give away things without inquiring how they are in their disposal. Mr. Saunders answered, "He was very glad to find what was done was not out of any particular displeasure to him; because Mr. Whitshed had said at Wicklow (by way of apology for what his excellency had done) that it was occasioned by Mr. Saunders' having it; and seeing his excellency had no ill intention against him, was glad he could tell his excellency it was not legally given away (for he had a *custodiam* for the land out of the court of

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exchequer); so his excellency's commission to Jennings could do him no prejudice."

Lieutenant-general Echlin had pay on this establishment as brigadier till the middle of October, 1708, when he was removed from it by his excellency, because his regiment went away at that time, and lieutenant-general Gorges was put in his room. Some time after major-general Rooke, considering the reason why Echlin was removed, concluded that Gorges could not come on till some time in February after, because his regiment also was out of the kingdom till that time; and that therefore he, being the eldest general officer that had no pay as such, was entitled to the brigadier's pay from the time Echlin was removed till Gorges was qualified to receive it, he having done the duty. His excellency, upon hearing the reason, owned it to be a very good one, and told him, if the money were not paid to Gorges, he should have it, so bid him go see; which he did, and found it was; then his excellency told him he would refer his case to a court of general officers to give their opinion in it, which he said must needs be in his favor, and upon that ground he would find a way to do him right; yet, when the general officers sat, he sent for several of them, and made them give the case against Rooke.

When the prosecution against the dissenting minister at Drogheda was depending, one Stevens, a lawyer in this town (Dublin), sent his excellency, then in London, a petition, in the name of the said dissenting minister, in behalf of himself and others, who lay under any such prosecution; and in about a fortnight's time his excellency sent over a letter to the then lords-justices, to give the attorney and solicitor-general orders to enter a *noli prosequi* to all such suits; which was done accordingly, though he never so much as inquired into the merits of the cause, or referred the petition to anybody, which is a justice done to all men, let the cause be ever so light. He said he had her majesty's orders for it; but they did not appear under her hand, and it is generally affirmed he never had any.

That his excellency can descend to small gains, take this instance: there were 850*l.* ordered by her majesty to buy new liveries for the state trumpets, messengers, &c.; but with great industry he got them made cheaper by 200*l.*, which he saved out of that sum; and it is reported that his steward got a handsome consideration besides from the undertaker.

The agent to his regiment, being so also to others, bought a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of foot, for which he never was to do any duty; which service pleased his excellency so well, that

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he gave him leave to buy a company, and would have had him keep both; but before his pleasure was known the former was disposed of.

The lord-lieutenant has no power to remove or put in a solicitor-general without the queen's letter, it being one of those employments excepted out of his commission; yet, because sir Richard Levinge disobliged him by voting according to his opinion, he removed him, and put in Mr. Forster,[1] although he had no queen's letter for so doing; only a letter from Mr. secretary Boyle that her majesty designed to remove him.

The privy-council in Ireland have a great share of the administration; all things being carried by the consent of the majority, and they sign all orders and proclamations there, as well as the chief governor. But his excellency disliked so great a share of power in any but himself; and when matters were debated in council otherwise than he approved, he would stop them, and say, "Come, my lords, I see how your opinions are, and therefore I will not take your votes;" and so would put an end to the dispute.

One of his chief favorites was a scandalous clergyman, a constant companion of his pleasures, who appeared publicly with his excellency, but never in his habit, and who was a hearer and sharer of all the lewd and blasphemous discourses of his excellency and his cabal. His excellency presented this worthy divine to one of the bishops, with the following recommendation: "My lord, Mr. —— is a very honest fellow, and has no fault, but that he is a little immoral." He made this man chaplain to his regiment, though he had been so infamous, that a bishop in England refused to admit him to a living he had been presented to, till the patron forced him to it by law.

His excellency recommended the earl of Inchiquin to be one of the lord's-justices in his absence, and was much mortified when he found lieutenant-general Ingoldsby appointed without any regard to his recommendation; particularly because the usual salary of a lord-justice, in the lord-lieutenant's absence, is 100*l.* per month, and he had bargained with the earl for 40*l.*

I will send you in a packet or two some particulars of his excellency's usage of the convocation; of his infamous intrigues with Mrs. Coningsby; an account of his arbitrary proceedings about the election of a magistrate in Trim; his selling the place of a privy-councillor and commissioner of the revenue to Mr. Conolly; his barbarous injustice to dean Jephson and poor Will Crow; his de-

[1] Recorder of the city of Dublin, and lord chief-justice of the common pleas.

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ciding a case at hazard to get my lady twenty guineas, but in so scandalous and unfair a manner, that the arrantest sharper would be ashamed of; the common custom of playing on Sunday in my lady's closet; the *partie quarrée* between her ladyship and Mrs. Fl——d, and two young fellows dining privately and frequently at Clontarf, where they used to go in a hackney-coach; and his excellency's making no scruples of dining in a hedge tavern whenever he was invited; with some other passages which I hope you will put into some method, and correct the style, and publish as speedily as you can.

Note: Mr. Savage, beside the prosecution about his fees, was turned out of the council for giving his vote in parliament, in a case where his excellency's own friends were of the same opinion, till they were wheedled or threatened out of it by his excellency.

The particulars before mentioned I have not yet received. Whenever they come, I shall publish them in a Second Part.

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SOME REMARKS UPON A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

A LETTER TO THE SEVEN LORDS OF THE COMMITTEE[1] APPOINTED TO EXAMINE GREGG.

THOSE who have given themselves the trouble to write against me, either in single papers or pamphlets (and they are pretty numerous), do all agree in discovering a violent rage, and at the same time affecting an air of contempt, toward their adversary, which in my humble opinion are not very consistent: and therefore it is plain that their fury is real and hearty, their contempt only personated. I have pretty well studied this matter, and would caution writers of their standard never to engage in that difficult attempt of despising, which is a work to be done in cold blood, and only by a superior genius to one at some distance beneath him. I can truly affirm I have had a very sincere contempt for many of those who have drawn their pens against me; yet I rather chose the cheap way of discovering it by silence and neglect, than be at the pains of new terms to express it: I have known a lady value herself upon a haughty disdainful look, which very few understood, and nobody alive regarded. Those commonplace terms of infamous scribbler, prostitute libeller, and the like, thrown abroad without propriety or provocation, do ill personate the true spirit of contempt, because they are such as the meanest writer, whenever he pleases, may use toward the best. I remember indeed a parish fool, who, with a great deal of deformity, carried the most disdainful look I ever observed in any countenance: and it was the most prominent part of his folly; but he was thoroughly in earnest, which these writers are not: for there is another thing I would observe, that my antagonists are most of them so in a literal sense; breathe real vengeance and extend their threats to my person, if they knew where to find

[1] The committee consisted of the dukes of Devonshire, Somerset, and Bolton; the earl of Wharton; lord viscount Townshend; lord Somers, and lord Halifax. Gregg was tried at the Old Bailey, Jan. 19, 1707–8, and condemned for high treason, but was not executed till April 28, 1708.

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it; wherein they are so far from despising, that I am sensible they do me too much honor. The author of the "Letter to the Seven Lords" takes upon him the three characters of a despiser, a threatener, and a railer; and succeeds so well in the two last, that it has made him miscarry in the first. It is no unwise proceeding which the writers of that side have taken up, to scatter their menaces in every paper they publish; it may perhaps look absurd, ridiculous, and impudent in people at mercy to assume such a style; but the design is right, to endeavor persuading the world that it is they who are the injured party, that they are the sufferers, and have a right to be angry.

However, there is one point wherein these gentlemen seem to stretch this wise expedient a little further than it will allow. I, who for several months undertook to examine into the late management of persons and things, was content sometimes to give only a few hints of certain matters which I had charity enough to wish might be buried for ever in oblivion, if the confidence of these people had not forced them from me. One instance whereof, among many, is the business of Gregg, the subject of a letter I am now considering. If this piece has been written by direction, as I should be apt to suspect, yet I am confident they would not have us think so, because it is a sort of challenge to let the world into the whole secret of Gregg's affair. But I suppose they are confident it is what I am not master of, wherein it is odds but they may be mistaken; for I believe the memorials of that transaction are better preserved than they seem to be aware of, as perhaps may one day appear.

The writer is offended because I have said so many severe things with application to particular persons. The Medley has been often in the same story; if they condemn it as a crime in general, I shall not much object; at least I will allow it should be done with truth and caution; but by what argument will they undertake to prove that it is pardonable on one side and not on the other? Since the late change of ministry I have observed many of that party take up a new style, and tell us "That this way of personal reflection ought not to be endured; they could not approve of it; it was against charity and good manners." When the Whigs were in power they took special care to keep their adversaries silent; then all kind of falsehood and scurrility was doing good service to the cause, and detecting evil principles. Now, that the face of things is changed, and we have liberty to retort upon them, they are for calling down fire from heaven upon us; though, by a sort of indulgence which

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they were strangers to, we allow them equal liberty of the press with ourselves; and they even now make greater use of it, against persons in the highest power and credit, than we do against those who have been discarded for the most infamous abuse of both.

Who encouraged and rewarded the Observator and Review, for many years together, in charging the whole body of the clergy with the most odious crimes and opinions; in declaring all who took oaths to the government, and called themselves Tories, to be worse than papists and nonjurors; in exposing the universities as seminaries of the most pernicious principles in church and state; in defending the Rebellion and the murder of king Charles I., which they asserted to be altogether as justifiable as the late Revolution? Is there a great man now in power, or in any credit with the queen, whom those worthy undertakers have not treated by name in the most ignominious manner? Even since this great change of affairs, with what amazing licentiousness has the writer of the Medley attacked every person of the present ministry, the speaker of the house of commons, and the whole senate! He has turned into ridicule the results of the council and the parliament, as well as the just and generous endeavors of the latter to pay the debts and restore the credit of the nation, almost ruined by the corruption and management of his own party.

And are these the people who complain of personal reflections; who so confidently invoke the men in power (whom they have so highly obliged) to punish or silence me for reflecting on their exploded heroes? Is there no difference between men chosen by the prince, reverenced by the people for their virtue, and others rejected by both for the highest demerits? Shall the Medley and his brothers fly out with impunity against those who preside at the helm? and am I to be torn in pieces because I censure others who, for endeavoring to split the vessel against a rock, are put under the hatches?

I now proceed to the pamphlet which I intend to consider. It is a letter written to seven great men, who were appointed to examine Gregg in Newgate. The writer tells their lordships that the Examiner has charged them with endeavoring, by bribery and subornation of that criminal, to take away Mr. Harley's life. If there be anything among the papers I have writ which may be applied to these persons, it would have become this author to have cleared them fully from the accusation, and then he might at leisure have fallen upon me as a liar and misrepresenter; but of that he has not

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offered a syllable; the weight of his charge lies here, — that such an author as the Examiner should presume, by certain innuendoes, to accuse any great persons of such a crime. My business in those papers was to represent facts, and I was as sparing as possible of reflecting upon particular persons; but the mischief is, that the readers have always found names to tally with those facts; and I know no remedy for this. As, for instance, in the case here before us. An under-clerk in the secretary's office, of fifty pounds a-year, is discovered to hold correspondence with France, and apprehended by his master's order, before he could have opportunity to make his escape by the private warning of a certain person, a professed enemy to the secretary. The criminal is condemned to die. It is found upon his trial that he was a poor profligate fellow; the secretary at that time was under the mortal hatred of a violent prevailing party, who dreaded him for his great abilities and his avowed design to break their destructive measures.

It was very well known that the secretary of state has little or no intercourse with the lower clerks, but with the under-secretaries, who are the more immediate masters of those clerks, and are, and ought to be, as they then were, gentlemen of worth; however, it would pass well enough in the world that Gregg was employed in Mr. Secretary Harley's office, and was consequently one of his clerks, which would be ground enough to build upon it what suggestions they pleased. Then for the criminal, he was needy and vicious; he owed his death to the secretary's watchful pursuit of him, and would therefore probably incline to hearken to any offers that would save his life, gratify his revenge, and make him easy in his fortune; so that, if a work of darkness were to be done, it must be confessed here were proper motives and a proper instrument. But ought we to suspect any persons of such a diabolical practice? Can all faith, and honor, and justice, be thus violated by men? — questions proper for a pulpit, or well becoming a philosopher: but what if it were *regnandi causa*, and that perhaps in a literal sense? Is this an age of the world to think crimes improbable because they are great? Perhaps it is; but what shall we say to some of those circumstances which attended this fact? Who gave rise to this report against Mr. Harley? Will any of his enemies confess in cold blood that they did either believe, suspect, or imagine, the secretary and one of his under clerks to be joined in corresponding with France? Some of them, I should think, knew better what belonged to such a correspondence, and how it ought to be managed. The nature of

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Gregg's crime was such as to be best performed without any accomplices at all; it was, to be a spy here for the French, and to tell them all he knew; and it appears, by his letters, that he never had it in his power to let them into anything of importance. The copy of the queen's letter to the emperor, which he sent to the enemy, and has made such a noise, was only to desire that prince Eugene might be employed to command in Spain; which, for six weeks before, had been mentioned in all the Gazettes of Europe. It was evident from the matter of his letters that no man of consequence could have any share in them. The whole affair had been examined in the cabinet two months before, and there found and reported as only affecting the person of Gregg, who, to supply his vices and his wants, was tempted to engage in that correspondence; it is therefore hard to conceive how that examination should be resumed, after such a distance of time, with any fair or honorable intention. Why were not Gregg's examinations published, which were signed by his own hand, and had been taken in the cabinet two months before the committee of the house was appointed to re-examine him? Why was he pressed so close, to cry out with horror, "Good God! would you have me accuse Mr. Harley, when he is wholly innocent?" Why were all the answers returned to the queries sent him immediately burned? I cannot in my conscience but think that the party was bound in honor to procure Gregg a pardon, which was openly promised him, upon condition of making an ingenuous confession, unless they had some other notions of what is ingenuous than is commonly meant by that word. A confession may be nevertheless ingenuous for not answering the hopes or designs of those who take it; but, though the word was publicly used, the definition of it was reserved to private interpretation, and by a capricious humor of fortune, a most flagitious, though repenting villain was hanged for his virtue. It could not, indeed, consist with any kind of prudence then in fashion to spare his life, and thereby leave it in his power, at any time, to detect their practices, which he might afterwards do at any time with so much honor to himself.

But I have the luck to be accused by this author in very good company; the two houses of parliament in general, and the speaker of the house of commons in particular, whom he taxes with falsehood and absurdity as well as myself, though in a more respectful manner, and by a sort of irony. The whole kingdom had given the same interpretation that I had done to some certain passages in the address from both houses upon the attempt of Guiscard; friends

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and enemies agreed in applying the word faction. But the speaker is much clearer; talks (as I have mentioned in another place) of some unparalleled attempts, and uses other terms that come pretty home to the point. As to what the parliament affirms, this author makes it first as absurd and impracticable as he can, and then pretends to yield, as pressed by so great an authority; and explains their meaning into nonsense, in order to bring them off from reflecting upon his party. Then for the speaker, this writer says he is but a single man; and because his speech was in words too direct to avoid, he advises him to save his honor and virtue by owning a solecism in his speech, and to write less correctly, rather than mean maliciously. What an expedient this advocate has found to remove the load of an accusation! He answers, "The crime is horrible; that great men ought not to be thus insolently charged." I reply, "That the parliament and speaker appear, in many points, to be of the same opinion."—He rejoins, "That he is pressed by too great an authority; that, perhaps, those wise assemblies, and that honorable gentleman (who besides is but a single man), may probably speak nonsense; they must either deliver a solecism or be malicious; and in good manners, he rather thinks it may be the former."

The writer of the letter, having thus despatched the Examiner, falls next upon a paper called Secret Transactions, &c., written, as he tells us, by one Francis Hoffman and the ordinary of Newgate; persons whom I have not the honor to be known to (whatever my betters may be), nor have yet seen their productions; but, by what is cited from them in the letter, it should seem they have made some untoward observations. However, the same answer still serves; not a word to control what they say; only they are a couple of daring insolent wretches, to reflect upon the greatest and best men in England, and there is an end. I have no sort of regard for that same Hoffman, to whose character I am a perfect stranger; but methinks the ordinary of Newgate should be treated with more respect, considering what company he has kept, and what visitors he may have had. However, I shall not enter into a point of controversy whether the lords were acquainted with the ordinary, or the ordinary with the lords, since this author leaves it undecided. Only one thing I take to be a little hard. It is now confessed on all hands that Mr. Harley was most unjustly suspected of joining with an under-clerk in corresponding with France. The suspicion being in itself unreasonable and without the least probable grounds, wise men began to consider what violent enemies that gentleman had;

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they found the report most industriously spread; the Whigs, in common discourse, discovering their wishes that he might be found guilty; the management of the whole affair was put into the hands of such as, it is supposed, would at least not be sorry to find more than they expected. The criminal's dying speech is unfortunately published, wherein he thanks God he was not tempted to save his life by falsely accusing his master, with more to the same purpose: from all this put together, it was no very unnatural conjecture that there might have been some tampering. Now, I say that it is a little hard that Mr. Harley's friends must not be allowed to have their suspicions as well as his enemies; and this author, if he intended to deal fairly, should have spent one paragraph in railing at those who had the impudence and villany to suspect Mr. Harley, and then proceeded in due method to defend his committee of examiners; but that gentleman being, as this author says of the speaker, but a single man, I suppose his reputation and life were esteemed but of little consequence.

There is one state of the case in this letter which I cannot well omit, because the author, I suppose, conceives it to be extremely cunning and malicious; that it cuts to the quick, and is wonderfully severe upon Mr. Harley, without exposing the writer to any danger. I say this to gratify him, to let him know I take his meaning and discover his inclinations. His parallel case is this: "Supposing Guiscard had been intimate with some great officer of state, and had been suspected to communicate his most secret affairs with that minister; then he asks, "Whether it would have been subornation, or seeking the life and blood of that officer, in these great lords of the council, if they had narrowly examined this affair, inquired with all exactness what he knew of this great officer, what secrets he had imparted to him, and whether he were privy to his corresponding?'" &c. In this parallel, Guiscard's case is supposed to be the same with Gregg's; and that of the great officer with Mr. Harley's; so that here he lays down as a thing granted that Gregg was intimate with Mr. Harley, and suspected to communicate his most secret affairs to him. Now, did ever any rational man suspect Mr. Harley, first principal secretary of state, was intimate with an under-clerk, or upon the foot of having most secret affairs communicated to him from such a counsellor, from one in so inferior a station, whom perhaps he hardly knew by sight? why was that report raised, but for the uses which were afterward made of it? or why should we wonder that they who were so wicked as to be authors of it would be

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are still indeed abused every day in print, but it is by those who are without the power to hurt them; the serpent has lost his sting, is trodden under foot, and its hissing is contemned. But he confidently affirms "That, when it shall be thought fit to restore the old ministry, the priests will not be wanting to become the tools of their cunning managers." This I cannot by any means allow, unless they have some hidden reserve of cunning which has never yet been produced. The cunningest managers I ever knew among them are, of all others, most detested by the clergy; neither do I remember they have been ever able to make any of them tools, except by making them bishops: even those few they were able to seduce would not be their tools at a lower rate.

But because this author, and others of his standard, affect to make use of that word tool when they have a mind to be shrewd and satirical, I desire once for all to set them right. A tool, and an instrument, in the metaphorical sense, differ thus: the former is an engine in the hands of knaves; the latter in those of wise and honest men. The greatest ministers are instruments in the hands of princes, and so are princes themselves in the hands of God; and in this sense the clergy are ready to be instruments of any good to the prince or people. But that the clergy of England, since the reformation, have at any time been the tools of a party is a calumny which history and constant experience will immediately confute. Schismatic and fanatic preachers have indeed been perpetually employed that way, with good success, by the faction against king Charles I., to murder their prince and ruin the monarchy,—by king James II., to bring in popery,—and ever since the revolution to advance the unmeasureable appetite of power and wealth among a set of profligate upstarts. But in all these three instances the established clergy (except a very few, like tares among wheat, and those generally sown by the enemy) were so far from being tools, that in the first they were persecuted, imprisoned, and deprived; and in the two others they were great instruments, under God, for preserving our religion and liberty.

In the same paragraph which contains a project for turning out the present ministry and restoring the last, he owns that the queen is now served with more obsequious words, more humble adorations, and a more seeming resignation to her will and pleasure, than she was before. And indeed, if this be not true, her majesty has the worst luck of any prince in Christendom. The reverse of these phrases I take to be rude expressions, insolent behavior, and a real opposition to her majesty's most just and reasonable commands,

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which are the mildest terms that the demeanor of some late persons toward their prince can deserve in return of the highest favors that subjects ever received, whereof a hundred particulars might be produced. So that, according to our author's way of reasoning, I will put a parallel case in my turn. I have a servant to whom I am exceedingly kind; I reward him infinitely above his merit; beside which, he and his family snap everything they can lay their hands on; they will let none come near me but themselves and dependants; they misrepresent my best friends as my greatest enemies; besides, they are so saucy and malapert, there is no speaking to them; so far from any respect, that they treat me as an inferior. At last I pluck up spirit, turn them all out of doors, and take in new ones, who are content with what I allow them, though I have less to spare than formerly; give me their best advice when I ask it, are constantly in the way, do what I bid them, make a bow when they come in and go out, and always give a respectful answer. I suppose the writer of the letter would tell me that my present domestics were indeed a little more civil, but the former were better servants.

There are two things wherewith this author is peculiarly angry; first, at the licentious way of the scum of mankind treating the greatest peers in the nation; secondly, that these hedge-writers (a phrase I unwillingly lend him, because it cost me some pains to invent) seldom speak a word against any of the late ministry, but they presently fall to compliment my lord-treasurer and others in great places. On the first he brings but one instance, but I could produce a good many hundred. What does he think of the Observator, the Review, and the Medley? In his own impartial judgment, may not they as fairly bid for being the scum of mankind as the Examiner? and have they not treated at least as many, and almost as great peers, in as infamous a manner? I grant, indeed, that through the great defect of truth, genius, learning, and common sense, among the libellers of that party, they being of no entertainment to the world, after serving the present turn, were immediately forgotten. But this we can remember in gross, that there was not a great man in England, distinguished for his love to the monarchy or the church, who, under the appellations of tory, jacobite, high-flier, and other cant words, was not represented as a public enemy and laden by name with all manner of obloquy. Nay, have they not even disturbed the ashes, and endeavored to blast the memories of the dead, and chiefly of those who lost their lives in the service of the monarchy and the church? His other quarrel is at our flat-

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tering my lord-treasurer and other great persons in power. To which I shall only say, for every line written in praise of the present ministry, I will engage to furnish the author with three pages of the most fulsome panegyrics on the least deserving members of the last; which is somewhat more than by the proportion of time, while they were in power, could fall to their share. Indeed, I am apt to think that the men of wit, at least, will be more sparing in their incense of this kind for the future, and say no more of any great man now at the helm than they believe he deserves. Poems, dedications, and other public encomiums, might be of use to those who were obliged to keep up an unnatural spirit in the nation, by supplying it with art; and consequently the authors deserved, and sometimes met, encouragement and reward. But those great patriots now at the head of affairs are sufficiently supported by the uncompelled favor of the queen and the natural disposition of the people. We can do them no service by our applauses, and therefore expect no payment; so that I look upon this kind of stock to have fallen at least ninety per cent. since the great changes at court.

He puts a few questions, which I am in some pain to answer. "Cannot," says he, "the successors be excellent men unless the predecessors be villains? Cannot the queen change her ministers, but they must presently be such as neither God nor man can endure? Do noblemen fall from all honor, virtue, and religion, because they are so unhappy as to fall from their prince's favor?" I desire to say something, in the first place, to this last question; which I answer in the negative. However, he will own that "men should fall from their prince's favor when they are so unhappy as to fall from all honor, virtue, and religion;" though I must confess my belief at the same time that some certain persons have lately fallen from favor who could not for a very manifest reason be said, properly speaking, to fall from any of the other three. To his other questions I can only say that the constant language of the Whig pamphleteers has been, this twelvemonth past, to tell us how dangerous a step it was to change the ministry at so nice a juncture; to shake our credit, disoblige our allies, and encourage the French. Then this author tells us that those discarded politicians were the greatest ministers we ever had; his brethren have said the same thing a hundred times. On the other side the queen, upon long deliberation, was resolved to part with them; the universal voice of the people was against them: her majesty is the most mild and gracious prince that ever reigned; we have been constantly victo-

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rious, and are ruined; the enemy flourishes under his perpetual losses. If these be the consequences of an able, faithful, diligent, and dutiful administration, of that astonishing success he says Providence has crowned us with, what can be those of one directly contrary? But, not to enter into a wide field at present, I faithfully promise the author of the letter, his correspondents, his patrons, and his brethren, that this mystery of iniquity shall be very shortly laid open to the view of the world; when the most ignorant and prejudiced reader will, I hope, be convinced, by facts not to be controlled, how miserably this poor kingdom had been deluded to the very brink of destruction.

He would have it that the people of England have lost their senses; are bewitched and cheated, mad and without understanding: but all this will go off by degrees, and then his great men will recover their esteem and credit. I did in one of my papers overthrow this idle affected opinion, which has been a thousand times urged by those who most wished and least believed it; I there showed the difference between a short madness of the people and their natural bent or genius. I remember, when king James II. went from England, he left a paper behind him with expressions much to the same purpose; hoping among other things that God would open the eyes of the nation. Too much zeal for his religion brought us then in danger of popery and arbitrary power; too much infidelity, avarice, and ambition, brought us lately into equal danger of atheism and anarchy. The people have not yet opened their eyes to see any advantage in the two former; nor, I hope, will ever find their senses enough to discover the blessings of the two latter. Cannot I see these things in another light than this author and his party do without being blind? is my understanding lost when it differs from theirs? am I cheated, bewitched, and out of my senses, because I think those to have been betrayers of our country whom they call patriots?

He hopes his seven correspondents will never want their places, but is in pain for the poor kingdom lest their places should want them. Now, I have examined this matter, and am not at all discouraged. Two of them[1] hold their places still, and are likely to continue in them: two more were governors of islands;[2] I believe the author does not imagine those to be among the places which will

[1] The duke of Somerset and the earl of Halifax.
[2] The earl of Wharton and the duke of Bolton.

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want men to fill them. God be thanked, a man may command the beef-eaters without being a soldier; I will at any time undertake to do it myself. Then it would be a little hard if the queen should be at a loss for a steward to her family. So that, upon the whole, I see but one great employment which is in any danger of wanting a sufficient person to execute it. We must do as well as we can; yet I have been told that the bare business of presiding in council does not require such very transcendent abilities; and I am mistaken if, till within these late years, we have not been some ages without that office. So that I hope things may go well enough, provided the keeper, treasurer, and both the secretaries, will do their duties; and it is happy for the nation that none of their seven lordships left any of those places to want them.

The writer of the letter concludes it with "an appeal to all the princes and states of Europe, friends and enemies by name, to give their judgment, whether they think the late ministry were wanting in faithfulness, abilities, or diligence, to serve their prince and country?" Now, if he speaks by order of his party, I am humbly of opinion they have incurred a *præmunire* for appealing to a foreign jurisdiction; and her majesty may seize their goods and chattels whenever she pleases. In the mean time, I will not accept his appeal, which has been rejected by the queen and both houses of parliament. But, let a fair jury be empanelled in any county of England, and I will be determined by their verdict. First, he names the king of France and all his counsellors, with the pretender and all his favorers and abettors. These I except against; I know they will readily judge the late ministry to be faithful, able, and diligent in serving their prince and country. The counsels of some people have, in their way, served very much to promote the service of the pretender, and to enable the French king to assist him; and is not he, in that monarch's opinion as well as his own, their lawful prince? I except against the emperor and the states; because it can be proved upon them that the plaintiffs and they have an understanding together. I except against any prince who makes unreasonable demands, and threatens to recall his troops if they be not complied with: because, they have been forced of late to change their language, and may perhaps be shortly obliged to observe their articles more strictly. I should be sorry for the appealers' sakes to have their case referred to the kings of Sweden and Denmark, who infallibly would decree them to be all hanged up for their in-

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solence to their sovereign. But, above all, the king of Spain would certainly be against them, when he considers with how scandalous a neglect his interests have been managed; and that the full possession of his kingdom was made a sacrifice to those whose private or party interest swayed them to the continuance of the war. The author had reason to omit the grand seignior and czar in the list of his judges; the decrees of these princes are too sudden and sanguinary; and their lessons to instruct subjects in behavior to their princes, by strangling them with a bowstring or flinging them to be devoured alive by hogs, were enough to deter them from submitting to their jurisdiction.

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A NEW JOURNEY TO PARIS;

TOGETHER WITH

SOME SECRET TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN THE FRENCH KING AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

BY THE SIEUR DU BAUDRIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best poet or the greatest scholar that ever wrote."—PRIOR, *Preface to* "SOLOMON."

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

THE original of the following discourse was transmitted to me three days ago from the Hague, to which town it was sent from France; but in the title-page there was no mention of the place where it was printed, only the author's name at length and the year of our Lord. That the tract is genuine I believe no person will doubt. You see all along the vanity of that nation, in a mean man giving himself the airs of a secretary, when it appears by several circumstances that he was received only as a menial servant. It were to be wished the author had been one of more importance and further trusted in the secrets of his master's negotiation; but to make amends he informs us of several particulars which one of more consequence would not have given himself the trouble about; and the particulars are such as we at home will perhaps be curious to know; not to mention that he gives us much light into some things that are of great moment; and by his not pretending to know more we cannot doubt the truth of what he relates.

It is plain he waited at table, carried his master's *valise*, and attended in his bedchamber; though he takes care to tell us that Monsieur Prior made many excuses and apologies, because these mean offices appear very inconsistent with the character of secretary, which he would seem to set up for.

I shall make no reflections on this important affair, nor upon the consequences we may expect from it. To reason upon secrets of state, without knowing all the springs and motions of them, is too

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common a talent among us, and the foundation of a thousand errors. Here is room enough for speculations; but I advise the reader to let them serve for his own entertainment, without troubling the world with his remarks.

TO MONSIEUR MONSIEUR ——, AT ESTAPLE.[1]

SIR,—I doubt not but you are curious, as many others are, to know the secret of Monsieur Prior's (an English gentleman) late journey from London to Paris. Perhaps, living retired as you do, you may not have heard of this person, though some years ago he was very much distinguished at Paris, and in good esteem even with our august monarch. I must let you so far into his character as to tell you that Monsieur Prior has signalized himself both as an eminent poet and a man of business; was very much valued by the late king William, who employed him in important affairs, both in England and Holland. He was secretary to the English embassy at the treaty of Ryswick, and afterward to my lords the counts of Portland and Jersey; and in the absence of the latter managed for some time the affairs of England at our court by himself. Since the reign of queen Anne he was employed as commissioner of trade; but the ministry changing soon after queen Anne's coming to the crown, Monsieur Prior, who was thought too much attached to the *rigides* [Tories], was laid aside, and lived privately at Cambridge,[2] where he is a professor, till he was recalled by the present ministry.

About two months ago our king [Lewis XIV.] resolving once more to give peace to Europe, notwithstanding the flourishing condition of his fleets and armies, the good posture of his finances, that his grandson was almost entirely settled in the quiet possession of Spain, and that the affairs of the north were changing every day to his advantage, offered the court of England to send a minister as far as Boulogne, who should be there met by some person from England, to treat the overtures of a peace. Upon the first notice that this was agreed to, the king immediately despatched Monsieur de Torcy, in whom he very much confides, to Boulogne, where he took lodging in a private house in the Fauxbourg, at one Mr. de Marais, a marchand de soy, who is married to an Englishwoman, that formerly had been a *suivante* to one of the forementioned English ambassadors' ladies, over against the Hostellerie de St.

[1] A seaport town in the Boulonnois.—*Swift.*

[2] A mistake of the author: for Monsieur Prior did not retire to Cambridge, nor is a professor, but a fellow.—*Swift*

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Jean. Monsieur stayed six days with much impatience; when, late at evening on Wednesday the 14th of July (new style), a person, whom we afterward knew to be Monsieur Prior, came directly to the door and inquired for Monsieur de la Bastide, the name and place, I suppose, having been before concerted. He was immediately shown unto Monsieur Torcy, where, as I am informed, they were shut up for three hours together, without any refreshment, though Monsieur Prior had rid post from Calais that day in a great deal of rain. The next morning I was sent for in all haste by Monsieur de Marais, who told me "That a person of quality, as he suspected, lately come from England, had some occasion for a secretary; and, because he knew I understood the languages, wrote a tolerable hand, had been conversant with persons of quality, and formerly trusted with secrets of importance, had been so kind to recommend me to the said gentleman, to serve him in that quality." I was immediately called up and presented to Mr. Prior; who accosted me with great civility, and after some conversation was pleased to tell me, "I had fully answered the character Monsieur de Marais had given me." From this time to the day Monsieur Prior left Calais in order to return to England, I may pretend to give you a faithful account of all his motions, and some probable conjectures of his whole negotiation between Boulogne and Versailles.

But perhaps, sir, you may be further curious to know the particulars of Monsieur Prior's journey to Boulogne. It is reported that, some time before the peace of Ryswick, king William did despatch this very gentleman to Paris upon the same account for which he now came. This possibly might be the motive (beside the known abilities of Monsieur Prior) to send him a second time. The following particulars I heard in discourse between Mademoiselle de Marais and her husband; which, being no great secrets on our side the water, I suppose were told without consequence.

Monsieur Prior, having received his instructions from the English court, under pretence of taking a short journey of pleasure and visiting the chevalier de H—— [Sir Thomas Hanmer], in the province of Suffolk, left his house on Sunday night, the 11th of July, N. S., taking none of his servants with him. Monsieur M——, who had already prepared a bark, with all necessaries, on the coast of Dover, took Monsieur Prior disguised in his chariot. They lay on Monday night, the 12th of July, at the count de Jersey's house in Kent, arrived in good time the next day at Dover, drove directly to the shore, made the sign by waving their hats, which was an-

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swered by the vessel, and the boat was immediately sent to take him in; which he entered, wrapped in his cloak, and soon got aboard. He was six hours at sea, and arrived at Calais about eleven at night; went immediately to the governor, who received him with great respect, where he lay all night; and set out pretty late the next morning, being somewhat incommoded with his voyage; and then took post for Boulogne, as I have before related.

In the first conversation I had the honor to have with Monsieur Prior he was pleased to talk as if he would have occasion for my service but a very few days; and seemed resolved, by his discourse, that after he had despatched his commission with Monsieur de la Bastide (for so we shall from henceforward call that minister) he would return to England. By this I found I should have but little employment in quality of secretary; however, having heard so great a character of him, I was willing to attend him in any capacity he pleased. Four days we continued at Boulogne, where Monsieur de la Bastide and Monsier Prior had two long conferences every day from ten to one at noon and from six till nine in the evening. Monsieur Prior did me the honor to send me some meat and wine constantly from his own table. Upon the third morning I was ordered to attend early, and observed Monsieur Prior to have a pleasant countenance. He asked me "What I thought of a journey to England?" and commanded me to be ready at an hour's warning. But upon the fourth evening all this was changed, and I was directed to hire the best horse I could find for myself.

We set out early the next day, Sunday the 18th, for Paris, in Monsieur de la Bastide's chaise, whose two attendants and myself made up the equipage; but a small *valise*, which I suppose contained Monsieur Prior's instructions, he was pleased to trust to my care to carry on horseback; which trust I discharged with the utmost faithfulness.

Somewhat above two leagues from Boulogne, at a small village called Neile, the axletree broke, which took us two hours to mend; we baited at Montreuil, and lay that night at Abbeville. But I shall not give you any detail of our journey, which passed without any considerable accident till we arrived within four leagues of Paris; when about three in the afternoon two cavaliers, well mounted and armed with pistols, crossed the road, then turned short, and rode up briskly to the chaise, commanding the coachman to stop. Monsieur de la Bastide's two attendants were immediately up with them; but I, who guessed at the importance of the charge that Monsieur

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Prior had intrusted me with, though I was in no fear for my own person, thought it most prudent to advance with what speed I could to a small village, about a quarter of a league forward, to wait the event. I soon observed the chaise to come on without any disturbance, and I ventured to meet it; when I found that it was only a frolic of two young cadets of quality, who had been making a debauch at a friend's house hard by, and were returning to Paris; one of them was not unknown to Monsieur de la Bastide. The two cavaliers began to rally me; said "I knew how to make a retreat;" with some other pleasantries: but Monsieur Prior (who knew the cause) highly commended my discretion. We continued our journey very merrily; and arrived at Paris on Tuesday the 20th, in the cool of the evening.

At the entrance of the town our two cavaliers left us; and Monsieur de la Bastide conducted Monsieur Prior to a private lodging in the Rue St. Louis, which, by all circumstances, I concluded to be prepared for his reception. Here I first had orders to say, that the gentleman to whom I had the honor to belong was called Monsieur Matthews; I then knew no otherwise. Afterward, at Versailles, I overheard, in conversation with Monsieur de la Bastide, that his real name was Prior.

Monsieur de la Bastide would have had Monsieur Matthews to have gone with him next morning to Versailles, but could not prevail with him to comply; of which I could never be able to learn the reason. Our minister was very importunate; and Monsieur Prior seemed to have no fatigue remaining from his journey: perhaps he might conceive it more suitable to his dignity that Monsieur de la Bastide should go before to prepare the king, by giving notice of his arrival. However it were, Monsieur de la Bastide made all haste to Versailles, and returned the same night. During his absence Monsieur Prior never stirred out of his chamber; and after dinner did me the honor to send for me up, "that I might bear him company," as he was pleased to express it. I was surprised to hear him wondering at the misery he had observed in our country in his journey from Calais; at the scarcity and poverty of the inhabitants, "which," he said, "did much exceed even what he had seen in his former journey;" for he owned that he had been in France before. He seemed to value himself very much upon the happiness of his own island, which, as he pretended, had felt no effects like these upon trade or agriculture.

I made bold to return for answer, "That in our nation, we only

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consulted the magnificence and power of our prince; but that in England, as I was informed, the wealth of the kingdom was so divided among the people, that little or nothing was left to their sovereign; and that it was confidently told (though hardly believed in France) that some subjects had palaces more magnificent than queen Anne herself: that I hoped, when he went to Versailles, he would allow the grandeur of our potent monarch to exceed, not only that of England, but any other in Europe; by which he would find that what he called the poverty of our nation was rather the effect of policy in our court than any real want or necessity."

Monsieur Prior had no better answer to make me than "That he was no stranger to our court, the splendor of our prince, and the maxims by which he governed; but, for his part, he thought those countries were happier where the productions of it were more equally divided." Such unaccountable notions is the prejudice of education apt to give! In these and the like discourses we wore away the time till Monsieur de la Bastide's return; who, after an hour's private conference with Monsieur Prior, which I found by their countenances had been warmly pursued on both sides, a chariot and six horses (to my great surprise) were instantly ordered, wherein the two ministers entered, and drove away with all expedition; myself only attending on horseback with my important *valise*.

We got to Versailles on Wednesday the 21st about eleven at night; but, instead of entering the town, the coachman drove us a back way into the fields, till we stopped at a certain vineyard, that I afterward understood joined to the gardens of Madame Maintenon's lodgings. Here the two gentlemen alighted: Monsieur Prior, calling to me, bade me search in the *valise* for a small box of writings; after which, the coachman was ordered to attend in that place; and we proceeded on some paces, till we stopped at a little postern, which opened into the vineyard, whereof Monsieur de la Bastide had the key. He opened it very readily, and shut it after them; desiring me to stay till their return.

I waited with some impatience for three hours: the great clock struck two before they came out. The coachman, who I suppose had his instructions before, as soon as they were got into the chariot, drove away to a small house at the end of the town, where Monsieur de la Bastide left us to ourselves. I observed Monsieur Prior was very thoughtful; and, without entering into any conversation, desired my assistance to put him to bed. Next morning, Thursday the 22d, I had positive orders not to stir abroad. About ten o'clock

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Monsieur de la Bastide came. The house being small, my apartment was divided from Monsieur Prior's by a thin wainscot; so that I could easily hear what they said when they raised their voice, as they often did. After some time I could hear Monsieur de la Bastide say with great warmth, *Bon Dieu, &c.* "Good God! were ever such demands made to a great monarch, unless you were at the gates of his metropolis? For the love of God! Monsieur Prior, relax something if your instructions will permit you; else I shall despair of any good success in our negotiation. Is it not enough that our king will abandon his grandson, but he must lend his own arm to pull him out of the throne? Why did you not open yourself to me at Boulogne? Why are you more inexorable here at Versailles? you have risen in your demands, by seeing Madame Maintenon's desire for a peace! As able as you are to continue the war, consider which is to be most preferred, the good of your country or the particular advantage of your general; for he will be the only gainer among your subjects." Monsieur Prior, who has a low voice, and had not that occasion for passion, answered so softly that I could not well understand him; but upon parting I heard him say, "If you insist still on these difficulties, my next audience will be that of leave."

Three hours after, Monsieur de la Bastide returned again, with a countenance more composed. He asked Mr. Prior if he would give him leave to dine with him? Having no attendants, I readily offered my service at table;[1] which Monsieur Prior was pleased to accept with abundance of apologies. I found they were come to a better understanding. Mr. Prior has a great deal of wit and vivacity; he entertained Monsieur de la Bastide with much pleasure, notwithstanding their being upon the reserve before me. "That Monsieur," says Mr. Matthews, "if he were *un particulier* [a private man], would be the most agreeable person in the world." I imagined they spoke of the king; but, going often in and out, I could not preserve the connexion of their discourse. "Did you mind how obligingly he inquired whether our famous Chevalier Newton was still living? He told me my good friend poor Despreaux [Boileau] was dead since I was in France, and asked me after queen Anne's health." These are some of the particulars I overheard while at dinner; which confirmed my opinion that Monsieur Prior last night had an audience of his majesty.

[1] By this and some other preceding particulars, we may discover what sort of secretary the author was. — *Swift.*

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About ten that evening Monsieur de la Bastide came to take Monsieur Matthews to go to the same place where they were at before. I was permitted to enter the vineyard, but not the gardens, being left at the gate to wait their return; which was in about two hours' time. The moon shone bright; and by Monsieur Matthews' manner I thought he appeared somewhat dissatisfied. When he came into his chamber he threw off his hat in some passion, folded his arms, and walked up and down the room for above an hour, extremely pensive: at length he called to be put to bed, and ordered me to set a candle by his bed-side, and to fetch him some papers out of his *valise* to read.

On Friday the 23rd, in the morning, Monsieur Matthews was so obliging to call me to him, with the assurance that he was extremely pleased with my discretion and manner of address; as a proof of which satisfaction, he would give me leave to satisfy my curiosity with seeing so fine a place as Versailles; telling me "he should return next day toward Boulogne;" and therefore advised me to go immediately to view the palace; with this caution (though he did not suppose I needed it), not to say anything of the occasion that brought me to Versailles.

Monsieur de la Bastide having stayed the afternoon with Monsieur Matthews, about eight o'clock they went to the rendezvous. My curiosity had led me in the morning to take a stricter view of the vineyard and gardens. I remained at the gate as before. In an hour and a half's time Monsieur Matthews, with Monsieur de la Bastide, another gentleman, and a lady, came into the walk. De la Bastide opened the gate, and held it some time in his hand. While Monsieur Matthews was taking his leave of those persons, I heard the lady say, at parting, *Monsieur songez-vous*, &c. "Consider this night on what we have said to you." The gentleman seconded her, saying *Oui, oui, monsieur, songez-vous en pour la dernière fois.* "Ay, ay, sir, consider of it for the last time." To which Monsieur Matthews answered briskly in going out, *Sire, tout ou rien*, &c. "Sir, all or none, as I have had the honor to tell your majesty before." Which puts it beyond dispute what the quality of those persons were by whom Monsieur Matthews had the honor to be entertained.

On Saturday the 24th Monsieur Matthews kept close as before; telling me "a post-chaise was ordered to carry him to Calais; and he would do me the grace to take me with him to keep him company in the journey, for he should leave Monsieur de la Bastide at Ver-

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sailles." While we were discoursing that gentleman came in, with an open air and a smiling countenance. He embraced Monsieur Matthews, and seemed to feel so much joy, that he could not easily conceal it. I left the chamber, and retired to my own; whence I could hear him say, "Courage, Monsieur: no travelling to-day. Madame Maintenon will have me once more conduct you to her." After which I was called, and received orders about dinner, &c. Monsieur de la Bastide told me "We should set out about midnight." He stayed the rest of the day with Monsieur Matthews. About ten o'clock they went forth, but dispensed with my attendance; it was one in the morning before they returned, though the chaise was at the gate soon after eleven. Monsieur Matthews took a morsel of bread and a large glass of Hermitage wine; after which they embraced with much kindness, and so parted.

Our journey to Calais passed without any accident worth informing you. Mr. Prior, who is of a constitution somewhat tender, was troubled with a rheum, which made speaking uneasy to him: but it was not so at all to me; and therefore I entertained him as well as I could, chiefly with the praises of our great monarch, the magnificence of his court, the number of his attendants, the awe and veneration paid him by his generals and ministers, and the immense riches of the kingdom. One afternoon, in a small village between Chaumont and Beauvais, as I was discoursing on this subject, several poor people followed the chaise to beg our charity: one louder than the rest, a comely person about fifty, all in rags, but with a mien that showed him to be of a good house, cried out, *Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu*, &c. "Sir, for the love of God, give something to the Marquis de Sourdis!" Mr. Prior, half asleep, roused himself up at the name of Marquis, called the poor gentleman to him, and, observing something in his behavior like a man of quality, very generously threw him a pistole. As the coach went on, Monsieur Prior asked me with much surprise "Whether I thought it possible that unhappy creature could be *un veritable marquis;* for, if it were so, surely the miseries of our country must be much greater than even our very enemies could hope or believe?" I made bold to tell him "That I thought we could not well judge from particulars to generals: and that I was sure there were great numbers of marquises in France who had ten thousand livres a-year." I tell you this passage to let you see that the wisest men have some prejudices of their country about them. We got to Calais on Wednesday the 28th, in the evening; and the next morning (the 29th)

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I took my leave of Monsieur Prior; who, thanking me in the civilest manner in the world for the service I had done him, very nobly made me a present of twenty pistoles; and so we parted. He put to sea with a fair wind, and I suppose in a few hours landed in England.

This, sir, is the utmost I am able to inform you about Monsieur Prior's journey and negotiation. Time alone will let us know the events of it, which are yet in the dark. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, DU BAUDRIER.

POSTCRIPT BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE author of this tract, having left his master on shipboard at Calais, had, it seems, no further intelligence when he published it: neither am I able to supply it, but by what passes in common report; which, being in everybody's mouth, but with no certainty, I think it needless to repeat.

SOME ADVICE HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE OCTOBER CLUB.

IN A LETTER FROM A PERSON OF HONOR.[1]

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

ABOUT the year when her late majesty, of blessed memory, thought proper to change her ministry, and brought in Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, sir Simon Harcourt, and some others; the first of these being made an earl and lord-treasurer, he was soon after blamed by the friends for not making a general sweep of all the Whigs, as the latter did of their adversaries upon her majesty's death, when they came into power. At that time a great number of parliament-men, amounting to above two hundred, grew so warm upon the slowness of the treasurer in this part, that they formed themselves into a body under the name of the October Club, and had many meetings to consult upon some methods that might spur on those in power, so

[1] Supposed at the time to have been lord Harcourt.

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that they might make a quicker despatch in removing all of the Whig leaven from the employments they still possessed. To prevent the ill consequences of this discontent among so many worthy members, the rest of the ministry joined with the treasurer, partly to pacify and partly divide those who were in greater haste than moderate men thought convenient. It was well known that the supposed author met a considerable number of this club in a public-house, where he convinced them very plainly of the treasurer's sincerity, with many of those very reasons which are urged in the following discourse, beside some others which were not so proper to appear at that time in print.

The treasurer alleged in his defence, that such a treatment would not consist with prudence, because there were many employments to be bestowed which required skill and practice; that several gentlemen who possessed them had been long versed, very loyal to her majesty, had never been violent party-men, and were ready to fall into all honest measures for the service of their queen and country. But, however, as offices became vacant, he would humbly recommend to her majesty such gentlemen whose principles, with regard both to church and state, his friends would approve of, and he would be ready to accept their recommendations. Thus the earl proceeded in procuring employments for those who deserved them by their honesty, and abilities to execute them; which, I confess, to have been a singularity not very likely to be imitated. However, the gentlemen of this club still continued uneasy that no quicker progress was made in removals, until those who were least violent began to soften a little, or, by dividing them, the whole affair dropped. During this difficulty we have been assured that the following discourse was very seasonably published with great success; showing the difficulties that the earl of Oxford lay under, and his real desire that all persons in employment should be true loyal churchmen, zealous for her majesty's honor and safety, as well as for the succession in the house of Hanover, if the queen should happen to die without issue. This discourse, having been published about the year 1711, and many of the facts forgotten, would not have been generally understood without some explanation, which we have now endeavored to give, because it seems a point of history too material to be lost. We owe this piece of intelligence to an intimate of the supposed author.

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SOME ADVICE, &c.

GENTLEMEN—Since the first institution of your society I have always thought you capable of the greatest things. Such a number of persons, members of parliament, true lovers of our constitution in church and state, meeting at certain times, and mixing business and conversation together, without the forms and constraint necessary to be observed in public assemblies, must very much improve each other's understanding, correct and fix your judgment, and prepare yourselves against any designs of the opposite party. Upon the opening of this session an incident has happened, to provide against the consequences whereof will require your utmost vigilance and application. All this last summer the enemy was working underground, and laying their train; they gradually became more frequent and bold in their pamphlets and papers, while those on our side were dropped, as if we had no further occasion for them. Some time before, an opportunity fell into their hands which they have cultivated ever since; and thereby have endeavored, in some sort, to turn those arts against us which had been so effectually employed to their ruin: a plain demonstration of their superior skill at intrigue, to make a stratagem succeed a second time, and this even against those who first tried it upon them.[1] I know not whether this opportunity I have mentioned could have been prevented by any care without straining a very tender point; which those chiefly concerned avoided by all means, because it might seem a counterpart of what they had so much condemned in their predecessors; although it is certain the two cases were widely different; and if policy had once got the better of good nature, all had been safe, for there was no danger in view; but the consequences of this were foreseen from the beginning; and those who kept the watch had early warning of it. It would have been a masterpiece of prudence in this case to have made a friend of an enemy. But whether that were possible to be compassed, or whether it were ever attempted, is now too late to inquire. All accommodation was rendered desperate by an unlucky proceeding some months ago at Windsor,[2] which was a declaration of war too frank and generous for that situation of affairs, and I am told was not approved of by a certain great minister [the lord-treasurer.] It was obvious to suppose that, in a particular where the honor and interest of a husband were so closely united with those of a wife, he might be sure of her utmost endea-

[1] The queen's favor for the duchess of Somerset, groom of the stole.

[2] A severe quarrel between Mrs. Masham and the duchess.

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vors for his protection, although she neither loved nor esteemed him. The danger of losing power, favor, profit, and shelter from domestic tyranny, were strong incitements to stir up a working brain, early practised in all the arts of intriguing. Neither is it safe to count upon the weakness of any man's understanding who is thoroughly possessed with the spirit of revenge to sharpen his invention: nothing else is required beside obsequiousness and assiduity; which, as they are often the talents of those who have no better, so they are apt to make impressions upon the best and greatest minds.

It was no small advantage to the designing party that, since the adventure at Windsor, the person on whom we so much depend [the lord-treasurer] was long absent by sickness, which hindered him from pursuing those measures that ministers are in prudence forced to take to defend their country and themselves against an irritated faction. The negotiators on the other side improved this favorable conjuncture to the utmost, and, by an unparalleled boldness, accompanied with many falsehoods, persuaded certain lords (who were already in the same principle, but were afraid of making a wrong step, lest it should lead them out of their coaches into the dirt) that voting in appearance against the court would be the safest course to avoid the danger they most apprehended, which was that of losing their pensions; and their opinions, when produced, by seemingly contradicting their interest, have an appearance of virtue into the bargain. This, with some arguments of more immediate power, went far in producing that strange unexpected turn we have so lately seen, and from which our adversaries reckoned upon such wonderful effects, and some of them, particnlarly my lord chief-justice, began to act as if all were already in their power.

But although the more immediate causes of this desertion were what I have above related, yet I am apt to think it would hardly have been attempted, or at least not have succeeded, but for a prevailing opinion that the church-party and the ministers had different views, or at least were not so firmly united as they ought to have been. It was commonly said, and I suppose not without some ground of truth, that many gentlemen of your club were discontented to find so little done; that they thought it looked as if the people were not in earnest; that they expected to see a thorough change with respect to employments; and although every man could not be provided for, yet, when all places were filled with persons of good principles, there would be fewer complaints and less danger from the other party; that this change was hoped for all last sum-

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mer, and even to the opening of the session, yet nothing done. On the other hand, it was urged by some in favor of the ministry that it was impossible to find employments for one pretender in twenty, and therefore, in gratifying one, nineteen would be disobliged; but while all have leave to hope, they would all endeavor to deserve: but this again was esteemed a very shallow policy, which was too easily seen through, must soon come to an end, and would cause a general discontent, with twenty other objections to which it was liable; and indeed, considering the short life of ministers in our climate, it was with some reason thought a little hard that those for whom any employment was intended should by such a delay be probably deprived of half their benefit, not to mention that a ministry is best confirmed when all inferior officers are in its interest.

I have set this cause of complaint in the strongest light, although my design is to endeavor that it should have no manner of weight with you, as I am confident our adversaries counted upon, and do still expect to find mighty advantages by it.

But it is necessary to say something to this objection, which, in all appearance, lies so hard upon the present ministry. What shall I offer upon so tender a point? How shall I convey an answer that none will apprehend except those for whom I intend it? I have often pitied the condition of great ministers upon several accounts, but never so much upon any as when their duty obliges them to bear the blame and envy of actions for which they will not be answerable in the next world, though they dare not convince the present till it is too late. This letter is sent you, gentlemen, from no mean hand, nor from a person uninformed, though, for the rest, as little concerned in point of interest for any change of ministry as most others of his fellow-subjects. I may therefore assume so much to myself as to desire you will depend upon it that a short time will manifest how little the defect you complain of ought to lie at that door where your enemies would be glad to see you place it. The wisest man, who is not very near the spring of affairs, but views them only in their issues and events, will be apt to fix applauses and reproaches in the wrong place, which is the true cause of a weakness that I never yet knew great ministers without; I mean their being deaf to all advice; for if a person of the best understanding offers his opinion in a point where he is not master of all the circumstances (which, perhaps, are not to be told), 'tis a hundred to one but he runs into an absurdity, whence it is that ministers falsely conclude themselves to be equally wiser than others in

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general things, where the common reason of mankind ought to be the judge, and is probably less biassed than theirs. I have known a great man [lord Godolphin] of excellent parts blindly pursue a point of no importance, against the advice of every friend he had, till it ended in his ruin. I have seen great abilities rendered utterly useless by unaccountable and unnecessary delay and by difficulty of access, by which a thousand opportunities are suffered to escape. I have observed the strongest shoulders sink under too great a load of business for want of dividing a due proportion among others. These, and more that might be named, are very obvious failings, which every rational man may be allowed to discern as well as lament, and wherein the wisest minister may receive advice from others of inferior understanding. But in those actions where we are not thoroughly informed of all the motives and circumstances, it is hardly possible that our judgment should not be mistaken. I have often been one of the company where we have all blamed a measure taken which has afterward proved the only one that could possibly have succeeded. Nay, I have known those very men who have formerly been in the secret of affairs, when a new set of people hath come in, offering their refinements and conjectures in a very plausible manner upon what was passing, and widely err in all they advanced.

Whatever occasions may have been given for complaints that enough has not been done, those complaints should not be carried so far as to make us forget what hath been done, which, at first, was a great deal more than we hoped or thought practicable; and you may be assured that so much courage and address were not employed in the beginning of so great a work without a resolution of carrying it through as fast as opportunities would offer. Any of the most sanguine gentlemen in your club would gladly have compounded, two years ago, to have been assured of seeing affairs in the present situation: it is principally to the abilities of one great person that you gentlemen owe the happiness of meeting together, to cultivate the good principles and form yourselves into a body for defending your country against a restless and dangerous faction. It is to the same we all owe that mighty change in the most important posts of the kingdom; that we see the sacred person of our prince encompassed by those whom we ourselves would have chosen if it had been left to our power; and if everything besides that you could wish has not been hitherto done, you will be but just to impute it to some powerful though unknown impediments, wherein the ministry

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is more to be lamented than blamed. But there is good reason to hope, from the vigorous proceedings of the court, that these impediments will in a short time effectually be removed, and one great motive to hasten the removal of them will doubtless be the reflection upon those dangerous consequences which had like to have ensued upon not removing them before. Besides, after so plain and formidable a conviction that mild and moderate methods meet with no other reception or return than to serve as opportunities to the insatiable malice of an enemy, power will awake to vindicate itself, and disarm its opposers, at least of all offensive weapons.

Consider if you please how hard beset the present ministry has been on every side; by the impossibility of carrying on the war any longer without taking the most desperate courses; or of recovering Spain from the house of Bourbon, although we could continue it many years longer; by the clamors of a faction against any peace without that condition which the most knowing among themselves allowed to be impracticable; by the secret cabals of foreign ministers, who endeavored to inflame our people, and spirited up a sinking faction to blast our endeavors for peace, with those popular reproaches of France and the pretender; not to mention the danger they have been in from private institutions of such a nature as it was almost impossible to fence against. These clouds now begin to blow over, and those who are at the helm will have leisure to look about them, and complete what yet remains to be done.

That confederate body which now makes up the adverse party consists of a union so monstrous and unnatural, that in a little time it must of necessity fall to pieces. The dissenters, with reason, think themselves betrayed and sold by their brethren. What they have been told, that the present bill against occasional conformity was to prevent a greater evil, is an excuse too gross to pass; and if any other profound refinement was meant, it is now come to nothing. The remaining sections of the party have no other tie but that of an inveterate hatred and rancor against those in power, without agreeing in any other common interest, nor cemented by principle or personal friendship: I speak particularly of their leaders; and although I know that court enmities are as inconstant as its friendships, yet, from the difference of temper and principle, as well as the scars remaining of former animosities, I am persuaded their league will not be of long continuance: I know several of them who will never pardon those with whom they are now in confederacy; and when once they see the present ministry thoroughly fixed, they

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will grow weary of hunting upon a cold scent or playing a desperate game, and crumble away.

On the other side, while the malice of that party continues in vigor, while they yet feel the bruises of their fall, which pain them afresh since their late disappointment, they will leave no arts untried to recover themselves; it behoves all who have any regard for the safety of the queen or her kingdom to join unanimously against an adversary who will return full fraught with vengeance upon the first opportunity that shall offer; and this perhaps is more to be regarded, because that party seem yet to have a reserve of hope in the same quarter whence their last reinforcement came. Neither can anything cultivate this hope of theirs so much as a disagreement among ourselves, founded upon a jealousy of the ministry, who, I think, need no better a testimony of their good intentions than the incessant rage of the party-leaders against them.

There is one fault which both sides are apt to charge upon themselves, and very generously commend their adversaries for the contrary virtue. The Tories acknowledge that the Whigs outdid them in rewarding their friends and adhering to each other; the Whigs allow the same to the Tories. I am apt to think that the former may a little excel the latter in this point, for, doubtless, the Tories are less vindictive of the two; and whoever is remiss in punishing will probably be so in rewarding; although, at the same time, I well remember the clamors often raised during the reign of that party against the leaders by those who thought their merits were not rewarded; and they had reason on their side, because it is no doubt a misfortune to forfeit honor and conscience for nothing: but surely the case is very different at this time, when whoever adheres to the administration does service to God, his prince, and his country, as well as contributes to his own private interest and safety.

But if the Whig leaders were more grateful in rewarding their friends, it must be avowed likewise that the bulk of them were in general more zealous for the service of their party, even when abstracted from any private advantage, as might be observed in a thousand instances; for which I would likewise commend them if it were not unnatural for mankind to be more violent in an ill cause than a good one.

The perpetual discord of factions, with several changes of late years in the very nature of our government, have controlled many maxims among us. The court and country party, which used to be the old division, seems now to be ceased, or suspended for better

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times and worse princes. The queen and ministry are at this time fully in the true interest of the kingdom; and therefore the court and country are of a side; and the Whigs, who originally were of the latter, are now of neither, but an independent faction, nursed up by the necessities or mistakes of a late good although unexperienced prince. Court and country ought therefore to join their forces against these common enemies until they are entirely dispersed and disabled. It is enough to arm ourselves against them when we consider that the greatest misfortunes which can befal the nation are what would most answer their interest and their wishes; a perpetual war increases their money, and breaks and beggars their landed enemies. The ruin of the church would please the dissenters, deists, and socinians, whereof the body of their party consists. A commonwealth, or a protector, would gratify the republican principles of some, and the ambition of others among them.

Hence I would infer that no discontents of an inferior nature, such I mean as I have already mentioned, should be carried so far as to give any ill impression of the present ministry. If all things have not been hitherto done as you, gentlemen, could reasonably wish, it can be imputed only to the secret instruments of that faction. The truth of this has appeared from some late incidents more visibly than formerly. Neither do I believe that any one will now make a doubt whether a certain person [the lord-treasurer] be in earnest, after the united and avowed endeavors of a whole party to strike directly at his head.

When it happens, by some private cross intrigues, that a great man has not that power which is thought due to his station, he will however probably desire the reputation of it, without which he neither can preserve the dignity, nor hardly go through the common business, of his place; yet it is that reputation to which he owes all the envy and hatred of others, as well as his own disquiets. Meantime, his expecting friends impute all their disappointments to some deep design, or to his defect of good will; and his enemies are sure to cry up his excess of power, especially in those points where they are confident it is most shortened. A minister, in this difficult case, is sometimes forced to preserve his credit by forbearing what is in his power, for fear of discovering how far the limits extend of what is not; or, perhaps, for fear of showing an inclination contrary to that of his master. Yet all this while he lies under the reproach of delay, unsteadiness, or want of sincerity. So that there

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are many inconveniences and dangers either in discovering or concealing the want of power. Neither is it hard to conceive that ministers may happen to suffer for the sins of their predecessors, who, by their great abuses and monopolies of power and favor, have taught princes to be more thrifty for the future in the distribntion of both. And as in common life, whoever has been long confined is very fond of his liberty, and will not easily endure the very appearance of restraint, even from those who have been the instruments of setting him free; so it is with the recovery of power, which is usually attended with an undistinguished jealousy, lest it should be again invaded. In such a juncture I cannot discover why a wise and honest man should venture to place himself at the head of affairs upon any other regard than the safety of his country, and the advice of Socrates, to prevent an ill man from coming in.

Upon the whole, I do not see any one ground of suspicion or dislike which you, gentlemen, or others who wish well to their country, may have entertained about persons or proceedings but what may probably be misapprehended, even by those who think they have the best information. Nay, I will venture to go one step further, by adding that, although it may not be prudent to speak out upon this occasion, yet whoever will reason impartially upon the whole state of affairs must entirely acquit the ministry of that delay and neutrality which have been laid to their charge. Or, suppose some small part of this accusation were true (which I positively know to be otherwise, whereof the world will soon be convinced), yet the consequences of any resentment at this time must either be none at all, or the most fatal that can be imagined; for, if the present ministry be made so uneasy that a change be thought necessary, things will return of course into the old hands of those whose little fingers will be found heavier than their predecessors' loins. The Whig faction is so dexterous at corrupting, and the people so susceptible of it, that you cannot be ignorant how easy it will be after such a turn of affairs, upon a new election, to procure a majority against you. They will resume their power, with a spirit like that of Marius or Sylla, or the last triumvirate; and those ministers who have been most censured for too much hesitation will fall the first sacrifices to their vengeance; but these are the smallest mischiefs to be apprehended from such returning exiles. What security can a prince hope for his person, or his crown, or even for the monarchy itself? He must expect to see

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his best friends brought to the scaffold for asserting his rights; to see his prerogative trampled on, and his treasure applied to feed the avarice of those who make themselves his keepers; to hear himself treated with insolence and contempt; to have his family purged at pleasure by their humor and malice; and to retain even the name and shadow of a king no longer than his ephori shall think fit.

These are the inevitable consequences of such a change of affairs as that envenomed party is now projecting, which will best be prevented by your firmly adhering to the present ministry until this domestic enemy is out of all possibility of making head any more.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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